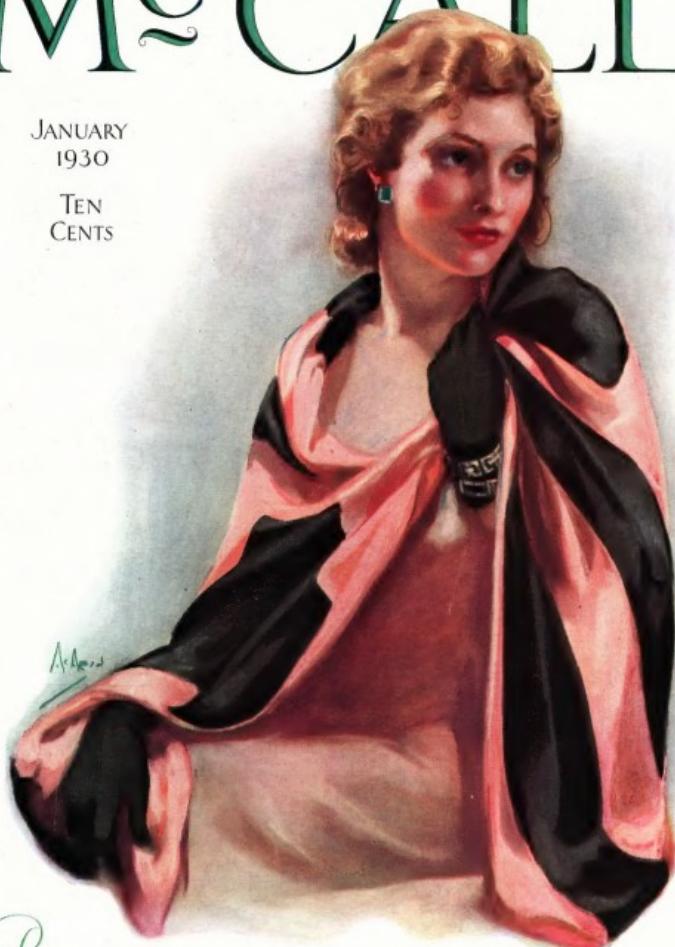


MC CALL'S

JANUARY
1930

TEN
CENTS



Beginning

THE GREAT GAME
DOROTHY DIX by Harold Mac Grath
The Lady of the Understanding Heart



Let them play . . . but afterward Protect them against colds and sore throat

It isn't while playing that children catch cold—it is afterward, when, still overheated, they sit around in damp clothes or unconsciously expose themselves to drafts. These exposures like wet feet and sudden changes of temperature, weaken body resistance so that disease germs in the mouth get the upper hand.

Therefore, in addition to the regular morning and night gargle, see that your children, however sturdy, use Listerine on returning from play.

Listerine aids Nature in warding off colds

and ordinary sore throat because it is fatal to the germs which cause them. Tests in the great bacteriological laboratories show that full strength Listerine kills even the *Staphylococcus Aureus* (pus), the *Bacillus Typhosus* (typhoid) and the *Streptococcus* germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000, in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless we could prove it to the satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.

Yet Listerine is so safe that it may be used full strength in any body cavity.

Gargle with Listerine regularly every day, as a preventive measure against infection. And at the first definite sign of colds or sore throat, increase the frequency of the gargle, meanwhile consulting your physician. If serious complications are threatening, he will detect and treat them properly. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



Gargle full strength Listerine every day. It inhibits development of sore throat and checks it, should it develop.



How to prevent a cold
Rinsing the hands with Listerine before every meal destroys the germs ever-present on them.

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

Listerine kills germs in 15 seconds

It is better not to risk disorders of the gums

*Ipana's two-fold protection
keeps gums healthy—teeth white*

TO go on, day after day, using a tooth paste that merely cleans the teeth is to ignore the lessons of the past ten years. Today, such a tooth paste is only doing half a job.

For the gums, too, must be cared for. They must be nourished, toned and strengthened.

No matter how white, how perfect your teeth, they are in danger if your gums become tender, soft, unsound—if you allow "pink tooth brush" to go unchecked.

Ipana, more than any other tooth paste, meets the needs of modern oral hygiene. For with it, your teeth are white and shining. Your mouth is cleansed, refreshed. And your gums are strengthened, toned, invigorated.

Week by week you can see and feel the improvement Ipana brings to your gums—the pinker color, the firmer texture that let you know they are healthy and resistant to the intrads of gingivitis, Vincent's disease and pyorrhoea.

Gum disorders, so widely prevalent today, come as a result of soft foods and abnormal chewing. Lacking work and exercise, the gingival tissues become congested, the gum walls tender and inflamed.

But Ipana and massage will rouse your gums and send



the fresh, rich blood coursing through the tiny veins. Thousands of dentists preach the benefits of massage and urge the use of Ipana Tooth Paste.

For Ipana stimulates the gums—tones and invigorates the entire mouth while it cleans the teeth. It contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic long used and highly prized by the profession.

Get Ipana's double protection

Even if your tooth brush rarely "shows pink", for the sake of your gums play safe and use Ipana. No doubt there are some tooth pastes you can get for a few cents less—but with gum troubles the threat that they are, is the difference worth the risk?

Better start with Ipana today—don't wait for the sample. Get a tube at the nearest drug store. Tonight, begin a full month's test of this modern tooth paste. See how your teeth brighten, how your gums harden, how the health of your mouth improves!



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. E-10
75 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a small tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

VICTOR·RADIO

M I C R O - S Y N C H R O N O U S

*...gives you these assurances
of superiority*

"Victor-Radio with Electrola is amazing! It is superb! . . . And never before have I heard my voice reproduced with such clearness. My new records played on this instrument are comparable to nothing except my personal singing before an audience."

Tito Schipa
World-famous operatic tenor

THOSE who waited for practical radio—and those who have replaced last year's sets with radio's supreme triumph... have given Victor-Radio the most magnificent testimony ever awarded a musical instrument! Voluntarily, in a few months, more than 45,000 of the first Victor-Radio owners have written to express their enthusiasm! "We chose Victor-Radio . . . because of its UNRIVALLED TONE QUALITY," they say, And they add: "Sensitivity is unmatched . . . selectivity unapproached . . . dependability beyond question."

In this amazing vote of approval the American public displays rare discernment; for they agree with the unqualified, freely-given endorsement of Victor-Radio by the greatest musicians of our time. Here at last is the radio that is really a musical instrument!



Tito Schipa with the new
Victor Radio-Electrola

The only micro-synchronous radio
Victor micro-synchronous Radio is, by its very nature, sensitive, sure and precise—always realistic. Victor micro-synchronous tuning eliminates guess-work. Victor-Radio is the only radio that has this revolutionary advantage.

For the first time Victor-Radio reproduces the entire range of the musical scale—without loss of fidelity. Play at a whisper or with the power of a full orchestra—you hear what the microphone hears. Make every possible test . . . Turn Victor-Radio on full volume . . . listen . . . and compare!

The greatest of all musical instruments
You can have Victor-Radio separately . . . or with the amazing new Electrola . . . bringing you a thrilling new standard of realism from both air and records—every iota of the drama of music—contagious rhythm, laughter and tears—all that music can give. The music you want when you want it . . . at the mere turn of a knob!

You are going to live with your radio a long time. Be sure you buy one you will want to live with. Only Victor can give you Victor performance—and Victor craftsmanship and dependability are famous in almost every American home. Only unlimited Victor resources could make possible prices so sensationally low—within the reach of every family! A model for every decorative scheme. Victor Talking Machine Division—Radio-Victor Corporation of America, Camden, N.J., U.S.A.



Victor-Radio de luxe R-212. Wall cabinet of classical design in fine walnut veneer. Radio equipment identical with that of R-20. Inlaid door medallions of matched bird's-eye. Blended finish. A handsome cabinet housing a masterpiece of radio construction. List price \$125. Last Rediffusion.

Victor-Radio

with Electrola



*The confidante of
the world,
who sits at
the confes-
sional
window
of life*

In Miniature—Dorothy Dix

The lady of the understanding heart

By Clare Elliott

DOROTHY DIX—the woman everybody knows and the woman nobody knows.

Every day thirty-three million people in every country under the sun turn to her for a personal message. Every day a thousand men and women write to her, revealing to her and unknown to their hearts' secrets. She's the highest paid newspaper woman writer in the world, earning more than the President. She has often been called, "The Best Loved Woman in the World."

Every day, since 1895, she has laughed and cried and sympathized with, jolted and lambasted and advised millions upon millions of her fellowmen. Yet so completely has she remained always the confidante, never the confessor, that few have ever glimpsed the woman behind the letters.

Strange tales have grown up around her. One popular rumor had it in strictest confidence that Dorothy Dix was actually a group of six college professors, each of whom conducted the column once a week.

"Of course you must be a man," argue her male correspondents, "because no woman could understand us so well." In summer one Canadian paper bolstered this theory by printing a photograph of "Dorothy Dix" which turned out to be a bald-headed gentleman with a long gray beard.

OF COURSE you're a sour, blighted old maid," write her feminist readers when their own toes have been stepped on. Thousands, wishing to be on the safe side, begin their letters, "Dear Sir or Madam."

However, Dorothy Dix is a Southern belle, a charming Southern lady with the most sympathetic heart in the world. In private life Dorothy Dix is Mrs. Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer of New Orleans, white-haired, twinkly-eyed, softly drawn—and, in her own words, "as feminine as a ruffled petticoat."

Barely five feet tall, even with her soft hair piled atop her head, she is at once a personage because of the wisdom and courage and humor radiating from her. Dark brown eyes sparkle with fun or grow keen and deep with intelligent sympathy. A network of fine lines speaks eloquently of early struggles against heartbreaking odds.

But with all her titles, honors, degrees and worldwide reputation, Dorothy Dix is most of all a lovable woman. Her smile is a rare gift. Her laugh has inspired the citizens of New Orleans recently to do a delightful and an unprecedented thing. They gathered outdoors on the steps and lawn of the Delegado Museum to pay tribute, with flowers and speeches and a great silver bowl, to their own First Lady.

Mothers held up their babies that they might see Dorothy Dix. Children reached out to touch her as she passed. Old women with shawls over their heads stood by, holding out their hands to receive her matrons, overalls and white collars mingled. New Orleans was there with one idea—to show how she loved her distinguished daughter. It was "Dorothy Dix Day."

A June sun gleamed down on the great gold-lined silver bowl and platter with its newly-cut inscription: "To Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer (Dorothy Dix) who labors for the uplift of her fellow men, with an open heart, a brilliant mind and a sympathetic understanding, this silver bowl and platter is presented, calling her 'the most inspiring adviser since St. Paul.' A teacher announced that a 'Dorothy Dix Fund' had been established to award prizes to outstanding pupils of the public schools. A clubwoman presented a basket of newly-developed roses named in her honor.

But perhaps the feeling in the hearts of the people was expressed most simply by a little factory girl who presented a bouquet from the working girls of the city.

"In the factory where I work," she said, "there are five hundred girls; every one of whom reads Dorothy Dix. We all feel she helps us to get through the day to us. If you're rich, you can go on trips and buy things you want, and it helps you stand your troubles. If you're poor, tied to a grinding job, you can't do this. You've got to keep going. That's when we need Dorothy Dix. More than anyone else, she helps us to keep going."

No wonder people of all nations, classes and creeds feel a personal tie binding them to this great-hearted woman. No wonder she is considered, the overburdened, the stumbling, the depressive lead, for her comfort, her strength and wisdom. For no man or woman who has ever written her from the depths of human despair to ask her guiding counsel has had to face greater obstacles or known greater sorrow than Dorothy Dix herself.

BORN shortly after the Civil War in a famous old Colonial house on the border between Tennessee and Kentucky, Elizabeth Meriwether inherited, instead of money, a large family estate, a fine deal of silver plate and a houseful of mahogany furniture. As a child she never had a bought plaything, never saw a theater or a big city. But she spent a happy childhood riding, shooting, hunting and playing with the little darkies on the place. A fine old classical library provided her education and formed her literary taste. By the time she was twelve, she knew her Shakespeare and her ancient writers by heart and had wandered unaided through *Macbeth*, *Julius Caesar* and *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

Like other girls of the period she attended a female academy, graduated at sixteen, tucked up her hair and got married. Life seemed smooth and [Turn to page 59]

S E R V I C E

IN THE Ford Motor Company we emphasize service equally with sales. It has always been our belief that a sale does not complete the transaction between us and the buyer, but establishes a new obligation on us to see that his car gives him service. We are as much interested in your economical operation of the car as you are in our economical manufacture of it. This is only good business on our part. If our car gives service, sales will take care of themselves. For that reason we have installed a system of controlled service to take care of all Ford car needs in an economical and improved manner. We wish all users of Ford cars to know what they are entitled to in this respect, so that they may readily avail themselves of this service.

FROM the very earliest beginning, SERVICE has been the cornerstone of the Ford business.

Fair back in 1908, when the first Model T Fords were made, there were few people who understood the operation of an automobile and fewer places to which the purchaser might turn for help when repairs were needed.

Frequently in those days, Mr. Ford would deliver the car personally to the new owner and see to it that some arrangements were made to keep it in good running order.

Usually he would find the best mechanic and explain the construction of the car to him. Sometimes, when no such mechanic was available, the town blacksmith would be pressed into service.

Then, as the business grew, capable men were appointed, in a widening circle of towns, to devote their entire time to the care of Ford cars. These men, wherever located, worked under

close factory supervision and according to certain set standards.

For just as the Ford Motor Company was the pioneer in the making of "a strong, simple, satisfactory automobile at a low price," so it was also the pioneer in establishing complete and satisfactory service facilities.

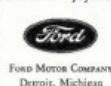
For the first time in the automobile business it became possible for the purchaser of a car to buy parts quickly and readily and to have repairs made at a reasonable cost. Where formerly it had been the accepted practice to charge the highest possible prices for these repairs, a new policy was instituted for the protection of the owner. The unusual character of Ford Service was soon recognized as one of the outstanding features of the car.

Today there are more than 8000 Ford dealers in the United States alone, with thousands of others located throughout the world. Their

mechanics have been trained in special schools conducted by the Ford Motor Company and they have been equipped with all the latest service machinery. The well-ordered cleanliness of the shops and salesrooms and the uniform courtesy of all dealer employees are particularly appreciated by the woman motorist.

Wherever you live, or wherever you go, you will find the Ford dealer prompt and businesslike in his work, fair in his charges, and sincerely eager to do a good and thorough job at all times.

His constant effort is to relieve you of every detail in the care of your car and to help you get thousands upon thousands of miles of satisfactory, enjoyable motoring at a very low cost per mile.



FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

That is the purpose for which the Ford car was designed and built. That is the true meaning of *Ford Service*.

"I'm not exactly a thrill chaser"

says ALICE WHITE,
gay young modern of Moviedom **

"But I do love new and different things! . . . Surf board riding . . . or new stunts in skating and diving . . . and . . . Oh, some day I'll grow up, and be queenly and stately . . . But now . . . I just love new and different things! . . . And that's why I love my new perfume ** There's nothing in all this fast-stepping world so new and different and modern as SEVENTEEN!"



The breath of this new age . . .
a perfume . . . SEVENTEEN

It is like speed . . . in the swiftest motor car . . . or plunging . . . into cool, green surf . . .

It has zest . . . freshness . . . untired thrills . . . youth and verve insatiable . . .

It knows the lures of all the ages . . . and has forgotten them . . .

It is modern color and song and laughter . . . all in one. A poem in fragrant, ecstatic whispers . . . it is you!

* * *

Try *Seventeen* today . . . you will find it
wherever fine toiletries are sold

And how delightful to know that every rite of the dressing table can be fragranced with *Seventeen*! The Perfume, in such exquisite little French flacons . . . the Powder, so new and smart in shadings . . . the Toilet Water, like a caress . . . the fairy-fine Dusting Powder for after-bathing luxury . . . and the Talc . . . the Sacher . . . two kinds of Brilliantine . . . and the Compact, gleaming black and gold . . . like no other compact you've seen. You will adore them all!

Photo: George Karger, Inc.



*Leopold
Stokowski,
one of the
world's great
conductors*

What's Going On in the World

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY DEEMS TAYLOR

Stokowski Takes The Air

ONE wealthy and usually influential New Yorker has been on the waiting list of the Philadelphia Orchestra for five years, vainly awaiting the chance to subscribe to two seats, at any price, for the New York series. Yet last autumn Leopold Stokowski and his men gave a series of three concerts before an audience of more than 1,000,000 people, not one member of which had to stand in line, or join a waiting list, or be a subscriber—or anything, in fact, except the owner of a radio set.

The broadcasting of symphony concerts is by this time more or less of an old story. Even so, the Philadelphia series was an event in the development of radio that well deserves the epithet, "epoch-making." For such concerts have hitherto been of two kinds: Either a regular public concert by a major symphony orchestra (notably those of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony and the Boston Symphony) has been, incidentally, broadcast; or a symphonic program has been given by an orchestra organized purely for radio work. Here, for the first time, a permanent orchestra that many critics consider the greatest in the world, was playing, not for its subscribers, but solely for a radio audience.

Incidentally, its conductor was taking his unseen auditors with complete seriousness, making no attempt to educate them or uplift them, and making not the slightest concession to what is supposed to be the "popular" taste in music. His three programs—one German, one French and one Russian—

were, in length and quality exactly what he would and does play before the most highbrow of subscription audiences. The German program, for example, the first of the series and typical in its content, comprised a Bach chorale-prelude, an orchestra piece by Stokowski himself, three movements (easily found to match) in, Mozart's G-minor symphony and the Bacchanale from the Paris version of Wagner's *Tannhäuser*.

Technically, as well as artistically, the concert was a complete success. I heard it in a country house in Connecticut, fully 150 miles from the Philadelphia Academy of Music, from which the orchestra was broadcasting. Except for the fact that the sound was somewhat flat, what might be called life-size, the reproduction was perfect. The broadcast orchestra will never, I think, entirely supplant the real thing, any more than the portrait supplants the sitter. But, granted a good receiving set, plus a powerful sending station, the distant hearer can now have the finest orchestra playing brought to him with incredibly slight loss of quality.

Even over the air, one could recognize the characteristic quality of the Philadelphia. [Turn to page 54]



George Arliss in "Disraeli", a big movie event

Perfect English

A REVIEW OF MOTION PICTURES

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

FTER the international statesmen have completed the important work of limiting armaments, there will be calls for a conference of Anglo-American experts to settle the pressing question, "Just what is perfect English?" By this, I don't mean written English, which is governed fairly competently by a set of established rules; I am referring to spoken English, about which there is now much acrimonious and futile debate.

Presumably, there is such a thing as perfect English speech. There is someone whose dialect is unencumbered with those exaggerations, crassisms and affectations in pronunciation and inflection which form what is briefly known as "accent." But who is this wonder man?

When our talking pictures were first seen and heard in London, the critics there started to howl in protest against the gruesome articulation of the English stars. Many of us in America shared these complaints against the vaudeville-gangster dialect that seemed to be the standard of speech on the vocal screen. But when *Bulldog Drummond* appeared, we set up cheers, for it seemed to us that Ronald Colman spoke English incomparably close to flawless. He had none of the absurd mannerisms of Bond Street, Broadway or Hollywood Boulevard. He spoke what we were pleased to call "Oxford English." (As a matter of fact, the language of the average Oxford student is far from being intelligible to educated people.) However, when *Bulldog Drummond* was carried overseas the London critics lamented that an otherwise estimable production was ruined by Mr. Colman's "American accent."

If the conference that I suggest is ever held—and it won't be—I believe it will decide that the best English is [Turn to page 54]



William Ricciardi and Muriel Kirkland in "Strictly Dishonorable"; Preston Sturges' constantly delightful comedy

What's Going On in the World

Keep It In The Air

A REVIEW OF THE THEATER

BY HEYWOOD BROUN

A LIGHT comedy should be handled like a battle flag. It must never touch the ground. Whenever there is danger of the play or banners sagging, some bold step is taken to raise it up again. Strict adherence to this rule is the secret of success in *Strictly Dishonorable*. The plot is simplicity itself. Simplicity has always been a good plot. A young girl from the South goes to a speakeasy with her friends, a young man living in West Orange, New Jersey. In the restaurant she meets an opera singer and when the quarrels with her truculent escort the singer offers her shelter for the night in his own apartment. He frankly confesses that his intentions are not in the least honorable; but when they are alone he finds that, after the manner of Kipling's soldier in the song, he likes his girl enough so he goes away locking the door behind him, only to return upon the morrow with a proposal of matrimony.

There is nothing enormously novel or ingenious in this story; and yet the little play is a constant delight. Granting the merits of the manuscript by Preston Sturges, part of the credit must go to Brock Pemberton and Antonette Perry, who staged the play. Miss Perry, however, has given much to the actors before the curtain rose and said, "Remember to keep it in the air. Don't try to be too natural. Don't try to play yourself; and anybody who makes the audience cry will be fired right away."

This is sound advice for any company about to embark in light comedy. The mood must be one of gaiety and banter. Life goes on; but not within the walls of that particular playhouse. All the women are fair and the brothers are valiant. Incidents follow closely one upon another like a regiment of rabbits. For there must be

bounce and speed if the thing is to succeed. Naturally all the characters talk with far more wit than can be found in any transcript from real life. This is the speak-easy of a dream. I think I violate no confidence in saying that dozens of young girls from the South have visited the most exclusive night clubs in New York without the opportunity of meeting an opera singer, much less marrying him.

[Turn to page 53]



J. Ramsay
MacDonald

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES

WITH FRANCES NOTES HART

"Once Upon A Time"

ONE of the regrettable things about being wise and tall and grown up is that we aren't supposed to read fairy tales any longer. Gone forever are the firelight and candle hours when we curled breathless on a stool, our cutis brushing the pages across which knights rode, swords drawn, and an even keener one for damsels in distress. All the stories began the same way—the only problem being for a story to begin, after all.

"Once upon a time" . . . Once upon a time there was a poor boy, whose only fortune was a high heart and a small cat. With these treasures, one fine day he took up his staff and turned his face resolutely toward the towers of a great city, bent on seeking his fortune. Before he had gone many miles, however, before he had gone many miles, there mingled in our reluctant ears the ominous silver knell from the hall clock that meant

bed-time, and the brave, far-off music from the bells of Bow that meant fame and fortune.

"Turn again, Whittington, thrice master of London!" Valiant as of old, Whittington, if we will stop to listen, makes the fairy tales through which they now ring as fantastic as ever, bound between those old glittering covers, though these days they go housed soberly enough in blue and black and brown. This month I am going to tell you of three poor boys for whom they rang—boys who turned at their bidding to find fame and fortune.

Once upon a time in a small Scotch fishing village called Lossiemouth, a little boy was born—a little boy with thick dark hair and fearless dark eyes, whose ancestors for over two hundred years had lived and died in this village. The cottage that he was born in was a "but and ben" of two rooms, backing on a railway track; and at twelve the little boy was hard at work lifting potatoes for a living; at eighteen he was on his way to London, with a shilling in his pocket and not even a cat to keep him company. A week later he was addressing envelopes for the

[Turn to page 53]



Willard B. Sperry, D.D.

Turning Life Upside Down

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

REV. W. L. SPERRY, D.D.

REVEREND BY

REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

MR. SPERRY is Dean of the School of Theology in Harvard and also acting Chaplain of the University. His book two years ago, entitled *Reality in Worship*, made a profound impression, alike by the clarity of its presentation and the depth of its thoughts, and is regarded as one of the best books ever written in the philosophy and art of worship. His latest book, *The Signs of These Times*, is a searching analysis of the confused religious situation of today [Turn to page 55]

For Daughters Who Think Alike

THEY MIGHT EVEN BE TWINS

THHEY wear each other's hats—yes, share each other's thoughts. Why not give them a room that truly reflects their most happy companionship? . . .

There are many unusual effects, as the picture shows, in this room planned for these two young people. A bold arrangement of beds—that's not really so bold and is certainly still practical—means that it has been done. A single sita in pictures—two floral prints (they're actually glazed chinis) that add a delightful color contrast to the polka dot wall paper.

LITTLE TOUCHES OFTEN OVERLOOKED
Then a larger square of chintz (left over fortunately after making the full-length draperies), transformed the old window-blind. Next a wide-shade lamp was so placed that its light plays dutifully across each pillow.

Will both these people like this room? Will they want to share every bit of it? Why, even the quilted slipper chair might be big enough for two!

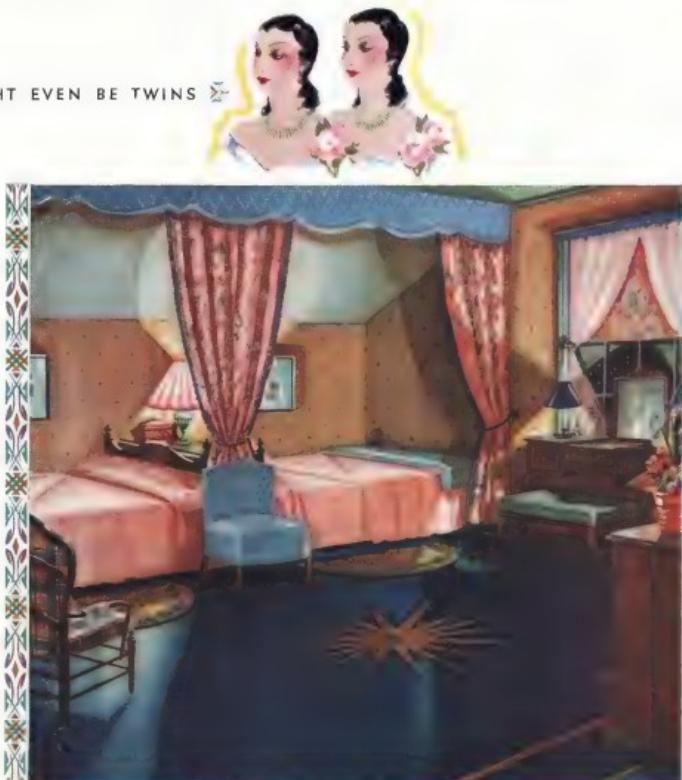
Perhaps the most unusual result was the way the floor turned out. The old one was never good! It's out of sight though still doing duty underneath the modern linoleum floor.

One plus really, this is no ordinary floor. That sixteen-point star of golden brown, for one thing, makes it quite different. Now look at the border—we call it a Linosrip border. That double strip of plain brown linoleum forms a fine frame for the plain blue field. This border effect, by the way, can be had in many different color combinations, in many different styles. The inset, too, comes in several designs—stars, castles, heraldic effects, ship motifs.

SO EASY TO FASHION YOUR FLOORS
In fact, in Armstrong's Linoleum you can now have floors fashioned for your particular home, to suit any decorative scheme, any type of interior.

The improved designs (scores of smart effects are now showing at local department, furniture, and linoleum stores) is partly the reason. The improved laying, now a custom-tailored job, is another. Improved insulation, your Armstrong Floor quickly cement it firmly in place over linoleum lining felt. No bother, no upset. The result is a permanent, practically one-piece floor that fits every nook, every cranny.

Cleaning care, too, is made simpler by the newest improvement in Armstrong's Linoleum. Every square foot of the sur-



One of the original touches in this unusual room is the floor. It was designed specifically for this interior—just as you can now fashion your own floors for every room in your house. In this instance, Armstrong's Linoleum in plain blue was selected for the field. A sixteen-point brown star insert and Linosrip border No. 45 complete the effect.

face is Accolade-Processed at the factory. This makes your Armstrong Floor spot-proof. And the new method of polishing keeps it new-looking. Should your floor need frequent washing (in kitchens, baths, halls) just renew the surface occasionally with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)



Hand-made Marble Inlay No. 63 edged with Linosrip No. 26 and plain stock linoleum



Armstrong's Rose Jasper No. 16, framed in delicate color contrast with Linosrip No. 26

Hazel Dell Brown, who planned this bright bedroom, will gladly tell you how to get the best design for your room. Her interesting story about modern room planning and modern linoleum floors is yours if you write for "New Ideas in Home Decoration," illustrated in full-color. Contains an offer of free personal service. Just send 10 cents postage to cover mailing. (Canada, 20c; U.S.A. and foreign, 32c) Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 325 Lincoln Ave., Lancaster, Pa.

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors for every room in the house

PLAIN · INLAID · EMBOSSED · JASPE · PRINTED · ARABESQ · and ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS





Mrs. Squirrel, at home mornings, 9 to 12

ACTUAL VISITS TO P AND G HOMES No. 20

Bobby answered my ring. How glad I was that my very first visit that bright morning had happened at this particular house! For where small boys grow, there is always sure to be something new to learn about soap.

And the minute I introduced myself to Bobby's mother she opened the door wide—"Come in," she invited smilingly, "I've read every single P AND G Naphtha story. And I've often wished on your trips that you would find me!"

"You see," she explained, when we were comfortably settled, "I just couldn't use anything but P AND G Naphtha. Other soaps seem so crude and gummy beside my nice white P AND G!"

"You saw Bobby," she continued, "but Betty's another reason why I need a soap like P AND G. I've given them nature books . . . and it's become a game with them to know all the birds and trees and flowers. My, the excitement when a Mrs. Squirrel brought her babies one by one to live in a backyard tree!

"Of course, they take nature-loving tummy side up or tummy side down," she said with an amused

look, "and I don't know whether I'd be such a sympathetic mother, if I weren't sure of a lot of help in P AND G suds. For no matter how soiled their play clothes are, after a soaking most of the dirt is in the water!"

Fine and white, safe for colors, quick to loosen dirt in hard or soft water—these are a few of the reasons women give for preferring P AND G White Naphtha. Yet few of them know why such fine white soap costs less than cruder, harsher soaps.

Really the reason you can buy so much P AND G for so little money is because it is the world's most popular soap. If P AND G were made in small quantities, it would have to cost you much more! But because P AND G is made in enormous quantities every day, Procter & Gamble can sell it at such a saving to you!

But remember—P AND G is so popular because women everywhere have discovered it *really is a Webster, better soap.*

CATHERINE CARR LEWIS

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A sharp ping! Bullets! A snap, then a tinkle of glass

THE GREAT GAME

Beginning a fascinating conspiracy against two lovers whose enchanted romance is threatened by the evil genius of a master mind

By Harold MacGrath

Illustrated by W. C. HOOPLE

ELsie CROWELL was alone in the world, and so was Captain John Dunlithy. They were very much in love and shortly to be married, as they thought. Elsie had come into the field of the business world, and Captain John Dunlithy, Elsie Crowell, once a power in the money marts; and the family home, about forty miles up the Hudson, was almost a palace. She was computed to be worth millions; she would come into possession of these millions—actual possession—on the evening of her twenty-third birthday, a few days hence. Crowell had been dead seven years, and had left his fortune in trust, peculiarly.

Captain John Dunlithy's fortune, however, consisted solely of his royalties as a popular dramatist. And the engagement of these young people created scarcely a

ripple in the social affairs of the city. Dunlithy was not known to society, and Elsie was indifferent to it, though from time to time she was featured in the picture sections of the newspapers.

It was the day of the four days before her birthday—before the wedding.

Elsie had gone into town, dined with Dunlithy, and had been his guest at the first night of his latest play, and he had motored her back, through the night.

Despite the lateness of the hour, Elsie had urged her fiancé to come in before he began the return journey, and had waited long enough for the return journey—a mile a minute, with the wind and the exhaust like a typhoon, and never knowing when a bullet would send him crashing into the ditch!

Whether she stood or sat, at Dunlithy, Elsie was an exquisite picture. She was a picture at this moment, with the firelight—all the light there was in the room—outlining her profile, reddening her brown hair, putting a glow of color on her face, and catching the flowing grace of her body. John Dunlithy was a lucky dog! Queer, though, that she should want to be married without fuss and feathers on her birthday, without guests. For his part, he was delighted with the idea.



"Go back, Elsie!" Gilbraith warned. "You may be shot!"

"It was wonderful, Dunny," Elsie was now saying. "How I enjoyed it! First-night, and with the author!" She leaned toward him quickly, rumpled his hair, kissed him, and moved away, a shade of rosette touching his cheek.

Torment came from the secret burning in her heart; and she could not bring herself to tell Dunphy, though he must be told. Would he understand? Or would he decide that her love was tainted with self-interest? For the fact was if she were not married on her twenty-third birthday, she would lose her entire inheritance.

She said suddenly, "I do love you, Dunny; and sometimes I'm afraid of my love for you. But you would come to my rescue, if need be?" There was a queer break in her voice.

"Through fire and water."

THEIR farewell was affectionate and after his departure, for a moment he did not move. He stood at the swinging doorframe. All at once she sat down and covered her face with her hands. What would John Dunphy believe? That she had grasped at him as one drowning grapse at a straw? To keep herself in luxury. Was she cowardly? She did not feel so. It was perfectly logical that she should want to keep what was lawfully hers. But to think that Dunny might reason that he was only a means to selfish end! He might, but she knew in her heart that he was not.

On the way out, Dunphy nodded pleasantly to Thomas, the old butler, who brought him his hat and coat. There were only four house-servants: Thomas, Mrs. James, the housekeeper, the upstairs maid and the

cook, all of whom had been in the family for years, and who had remained on to care for Miss Elsie.

"Good night, Elsie. Come to see you in the library for a moment, sir," said Thomas, sleepily.

Gilbraith? Dunphy was astonished and curious.

An old fellow, somewhere past sixty, withered and bony, with faded blue eyes, a colorless man.

Dunphy entered the library. "You wished to see me, Mr. Gilbraith?"

"Yes, Mr. Dunphy." Gilbraith went to the double doors and closed them; then he examined the windows. He returned to the desk and motioned Dunphy to be seated. "A little chat, now due."

"What about?" asked Dunphy, idly wondering if anything ever lighted up the gray face.

"Love and finance," answered Gilbraith, dryly. "You will admit that the former to be successful has to rely a good deal upon the latter."

For a moment there was something metallic in the old fellow's tones. . . .

"I am an American citizen," began Dunphy, briskly; "though my name has an old-country twist. Five generations, born on this side of the Atlantic. Poor; very few fortunes!" And he gave a brief, dry review of his own life, concluding: "I can give Elsie all the comforts of home, and very boundless love. You can verify all that I say."

As he finished, his tone a shade ironical, Dunphy did not like the old codger and never had. Too shadowy, too silent, nothing hearty about him, with his dull, blue eyes and his dry, thin, bloodless lips. No, he did not like Henry Gilbraith, he decided.

His thought jumped to Elsie, her queer mood tonight, wanting to be rescued and all that. Did she know of what? His dislike of Gilbraith grew, as he watched the old fellow fumble with some papers on the desk. Gilbraith was one of those absolute executors, without bond, who could sell and buy as he saw fit, collect rents and so forth and so on, making his accountings year in, to Elsie, who, naturally, would take his word for everything.

"You are not familiar with the will. I'll take it," said Gilbraith.

"The will? No?" Dunphy was honestly incurious. He wanted Elsie, and didn't care a hang whether she had a million or a kopeck.

"Elsie has said nothing to you about the character of the will?"

"No. Besides, it's no affair of mine."

"Indeed!—Well, I'll read you a portion of the will. Of Elsie's income is between six and seven thousand a year. She will have a quarter of a million in cash, providing there is no misfortune."

"What's that?—A misfortune?"

"Yes. If fate should stumble at the wrong time. Occasionally a man leaves a similar will. Generally they are complete instruments full of fool clauses, such as this will is."

Dunphy sat up. There was a drama here somewhere.

GILBRAITH proceeded.

Crowell was in love with a girl, in his youth. As he didn't marry, she remained and he adopted Elsie's mother. But the other woman married and left a son. It got into Crowell's head that this boy should have been his. The boy is now twenty-five. Elsie, his own daughter, will be twenty-three in a few days. Now, according to the terms of the old man's will, she must be married on her birthday, or before nine o'clock in the evening, here in this house. She cannot marry before, she cannot marry afterward. Failure to obey the terms of the will means that the entire estate will go to the other woman's son, that Elsie will go out into the world with only what she has in her purse."

"I consider that damnable unjust," said Dunphy hoarsely. "I never heard of such a thing. It would tend to drive Elsie into the arms of the first comrade who would be bold enough to offer her marriage."

"My idea," retorted with hidden mockery,

This time it set Dunphy's ears afire. "Meaning me? You believe, then, that Elsie is going to save her inheritance that way?"

"My dear sir," replied Gilbraith, with open mockery,

"I have not said that Elsie does not know."

"What's this young chap's name you refer to?"

"Dunny, I suppose."

"What sort?"

"Women and gambling. He would spend the money like a drunken stevedore, and go broke in a couple of years. So, young man, watch your step, as they say."

"He knows about the will?"

"He'd be a fool if he didn't."

"You are, then, in a queer roundabout way, trying to tip off Dunphy, and he's much astonished."

"That is for you to know. Millions are very attractive. Men have killed for less."

"Couldn't the will be broken?"

"Not even bent," said Gilbraith, with a flash of grim humor. "Four celebrated alchemists examined the old man the day the will was signed and witnessed."

"I told before?"

"Elsie did not want to spoil the romance."

"I see. Well, goodnight, and thanks," Dunphy said, buttoning his coat.

As he reached the double doors, he turned suddenly, mysteriously impelled. Venson? If Dunphy had ever seen a human eye charged with venom, he had seen it in this revealing instant in Gilbraith's.

To win Elsie through the smoke of battle! The whole affair was as clear as daylight. To keep out of young Hilton's way until his marriage to Elsie seemed the thing to do, and there was nothing thrilling in that.

The engine roared as he began the journey to New York. He had what he knew as the mechanic's ear; that is, he could hear a tom-tom, a fiddle, a gong. In the upper right-hand corner of the wind shield he saw, to his astonishment, a hole, with a thousand cracks running out from it. He lowered his head and threw on the full power of the engine. Again came the snap and again the tinkle. This time the hole appeared in the upper left-hand corner of the wind shield.

Bullets!

But inside her room Elsie heard the shots. She flung open a drawer and got her automatic and dashed down the stairs. In the semi-darkness the girl almost ran into Gilbrith, who, with pistol in hand, was creeping stealthily toward the door. He glanced around quickly.

"Go back!" he warned. "You may be shot. Better keep out of the way." His words were clipped.

"I'm not afraid," Elsie's voice was stern. "If Dunny's in there, I'll get him. At least I'll scratch."

Sadly the Airedales began to set up a racket. The person who had fired at Dunlithy had come by water and was apparently leaving that way, for presently the barking of the dogs trailed off into disappearance. Whines. Then silence.

Elsie turned to Gilbrith. "So it has begun," she said.

"I'm sorry," replied Gilbrith. "Can't you see he's arrested?"

"Up to what charge? We can't prove that he was on the grounds tonight. And there is always the possibility of newspaper notoriety—old wounds reopened."

"You told Dunny everything?"

"Yes. He laughed. He said he wasn't interested in your property but in you. I don't think it will matter to him whether you come to him rich or poor."

"You should have been more careful."

"Why shouldn't I be? But for your father I should still be a grub in a dusty law office."

"There's nothing we can do."

"Nothing. The will was long ago probated. Just tell Mr. Dunlithy to keep under cover."

Gilbrith returned to the fire, after Elsie had left him. Ha! She had forgotten her pistol. No matter; he would return it to her in the morning. He rose briskly and went to the telephone.

"This is Gilbrith talking. Was Hilton in town all the evening? Very good. Where? What time did you leave him? At ten-thirty? That isn't all the evening. Oh, you saw him enter the Bolton Arms at ten-thirty. You aren't sure he went to bed? Someone tried to shoot Mr. Dunlithy. No! I don't believe he was hurt. From now on watch Hilton. He may move when he gets home at night, loiter around for an hour. Yes, that's all. It was half after one when Mr. Dunlithy departed."

IN THE meantime Dunlithy continued at top speed. Bullets! Not so bad; there would be some life in this game. Bullets which had not been fired with murderous intent. It had taken him but a moment to deduce this fact. As iron-nerved, cynical marksmen had planned that bullet as a hint of what he could do if he found it necessary.

At the garage, he inspected the bullet holes in the wind shield. Here was about the last word in expert marksmanship. The swerving of a fraction of an inch and they would have entered the back of his head.

Later at his apartment when the telephone rang, he fairly jumped toward the instrument, knowing instinctively that the caller would be Elsie.

"Dunny, Dunny, are you safe?"

"Not a scratch."
"They missed you, then?"
"Why aren't you in bed?"

"I heard the shots, and couldn't sleep until I'd telephoned."

"No harm was intended. Just a cynical notice for me to keep away, and to fool our friend Hilton, I'm going to keep away until the wedding. Where was Gilbrith?"

"I met him in the hall. He had heard the shots too, and was going to the door. Be careful for my sake, Dunny."

"You may jolly well bet I shall be careful. This is a keen sporting proposition, and I'm going to sit in. No country boy's going to get your money."

After he had said goodnight the true manner of lovers he refilled his pipe and fell to pacing the floor. The first line of investigation should be directed toward Hilton, to find out all about his habits, his companions, how he amused himself, where he got his money. It wouldn't be a bad idea to kidnap Hilton. Dunlithy laughed, undressed and got to bed.

As the lights went out, the watcher across the street pulled his hat down over his eyes and walked away.

Consequently, the next morning he addressed a letter to the Picton Detective Agency. Picton had formerly been a detective on the city force, and had gone into business for himself and prospered.

My dear Jake: I want you to handle a little business for me, at your usual rates. Find out all you can about Arthur Hilton, who lives at the Bolton Arms, and mail me the information. Find out particularly where he was last night, which was the twelfth. Under no circumstances call or telephone. I don't want him tipped off. Make it short work. Cordially, as ever,

John Dunlithy.

Nothing would happen in the daytime. But someone might get into his rooms at night while he was at the theater, or fiddle with the car so it would stall. At once he solved this point in the game. He would hire a sedan every night, with one of Picton's men as chauffeur.

Next day he had Elsie in to lunch. Lovely, and tender, and whimsical she was—he realized his luck.

"Elsie, Gilbrith doesn't like me," he said at once.

"I'm sure you are wrong, darling. He considers you a resolute young man, and is quite sure you'll not fail."

"I never really understood how it is that he became your guardian."

"The will gave him that authority. He was father's secretary and right-hand man ever since I can remember. He hates carelessness, and that's the one thing that makes him stare up. He's always been good to me."

WHENCE did he come from?"

"Daddy found him in the office of Wardlaw, Sned & Hurd, attorneys. Gilbrith had charge of finance, and he was considered one of the best authorities in the State. He'd drawn up remarkable contracts, they say. So one day Daddy offered him five thousand a year to come to him; and Gilbrith has been in the house ever since."

When Dunlithy returned to his apartment, he found a letter from the Picton Detective Agency and was profoundly astonished at the contents. [Turn to page 84]



"I love you so, Dunny. Sometimes I'm afraid"

FORTY DOLLARS TO SPEND

*Who should be sacrificed—
the parents whose life lay behind
them or the daughter whose
happiness rose before?*

By Shirley Seifert
Illustrated by GRATTAN CONDON

IT WAS Friday day of the week and wash day for Dora Skipping. Between

Friday mornings the other two girls who shared with her the large room under the northeast eaves of Rayfield Hall had classes straight through, while she was free. Also because this washing and renovating of her own clothes was one of the ways in which she made both ends of her budget meet. One end of the budget was simple—a small sum given to her each month of monthly allowance by mail; the other end was complicated, being an extremely pretty girl who had good taste as well as good looks, and ambitions.

Three military cot-beds paraded in a row under the east windows. On their counterpanes was spread Dora Skipping's daytime attire—one wool jersey dress, one handknit sweater with ribbed sleeves, and from the days of old, a coat. And there were frocks, too, if Dora had made them herself from bargains in material! A mere thing like necessity would never draggle Dora. These costumes, stripped now of their washable accessories, awaited an inspection for spots and a thorough pressing when the laundry should be hung up to dry. The washable accessories, together with a pile of lingerie and hose, a supply of silk stockings, were occupied Dora at a stationary porcelain washstand in a small closet-like lavatory.

Dora was working hard and fast. It was no joke, this every Friday morning struggle for respectability. With Dora the aim would be even higher. She was a girl at "work," and she took her work seriously. Her work was sports attire on the campus or at a tea in silk. The handwork on her clothes, the sewing and laundering, were exquisitely done. She always had some check of a frill here or there, where you least expected it and where you liked it best.

"And I'm clever," she would have explained, laughing, to anybody interested. "I stick to one color. I get most of my colors of blue, and I keep them together. That's how smart I have to be!" There would be that smile on her lips, and her eyes would dance in an appeal something like this: "Laugh at me all you want so long as you like me."

You liked her at once and you thought her clever indeed to choose blue. The faded old blue stock she wore was a little bit of distraction, becoming because her eyes were blue; a very positive blue and not serene or placid, but with the very Dickens dancing in their depths. She was so alive, this poor, hard-working girl. Her very hair snapped with vitality. God, who hadn't given her riches, had given her gold-bronze hair that glinted all over with a consciousness of coloring. A single strand had suddenly odd little coils in the hollow of her white neck and over her ears. Besides these lovely eyes and this invisible hair, Dora Skipping was twenty, healthy, slender and sweetly rounded of contour; and anybody would suspect in two minutes that somewhere there must be a young man who loved her madly.

THESE was his name was Frederick Bain. A graduate electrical engineer with an excellent position. He came of people who had means. He drove out to call on Dora or to fetch her elsewhere every week-end. Each time that he saw her the expression on his blunt, honest, not too handsome face was identical. His nice hands would brush to a stain of red would run under his year-around umbrella. His lips would twitch. He would want to marry Dora Skipping the next minute. Literally the next minute. He said so in

every way known to man and some which he thought desperately he had invented.

Finally the week before this Dora had admitted that she wanted to marry Fred, at last, she had

wanted to marry her. But it wouldn't be the next minute. It couldn't possibly be one minute before a year from the coming June.

"Gorgeous!" reproached her lover.

"How can you be so mean to me?"

"I don't know you wouldn't like me," sighed Dora.

"That's why I waited so long to say yes."

"You knew—a long time ago?" Fred caught his breath sharply.

"Right from the begin-

ning," said Dora apas-

singly.

Fred doubled his fats and thrust them into his trousers' pockets. The proposal had been made and accepted in the most underhanded circumstances. In the afternoon there had been a sleet storm. Roads were treacherous. The Dean of Women had made an announcement at dinner that any girl who failed to get an automobile during that evening. All callers were to be entertained in the parlors of the dormitory. Eight dollars worth of tickets to a show in a city eighteen miles away were going to wait in Fred's pocket this minute. With this entertainment in mind, he had called early. That netted him and Dora an alcove off the main parlor, but there were no curtains to the alcove, and in front of it loomed a piano played all evening by a brainless male idiot who did things by ear inexhaustibly and kept looking at Dora between times instead of at the girl who had let him in.

"But why a year from June?" protested Fred. "It's wasteful enough to wait at all, but why the extra year—after you've finished school and all?"

"Why do you think you love me?" asked Dora.

"Why do I think—" Fred glared at her helplessly. "Say, if you don't know the answer to that by this time, I'll never be able to tell you."

"I do know," said Dora, so softly that Fred's hands almost ripped through his

pockets. "I'm awfully proud and that's why I'm so keen about you. I want everything to be just perfect. I want you all your life to think a lot of me. If I didn't have a sense of humor, a pretty keen sense of humor, I'd never satisfy a man as honest as you are. I know you're a man who wants to fill out—with my family—before I marry anyone."

"What do you mean? A contract?" said poor Fred.

"Have I ever told you about my family?"

"Oh, mentioned them now and then. I know your father is a preacher."

"My father is an angel!" Quick tears flashed in Dora's eyes. "He's been away for three years now, my dad and my mother is a queen. She came of quite elegant people way south—Georgia. She could have married any number of rich men; I mean, any one of a number of her. She married father because she loved him—and he had just nothing. For a long time there was just nothing. Dad was educated to be a lawyer and the law asked him to defend many a man who he knew was guilty of a terrible crime, and in his thinking over the ethics of that he turned to the ministry. That was very hard for him and Mother. When I was a little



"Pooh!" said Dr. Skipping. "Of course he's coming!"

girl we had no carpets on our floors. Dad kept reaching a little more recognition; but there were the babies. We could do without carpets better than without babies, Mother said."

"You sweet kid," said Fred. "You peach! Is it still like that?"

"No, not exactly. Father has a good and loyal church in St. Joseph now. He's quite happy and we're much more comfortable; but when he got to that place, the babies were growing up and had to be educated. You see, that's how we Skippings are. Certain things are awfully important to us. We're always spending our money on something highfalutin' instead of on carpets. Every Skipping child had to have a college education. We used to think each year we'd be given a chance to show the world. No matter how the boys fumed—I had two older brothers—about pitchin' in and earning some luxury, off to school they had to go. John was the first. He made his own expenses, but that left Father and Mother with the increasing burden of us and no help. John was through his first year at a school of architecture when the war came. He was killed in September of 1918. The other one can look in the fire door at seven o'clock of a May evening without seeing him standing there, shouting about some prize he'd taken and that he'd joined the army."

Fred slid closer on the padded window seat and recklessly laid hold of Dora's hand. Firmly he held it under the shadow of a too modestly short coat-tail. Dora blushed and blinked and laughed with a catch in her throat.

"Then there was James, the brother of John. He got an appointment to Annapolis. We none of us thought of anything but how splendid that would be for John. It was like giving wings to a person who wanted earnestly to do his duty by all of us but was plainly designed to be a dashing hero. We made him take the appointment, though, and then we wanted him to have extras, though it was hard to make him take them. And the wings came literally. He chose aviation and we won't let him give that up. Well, you know how expensive the service is. About all he can give us, now at any rate, is glory. He's supposed to marry an heiress; but being a Skipping, he won't. He'll marry some priceless gem without a penny—and we'll be so happy!"

"We'll be so happy!" Fred spoke fervently and protectively. He gave every indication of being just about to rip entirely with emotion under the politeness of the public parlor.

"I'm next. When I was still small, my grandmother sent Mother's piano from the south. She thought she was doing it kindness, but almost at once it was discovered that she was musical. Then I had to learn music instead of art. You could have a much more expensive talent than music. Of course nothing would do but the best teaching, and I couldn't resist because I did love the piano. And the family was so thrilled! We Skippings again! When any one of us is to do something we all forget everything else to get behind that person and push. And so here I am. The head of the music school here is a masterpiece, and when I'm concert-waiting with him he breaks. He is good; and the idea is that I am getting a touch of college education with my music. So—I finish in June. Yes. But I want a year to pay off a little of my debt. The family doesn't feel that way. I do. You see I haven't been allowed to earn any money except with an occasional accompaniment that Professor Lensing has got me. Practicing four hours a day, I wasn't to think of taking on any jobs. Father has been sending me a monthly allowance, just the same as if he could afford it."

I SEE," said Fred, "how you feel, but and still—could you make any real money the first year?"

"I would! There's always teaching. For concert practice there's radio broadcasting station that will give me work once or twice a week and the organist in father's church, when he's old, I'd fill in there."

"I bet a nickel," said Fred. "I could give you twice as much money to put on that debt and never feel it. I'd be glad to!"

"My dear!" said Dora softly. "I'm sure you would and could, but it wouldn't be the same. I want to be a Skipping, using all my might. I want to be one Skipping investment that pays a little."

"Are there more kids?"

"Three." Dora freed her hand suddenly to make a clasping gesture indicating inspiration. "Fred! The holidays begin week after next. Couldn't you come down some time during Christmas week and meet the Skippings?"

"If I come," said Fred, "I'll bring the largest and most emphatic diamond ring I can buy and I'll dash their hopes of you entirely. Still inviting me, Dora?"

"I haven't made you know the Skippings at all, goose. When I tell them about you, which shall come first? They don't care already, they'll say only, 'How wonderful for Dora!' Gracious what is all the commotion about?"

Fred shot out his left wrist to look at the watch.

"Ten-twenty," he announced. "At ten-thirty we'll all be booted out the door." He stood before Dora, smiling, cooing, that fluttering rose of color against her young sunburn.

"Sweetie," he whispered huskily, "won't you come outside to tell me goodbye, or must I wait till a year from June for that?"

The handsome, enclosed dormitory opened on a stone archway through which a miserable wind swirled and whistled; but the only annoyance that at all marred the sweetness of that farewell was the fact that four other pairs of legs had gone. Fred had heard of him. It was all he and Dora could do to find a stone buttress with a shadow suggesting oblivion.

SO NOW, on a Friday morning a week later, in the midst of her washing and cleaning, was there any reason in the world why Dora Skippings should be here? She had been here before. She was walking on patient lines along the radiator and turned on the heat full and opened the windows to speed the drying, she unfolded an ironing board and wrabbled. On a desk before the board she prepared a book on harmony and flattered herself that she was doing ear and voice exercise in sight reading. Strangely, however the harmony exercise began, no matter what the key or the phrasing, Dora Skippings wobbled lines from a ballad by De Kovens:

"Oh, promise me that you will take my hand
The most unworthy in this lowly land."

She had written her family about Fred. They had replied to a man with no time out for arguments that they were all right in the news and that she could possibly have had fun for the holidays, part of the holidays! The Skippings would hold a grand levee and other precious nonsense of that sort.

"Oh, promise me that someday you and I
Will take our love together to some sky—"

The Skippings didn't know how grand a levee they would hold when Dora came home—head of her lover, not with him. Oh, no! Because Dora was coming home this Christmas, with money in her bag. Money to spend! Forty dollars! Pinched off the edges of that princely allowance and swelled with those occasional hickory accompaniments. Forty dollars, which she was going to spend recklessly on the aggrandizement of the Skipping home. It was a sum so large one way and so small the other that she hadn't any idea just what she would buy with it.

"And let me sit beside you, in your eyes
Seeing the vision—"

A small clock on the desk said ten-thirty. Abruptly Dora disconnected the iron, applied it and ran to the window. She had to have her raincoat ready.

"Hoo-hoo!" she called softly, peering nervously to a dark head two stories below and smiled seraphically at a familiar upturned face. "Marge, would you mind seeing if there's mail for me?"

"I'm on my way with it," said the one called Marge,

her voice rich with the sarcasm of a known contem-

porary. "Your daily special!"

The letter which Dora presently carried back to her steam laundry to read was brief.

"Sweetheart," it said, "I love you. See you tonight. I can manage three days off next week. Yours forever, Fred."

It was on the train homeward bound that Dora experienced her first twinge of uncertainty about Fred and his visit. She was riding in the day coach for economy. Fred had put her on the train. He had wanted to buy her a Pullman reservation, but she wouldn't allow it.

"Some day," she coaxed, "I shall love for you to, but not now—you understand?"



"Why do
you think
you love
me?"

And Fred had been nice—he was always nice—but troubled.

That worried Dora, a little. Exuberance, she thought, was a dangerous feeling. It blinded one to realities. Realities were being looked at awfully hard nowadays. Fred's shining eyes had strayed once or twice from her to her surroundings this morning. And the day coach was quite clean and not nearly so messed with terrible people as she had known it to be on occasions, as though he might be likely later on this day. Fred's mouth had tightened.

"Wait a year," his expression said. "I guess not! I'll take you out of this or know why."

Of course she had been perfectly honest all the time that Fred was falling in love with her. Yes, honest; but extremely her best. Because she knew right well that she had fallen in love first. He was such a nice, straight, good-looking boy. He had a smile that would glimmer with frills and sticking her wardrobe had been that glimmer in Fred's eyes when he beheld her. Of course, without this incentive she would still have been Dora Skippings and charming, but not quite—so charming!

"We are fine people!" she said stoutly, half impatient with herself this day.

STILL she was worried. He—Fred—would be getting a swift, sudden first impression. She had grown up with the peculiar shabby fineness of the Skippings. And her worry now was not that anything about her home or family would jar Fred's love for her. If he had been that kind of man, his opinion about anything would never have mattered to Dora. And it would have been low for her to be anxious about her family's pleasing him. He had been a good boy. He probably should receive any little hurt in this first visit. For the sake of these splendid people who had been her entire background and foreground until she had met Fred, she didn't want one flicker of such a look as that young man had given the day coach.

Fred was human. He had always lived in abundance. When she had tried to explain about her circumstances to him, she couldn't be sure he was hearing her words clearly.

"Why," she had said, "in our house we used to have to keep careful record so that we'd know whose turn it was to get the next pair of shoes."

And he had nodded and gone on looking dreamily at her hair. Oh, he was a dear! She loved him utterly; but, being Dora, she championed fiercely, too, the people who had made her. She thought her life what it was; had made her for Fred; who were welcome him, not as a disappointment to any high hopes, but as a sort of reward. If her two loyalties [Turn to page 87]





"I don't understand," whispered Primrose—"but I promise"

EARLY TO BED

The gay story of a child of fortune

By Lynn and Lois Montross

Illustrated by HENRY RALEIGH

I WANT all the music, all the starlight, all the love and glitter I can cram into my heart while I'm young; then when I'm old I'll have something to remember!" This was Primrose Mufjet's creed—the cry of youth to happiness. And Primrose, like a naughty and disarmingly fascinating cherub, danced her way toward her goal.

There had been that glittering party at the millionaire Mufjet's, where Primrose had discovered Roger. Blithely she dissipated heartthick Allison Blaine, a somewhat bitter and brittle sophisticate, and concentrates on sky, clumsy Roger Van Horne, who is captivated by her charm. All this completely bewilders Ellen Mulfund, Roger's fiancee, with her pale camo-like face and a soul not yet touched by the fire of love.

None of this year's novels boasts so gay and enchanting a heroine as this madcap daughter of the very new rich—a child masquerading as a woman.

Part III

ROGER VAN HORNE rebelled furiously against the pain lying always at the bottom of his thoughts like a dull, heavy stone; he tried to forget, but whenever he turned it seemed to drag him down as if he had been a swimmer struggling in despair against an overpowering weight.

He could scarcely explain this grief—it was so curiously dull and plodding; but once or twice he had acknowledged that it had something to do with Primrose. He fought against that realization;

but whenever he remembered the touch of her soft lips . . . his heart seemed to be crying out "I want you" and "I want you again" the more.

He despised himself for having done that inexplicable thing in his classroom—the very first day that he had faced any classroom. How had it happened? There had been her parted lips and unwavering eyes as he read, and there had been later the swift dark sweep of her eyelashes against her cheek, and that mysterious feeling of fright and longing between them. And all at once in a wave of blindness he had kissed her.

And he said to himself—"I have Ellen. I am pledged to marry Ellen." But in his heart he added—I do—not love—Ellen.

A certain relief of decision came, despite that calling in his heart to an unnamed girl friend, "with you—I want you so much you must be lonely now. He was going to do, although the years seemed to stretch ahead of him in bleak, unmitigated despair. And he knew also, after many walks around the lake when the sun was rattling the water with gold, that since he was going to marry Ellen in June he must forget those stray moments of flight and longing, of glory and fulfillment.

As he turned back from his walk one day into the street that circled Hixon Park he met Ellen coming toward him. Almost without words they walked slowly to the bench in the shadow of a great elm tree.

"I know you're unhappy," she said.

"Yes," he answered.

"You take these long walks every day and you don't ask me to come with you."

"Sometimes I want to be alone."

SHE looked at him with sad, level eyes. "You can't tell me what's troubling you?"

"I can't tell you, for I can't tell myself."

"Then you're not angry with me about anything?"

He shook his head miserably. He wished he could angry with her.

"When we are married, Roger, I want you to have those long walks and your thoughts . . . just the same, alone."

He wanted to tell her honestly that he did not love her; but that is the most difficult thing in the world for a man to tell a woman.

Why couldn't he love her? She was beautiful and strong and serene. He felt guilty and wretched.

"And we will go to China, won't we?" she asked. For once Dolly couldn't understand; she had always wanted to go to China and teach in the schools there. A queer notion—going to China! He said so.

"My dear Van, you know you've always wanted to go!"

He remembered dimly that he had but not now. What could hold him? A fragmentary memory—the brooding eyes and the brown hands and the soft, smiling mouth of the girl?

Ellen looked down at the small blushing diamond glittering on her hand. His diamond. His little, unpretentious, yet overwhelming pledge of faith.

"Roger," she said, "when we are married I want you to do what you like. I want you to be utterly free. I don't want you to go to China if you don't want to; above all, I want you always to do whatever you want to do!"

Their eyes met with a seeking look, a look which struggled to understand the strange thoughts that each knew were not being spoken.

"You are—awfully good," he stammered. He felt numb. Ten years, twenty years, of patient numbness. He supposed he better go to now," she said, rising. "I've got some work to do." But when she was turning away she came back to him. "Roger," she said earnestly, "everything is just the same, isn't it?"

He knocked the ashes from his pipe very carefully. "Of course," he said. "Why, of course." But it seemed to him that another man had answered.

Up in his room he lit the one-ring gas plate which rested on a shelf concealed by a curtain and warmed a slice of bread with a butter knife. Then he spread a slice of bread with a meser spreading of butter and drank four cups of coffee to still the ever-present hunger of his big frame and undernourished muscles. The nagging worry about money constantly oppressed him. Uncle Hilliard's mind, grown vague with age and distraction, came to consider Roger as a rascally young spendthrift who owed him several thousand dollars.

This evening there was a dance at Rebecca Holmes Hall. In the evening clothes which he had cherished for so long and which were growing almost painfully

small, cleanly shaven and bathed and brushed, and looking almost handsome in spite of his pallid and harassed eyes, Roger groped down the dark, narrow stairs. Mrs. Butteridge darted out to intercept him.

"I've been talking to Mr. Butteridge about this new endowment," she said shrilly. "I do declare! I think it's the most unusual thing I ever heard tell! Whatever made that old manufacturer of ginger ale decide to give the college that two million? Tch! Tch! Tch!"

In the gymnasium used alike for parties and basket ball games Roger stood stiffly by the door where the dancing, laughing, gaudy group in the police uniform, with their group, was gathered with effete murmur; making a few remarks about the weather and the decorations, which were ridiculous, he stood apart feeling bored and alien.

HE ALLOWED himself the satisfaction of many secret sardonic comments: how absurd it was to claim these pompous and pretentious young men and women in some American flags and Japanese lanterns, thinking that the apologetic gymnasium as a ballroom was better by these ludicrous trophies; how like a plate of lukewarm soup Miss Coffey looked in her pea-green evening dress; how much poor old Dr. Dwight Edward Cathcart looked like a fat blue-point served without cocktail sauce; and how amazing it was that such a group of girls and boys as these had been gathered here at Hixon College! Roger noted that nearly every girl in the room wore a pink taffeta dress with a modestly rounded neckline and a gold rose.

The men—the men was a different matter. For the most part they were brothers and cousins and high-school boy-friends and adventurers who would try anything once—including this dance at Hixon College.

Roger saw one beautiful girl in blue taffeta varified by a silver chain on her shoulder; he noted her splendid shoulders and regal head across the room—and as she turned he saw that it was Ellen.

[Turn to page 80]



"What a funny place!" shrieked Dolly. "Did you ever see such a funny place?"



Haven began to run. His foot slipped; he leaped into the abyss

a long red cape which she called the "Colonel's Opera Cloak"—he remembered her in it since she had grown into womanhood. Behind her lay the abandoned settlement; beyond, the dunes and the gray sea.

"A—A—A—" she began again, and he remembered the astonished exclamations of their friends. Frances had not been away, not even to New York, except when he was ill; she kept no maid, she bought no new clothes, she had nothing. She could not even pay her annual visit to her intimate friend, Theresa Lancaster, the Old Man's daughter. She persuaded Theresa, she persuaded everyone, that it was because her husband was not well enough to spare time, that it was really because he had no money to buy her clothes.

To this the sensible part of his mind answered, "Absurd! You've had enormous bills. You've supported Frances' parents; you'll soon redeem your note."

BELLS rang, customers came, the clock struck four. Then passed the clock uttered its sharp click, warning that five minutes would strike five. After the office closed he would get his dinner and telephone to Frances, then go to his train. His mind still clung to eleven o'clock, though if a message were to reach him the China post it would come now, before five.

Before the first stroke reverberated through the room, a tall man came through the doorway. He was very straight and exceedingly tall. He had a thin face, a turning of heads; someone said, "Hello, Grandgent." The man carried him with him to those who disliked him an air of success, of power, almost of triumph; in reality it was an air of cheerfulness and contentment. To meet him Haven rose; with the air of one defending himself, his honor, his beloved, his world.

"Billy"—Grandgent used a nickname of their boyhood, his voice hearty, his tone one of long acquaintance and affection—"You're not going to Pittsburgh?"

"I am."

"I'm going to drive down the Island, and I could so easily take you home."

Haven saw Grandgent's powerful car; Grandgent was not dependent on dreary trains.

"Thank you, I'm going to Pittsburgh." Haven sat down, and looked at his letters.

Still Grandgent lingered. "I wouldn't take things too fast. You don't look any too spry."

"I'm all right." He looked up—Grandgent was still standing as though he considered his sorrowful plight. "Got to get these letters off." It was a gesture of dismissal.

Grandgent turned, found papers in a file and in an instant was gone. Typists swung their machines with one accord into their desks.

Stout Offerman rose and stretched his arms above his head. "Francis X. Bushman to the life. Probably off to meet a lady. Wonder if he's picked one out to take to China," he said.

"You can't think the Old Man—" Johnston rose, looking about to satisfy himself that only what he called "the Lyne bunch" remained—"the Old Man hasn't appointed him!"

"Sure he's appointed him! Doesn't he look like the cat that's found the cream? I'll bet the Old Man never thought of anybody else. A spoiled baby'll get what he wants. Think of him swelling it round foreign ports!"

Offerman stepped out from his desk in ludicrous imitation.

Johnston was a discerning person; he realized with intense amusement that Offerman hoped for the post.

"Haven, I wonder if—"

Aware that Offerman was addressing him, Haven rose. Thrusting back his chair, he set it spinning. He was physically strong, but his thoughts took a violent, even a manic turn. "If Offerman locates me—if he speaks to me, I shall lift this paperweight," he thought.

Offerman's speech was not what Haven expected.

"Haven, I wonder if you're not going it a little too hard."

Haven sat down—Frances—Grandgent—Frances—Grandgent—they could not know that Grandgent had wanted Frances with his whole soul.

"No indeed," said he, and succeeded in making his voice gay. In his heart he said, "Go, go, go."

As if in obedience, the man went at his work. He continued to sign his name, to fold the letters. He talked to himself—China was gone—gone; he must go to Pittsburgh on the eleven o'clock train.

"Frances," said he aloud. "A thousand dollars—Old Man Lancaster—" He tried with every effort of his being to keep Frances out of his mind. He did not succeed. He saw himself and Frances traversing the station arm in arm. He was leaving the hospital, he was pale; he leaned a little on Frances. She was thin, she was shabby.

She had declined a porter's help with his bag, laughing at the idea of not being able to carry so light a burden.

"Frances!" Her name was called, then his own; the tone was astonished, concerned. "Let me take your bag! You won't be walking, Billy; you should have a chair. You're going to Long Beach! You're living here! In winter!"

Grandgent was just home from England. He pressed his services upon them. He could easily do kindnesses; he had not only a large salary, but a private income. He had everything, except Frances.

Then Francis—the word went round and round. The hands of the clock went round and round. It was half-past-five. The man lay down, the elevator ceased to run. There were now new voices in the hall.

"The bloke is gone," said a scrub-woman.

He blinked, considering her question.

"Yes," said he. "I'm going home."

"You're the gentleman that was sick. It's a wild night to be out."

"Yes," said he steadily. "I'm going home."

"Sister, I help you with your coat?"

Without answering, he opened the glass door, and stepping into the hall, summoned the elevator. In the street he stood still. The wind carried into his face a soggy newspaper from the park across the street. He brushed it off with a shudder. He turned west, rain in his eyes, and took a surface car to the station. He had one idea—he must see Frances. In the lower level of the train he found that it was seven o'clock and that he had ten minutes until his train left; he ate a sandwich and drank a cup of coffee.

The train was sparsely occupied, the homeward rush over. Return traffic would be light; wise folk would stay indoors. All outside the train was black, except for an occasional quick-flashing light. Usually Haven took pleasure in thinking of the engineering genius which carried him under the river; now he was aware only of a heavy weight in his heart and a sharp physical irritation. There was a grain of dust in his eye, which

he rubbed, making it worse. He longed to cry, like a child. The train got slowly under way, ran a few miles and stopped. In the pause of a single moment he heard a tapping against the pane, too light to be hail, too sharp to be rain. He called to the conductor when he opened the door. "What's that sound?"

"South Beach."

"Up here?"

"Got blowed up for three days, now it's gettin' blowed back. Never knew such a night."

Haven was saying a single word over and over—Frances—Frances. He saw her in her red cap against a gray sea, against a blue sea. She walked ahead of him, beside him. Her gaze was frank, affectionate, true.

"I'm mad," he said aloud. "I'll go back to the office and to Pittsburgh."

"South Beach!" called the conductor. "South Beach!"

WALKING heavily, he left the train. He still intended to go back. The station would be locked, but there was an outer waiting room; in it he would sit until the train returned. Then the conductor would not suspect him of having been ill. Haven went. Nothing was wrong. He began his litany—Frances—Frances.

"South Beach, sir!" called the conductor again, now with irritation. Seeing Haven's face, he moderated the sharpness of his tone. "Careful, sir!"

Haven had not reckoned upon the presence of the station master. He was locking the door, his cap pulled low, his coat blown by the wind. Haven took a quick step, and was met clean through; the man turned and both hands gripping his hat, walked toward him, pushing his body against the wind.

"I saw you get off the front of the train!"

"You were mistaken."

"But I saw Mrs. Haven meet you!"

Haven shook his head. "You saw somebody else."

"No, sir. It was Mrs. Haven in her red cap."

Out of the darkness came a whisper of wind and rain and stinging sand. It was Frances' custom to meet him, but she believed him to be in New York, soon to leave for Pittsburgh.

"She started home. I thought you were with her."

There was a slight lull in the wind; as the rattling sounds of the station grew quiet Haven heard the thunder of the sea. The station master took his silence for doubt.

"A gentleman was with her? I'll take an oath to it. I know her cap and her sir!"

Haven led him to the astonished man and stepped from the platform into the sand. Turning the corner he heard the full orchestra of the sea—a symphony of amazing violence and mournfulness.

Without paying heed to his steps, Haven continued toward the east, the sea at his right. His mind was bemused, he repeated the words of the station master as though to help himself to comprehend. Scraping the sand with his foot, he heard the roar of the wind had been blowing for three days—no wonder the window had formed. Vaguely comforted he went on.

"It's all right," said he, aloud. "I'm only unstrayed because I've been sick. I'm going back to the station. This is a turning point; what I do is important. If I go back, it will show that I'm all right."

As if in answer there sounded clearly from the vague-headed, a man's voice. The sand had died down; he could hear the voice distinctly against the sea, as one can hear a soloist against an orchestra.

Hearing the voice again, he began to walk briskly. He knew it well, had known it all his life. His house lay straight ahead; but the voice sounded from his right—the man and the woman with him were going toward the beach. Frances had to wade in storms, many times she had seen him on the water side of the shore; in her red cap against a tempestuous sea, he felt the texture of the cloth under his hand and wrist, the shape of her shoulders under his arm. He heard her laugh, high and clear, in a sort of childish ecstasy. He began to run, his feet weighed, his course obstructed by the sand. The two were climbing the steps to the boardwalk, there to let themselves be buffeted. He saw Grandgent supporting her, shielding her, the rough cloth under his hand and wrist, her shoulder pressed by his arm. . . .

He saw Grandgent beside his desk looking down with contempt veiled by hypocritical concern; he saw him

go to the telephone. He had meant to come to South Beach, but not to drive; his invitation was a device to discover whether he should find Frances alone. Had these visits—Haven stood still, rubbing one hand against another—had these visits begun before he was ill?

He went on, swiftly, he believed, but in reality making no progress. Far across the edge of the moon showed, and the remnants of the sun were still hot. Now the boardwalk rocked; he believed that he imagined the motion, even though he had to cling to the rail. The moon shone brightly; he saw Frances without possibility of mistake, with Grandgent beside her.

AGAIN he began to run. There was a strange undisturbed elevation between him and her that he had always filled with raging water. Running, breathing heavily, he lunged forward. His foot slipped, he leaped into the abyss. Water encircled him, water filled his mouth, his eyes, his ears, blinding him, desening him.

A wave crashed upon him; before the next he must get to the beach or he would die. According to his old ways, he set his teeth and moved in a round of the clock that would be over this spot of time in a trice; this horror, this terror, he felt the last suck of the retiring wave at his feet; he struck out for the shore. In a second he lay high on the beach. A half hour passed, another, another utterly exhausted he was unaware of his discomfort and his danger.

At last the child which shook him, turned him to move. He rose, his legs unsteady, he stood up. The moon was shining upon the quiet settlement, upon a short space of black water between the broken ends of the walk, upon the sea beyond. So far overhead was the moon, so calm its light in a broad space between flying clouds that the sea itself seemed quiet.

Dripping, shivering, Haven went toward his house. There was nowhere else to go. His situation, he saw, was hopeless. He tore his clothes, he beat his head. He would say: "Bring me my clothes, Frances, I'm going away." Suddenly the cruel comedy enraged him. He would open his door and shout. "This is my house! I must save myself from death!" [Turn to page 61]



"Who is here?" asked Haven. Again, softly, the footsteps sounded overhead



Rosa Panselle's sympathetic voice carries well on the air



Al Julian and the "mike" are the best of friends



Arthur Allen, Louis Mason and Porter Hall

THE AIR IS HOSTESS

Wires web the world, whispering, singing, laughing, talking—Here is an intriguing peep behind the scenes at the breathless drama of radio

By Helen Christine Bennett

SH," said the guide, putting his hand over his mouth. "Shh." Obediently we shushed. He laid his hand on a door that opened with well-oiled, silent celerity, and waved us into a small vestibule where we stood facing double doors while the first doors shut.

Our guide looked at us gravely. "Please," he cautioned, "do not laugh or do anything a bit sudden and put yourself in front of your mouth when you whisper."

Each of these microphones are very sensitive." Then he swung open a second swift, noiseless door and we entered our first broadcasting studio.

It was cheerfully reassuring. A big room, with very high ceilings, with groups of lights in long, dark cylinders suspended by cables over the chairs of the orchestra, neutral plaster walls, no sign of windows, and there tall hanging lamps, because it was a formal system in formal systems on the borders. A decidedly attractive room with a temperature of exactly 72; while New York's Fifth Avenue outside sweltered at 95!

"We keep 'em cool in summer and warm in winter," said our guide behind his hand. "Performers are only at their best when comfortable."

THREE were but two other visitors in the studio, an orchestra of a dozen pieces, a group of actors and singers and the director. But as our eyes roamed the walls, we saw along the upper part four glass apertures and at each one a cluster of eager faces. Evidently we were especially privileged to be within the sacred precincts on this occasion. At the end of the room was another glassed aperture, but this was more lowered and through the glass we saw a control board of some kind and its manipulator, whose eyes covered the studio.

Along the room there swept a little ripple of excitement. For this was no ordinary occasion. In a few seconds we were to see the radio production of "Forty Fathom Trawlers," a sea story written by John L. E. Full, author of the famous story "Down to the Sea in Ships." This was the premiere, which in radio means the first of a series of hours, and there were to be twenty-four of the series running through six months. It was a "first night" in radio.

The big clock by the control board window showed one minute of starting time. The orchestra silently swung into place; the Revelry Quartette gathered near one "mike"; the actors near another. The stillness grew intense. Graham MacNamee, the announcer, holding the typed script in one hand, stood tense, ready at the signal to begin. The director, one eye on the clock, one on the control window, held out a long arm. As his index

finger dropped MacNamee started. We were off. Within the next thirty minutes, I saw a trailer loaded in that very room. Man rushed forward and back its length dropping upon the floor the luggage going into the hold. As the ice went on, the director sent forth a stream of tiny pebbles from a cone-shaped tin on to a sounding board that gave forth the clink of ice cakes. Sandpaper sheets on boards rubbed against each other, made the swish, swish of the sea. When the trailer left the dock, heavy chains were dropped across the front frame of both the connecting the three legs of the grand piano. All this between songs by the quartette and the lines of the actors. Not an unnecessary sound, yet among the performers an intense sympathy, eager attention.

When the cook recited a near-cannibal story, every man in the room gave him that flattering intense attention so dear to an actor; smiles warmed the end of the yarn, hearty goodwill ran like quicksilver through the studio. Then came Captain Bill Haff's tale of his fight with an octopus. To the end of it of their roles, dramatized it as he talked. Cook, mate, sailors, ran wildly about calling to each other and hacking, as opportunity offered, with non-existent hatchets at the invisible monster. A noise expert furnished the resounding blows upon a number of small instruments. But the battle was a losing one. The devil-fish swung a tentacle over the boat's edge and Bill, the captain's little son, was caught. A shout of dismay, anger, terror, arose and then surged a perfect fury of action.

THE boy screamed; the crew rushed to him, but hesitated to chop at that tentacle; the captain in stifled tones ordered the cannon swung, the percussion expert raced to the biggest drum, a booming shot, the tentacle relaxed, the monster sank. Bill, whimpering, was borne away. The heat of the sun of the studio, the 72 degree cool room, were wet with perspiration running down their cheeks; their faces were flushed, their eyes glazing. MacNamee was running his free hand wildly through his hair as he talked into the microphone. The director sprang here and there, his long arms pointing directions; the orchestra was fighting with the crew.

I learned later that the broadcast in that huge network, connected with the National Broadcasting Company all over the country, saw that devil-fish that night. But we in the studio certainly did.

We were to learn that for every hour on the air, a good broadcasting studio demands a minimum of eight hours rehearsal. This half hour had four solid hours to developing this one scene and every move was calculated. The actors even when they knew their lines, did not speak. For on the air improvisation is possible. Orchestra, quartette, actors, director and control man had gone over and over and over the scene. As it neared its end, the director watched the clock with greater and greater intensity. Behind his hand our guide informed us that it was a bit slow. With fingers wildly waving, the director speeded up the quartette. The orchestra leader played faster and faster until the end the floor板 cracked and as the clock registered the last possible second. Immediately the tension dropped. The "mike" was off. Everybody laughed, congratulated each other, nearly everyone ran to the [Turn to page 60]



Jessica Dragonette has a large following



ARIZONA AMES

*By
Zane Grey*

BEHIND Rich Ames, Zane Grey's romantic cowboy hero, stretch the golden valleys of Arizona; Wyoming of the tender stars and the barren wastes of Utah. And three girls, remembrances, gaze after the roamer—Esther, his wife into the people he had known; Ames' twin sister, whose honor he had defended—Amy, Crow Grieve's girl-wife, freed by the cowboy's gun from the unscrupulous ranger—and Lespet, who loves him as only a true woman can love. But the call of the unknown echoes in the heart of the roamer and Ames rides into Montana to further adventures—and home.

Part IV

AUTUMN burned crimson and gold and purple in the valley of the Troublesome. The noisy, quarrelsome stream raced in a long frothy incision, past the great, rounded hills of the Rockies, and thundered its wrath into the dark green gorge below. Forest fires in bygone years had denuded these numberless slopes, some of which rolled up to the dignity of mountains. No green trees were left on the heights; but in patches branchless bare poles stood silent, ghastly, mute monuments to the arch enemy of the woodland.

Since Esther Halstead had left school in Denver, to take her mother's place in Halstead's household, each succeeding year had added more grass to the burned slopes; more amber moss and scarlet vines and purple asters and columbines.

She needed some compensations for the trials and hardships of this lonely life. At first Esther had been too timid to take charge of the children, and to make up to them and her father for their mutual loss. She was now nineteen; and not the eldest, for Fred was two years her senior. He had fallen into questionable habits with young men of Vampa, the mining town, a day's journey away. Then there were Ronald, aged six,

and Brown, a year older, and their sister, Gertrude, who was nine, all of whom Esther had to try to control and teach.

The circumstances of the Halsteads were still comfortable, though of late Esther had reason to be concerned about the boy's conduct. Fred was an excellent cook, with a vast sense of humor. But he could not distinguish between profanity and the ordinary use of words. From him the children were beginning to learn terrible language, which was Esther's despair. At present Halstead employed a teamster, a farmer, and two riders; he was wont to say that he accomplished more work than all of them put together.

Esther sometimes brought frost, at least high up on the slopes, which always appeared so close to Esther until she attempted to climb them. When she half closed her eyes these hills were marvelously colored,

and there was a never-pausing view of miles up Troublesome Valley.

Down stream there was only a half mile of V-shaped valley, which terminated in the black gorge from whence, even at this distance, the Troublesome growled and rumbled in angry thunder at its confinement.

Ronald was running around with the dogs, chasing an unlucky rabbit, while Brown was fishing. Troublesome Creek was full of big trout, many of which Brown



"He was a tall fellow with eyes like daggers and I never

had hooked only to lose. This morning he had fished for hours without any luck. Presently he looked up at Esther, a freckle-faced, dirty, wet, tousled imp.

"Aw, hell, Ess, these jes ain't no trout," yelled.

"Why won't you let me go further up this—canyon?"

There was a sharp, sudden silence. Esther stopped in screaming at Brown, but she made motions which signified that he was again sullying his lips. Brown grunted and took a long, deep breath. In his throat he uttered a mournful, broken sound, like a sob of contrition. And just at this instant the boy





had a man look through me like he did. I felt like a toad!"



had a terrific strike from a trout which jerked from the slippery stone. Valiantly Brown bent the pole and floundered to recover his equilibrium; but he went down with a great splash.

In a moment he waded out, a bedraggled figure, and as he came up the bank Esther discovered that his fishing line was gone. It had broken off at the tip.

"Durn it anyhow, Ess. You made me lose that fish. Wha'd you wave for? I wouldn't a cared, but he took my hook, sinker, line!"

Then his attention was diverted. "Say, Ess, look! Who's comin'?" he asked, pointing up the creek. "Gee! Is that a bunch of sombrero?"

Esther saw a tall man leading a horse, staggering along slowly. She thought better of her impulse to go forward to meet him. He approached so slowly that she had ample time for impressions. He was the finest looking man she had ever seen—obviously a cowboy, or most certainly a rider. Tall, lithe, booted, spurred, belted, with gun swinging low, gray-clad, his head drooping, his hidden under a wide sombrero that had once been white.

Evidently he had seen her, because when he drew near he took off his sombrero before he raised his head. When he looked up Esther sustained a shock. Fair hair, almost silver in color, lay dishevelled and wet on a high, white brow, lined with pain, and from under which piercing eyes flashed upon her. The lower part of his face was bearded, drawn, haggard and begrimed by mud and dust.

"Howdy, Miss. Have I—made—Halstead's Ranch?" he asked in low, husky tones.

"Yes, sir," replied Esther.



Trails end for the Galahad of the purple sage

*Illustrated
by
FRANK
HOFFMAN*

"I reckoned so. But—any ranch—would have done me." Dropping the bridle, he moved to a big flat stone, sat down, and could stand no longer. "I don't care no much about myself—but Cappy—I was shore sorry for him."

"You have come far," said Esther hurriedly. "Are you crippled, or ill?"

"No, Miss, we're just—tuckered out," he replied, with a long breath, and he leaned his face upon his hand. His sombrero lay on the ground. Esther had made inventory of the long silver spur of old Spanish design, the black leather gun sheath upon which shone a worn letter A in silver, and a bone-handled gun, which gave her a shiver.

"Starved, too, I reckon, though I shore don't feel hungry," he went on.

"Have you come far without food?" asked Esther.

"Well, I don't know just how long, or how far," he replied. "But it was across the Flat Tops. I got on the wrong trail."

At this juncture Esther's little brother appeared, and curiously getting the better of her shyness, he moved round in front of the man to ask: "Mister, are you hurted?"

"Hello there, youngster. I didn't see you . . . No, I'm not hurted." "You look awful tired," went on Brown, sympathetically.

"I shore am."

"Did you come down the crick?"

"Yes, all the way, from the very head."

"Did you see any big trout?"

"You bet I did, sonny. Far up, though, in the deep, still pools."

"How big?"

"Long as my arm. You must be a fisherman. Say, little fellow, did you fall in?"

"Nope. I was fishin'—an' Ess, here—she's my sister—the called me—an' I was lookin' [Turn to page 66]

CURTAIN'S UP

Her lifting voice drifted over gleaming lights, hiding a despair too deep for eyes to see—all eyes save his

By Samuel Merwin



SHE was a slender little thing, very pretty. In a wavy blonde way; by name, Mabel Owen; in status, merely one of the number of young stars that Byrne Harrison always had about the theater. They sat, wide-eyed, through the rehearsals, awaiting their individual chances to do a bit in one or another of the swift procession of plays. The regular members of the company never seemed to know quite who they were, or why.

But if that overworked group gave no thought to the unobtrusive little Mabel Owen, Kin Leonard gave a good deal. Kin was the publicity man; a well-set-up, sensitive youth who knew when to keep his tongue quiet. He had seen quite a little; working on newspapers in various western cities, struggling through a few vivid months as an extra on the lots of Hollywood, writing "continuity," and finally making his way back eastward on a hand on a cattle train. And now Kin had found a refuge for the summer in the room behind the box office where Byrne Harrison's business affairs were attended to.

It was early in the season that he found himself becoming sensitively aware of Mabel Owen. He liked her walk, her small hands and the poise of her lips stirred his thoughts to romantic imaginings. Every day he made a point of passing her, though he might be. Because she picked up some of her meals in Mrs. McDermott's short-order lunch room around the corner—"Ches McDermott!" the troupe had labelled it—he frequented the place; but never sought her table. On the occasions when

they happened to walk together to the theater, he said little and she less.

Kin didn't want to marry. He felt too young, and too eager to experience all there is in life. At least, he told himself, he would not, on either hand, be hasn't given to pursuing girls adventurously. But none the less his sentimentally hungry mood deepened. He tried working it off.

The tireless drive of the business kept them all up to a pretty keen pitch. He hadn't much more spare time than the cast, but what he had, day or night, went into a bottle. He was a drunkard.

Twice during the early part of the season Mabel was given small parts, the merest bits. But a week came when Harrison assigned her the maid's rôle in a melodrama, *In the Next Room*. All through the rehearsals of the week the girl moved through her scenes tamely, without force or color. Harrison, who waited for nobody, finally roared at her, and she cried.

Kin witnessed the scene. Harrison's outbreak stirred him to anger. Abusing a kid like that! He had to stride away. But he was back the

next day, watching, tight-lipped. She looked as if nothing had happened; just quietly ready, as always, to undertake whatever she had to do. But when her scene began, tears came with it. She'd gone hold of it, was letting go. An astonishing amount of fire came out of that small body. She sobbed and stormed. There was no question now that somewhere behind the masked blue eyes lurked a measure of emotional force.

Harrison's only comment was—"You'd have saved us a lot of trouble, young lady, if you'd done this several days ago. See that you keep it up!"

MONDAY night, just before the final curtain, Kin made his way, as the saying goes, "around back." He couldn't help it. The child had played amazingly, winning a burst of applause on her exit.

And back stage he hovered until she came down from the third-floor dressing room she shared with two or three other girls.

"Nice work!" he said. Odd how casual his voice sounded.

"Thank you." She hesitated, downcast, a mournful little figure.

"It hasn't been easy" . . . It was her first personal remark . . . "You see, I've got to make good pretty soon" . . . She didn't finish.

"Oh, you'll make good! You have already! Shucks! Wait a minute, I'll get you the reviews tomorrow. I'll save copies for you. And you likely to be having breakfast Chez McDermott?"

She nodded.

"See you there, then. Goodnight. You go home and get some sleep."

"I'll try." A twisted smile came. Hesitantly she offered her hand.

"I've wondered a lot about you," Kin said.

"About what?" She was surprised.

"You're pretty young."

"Eighteen." She didn't seem to think that very young.

"But you've had experience."

"Oh, some. Not in the legitimate."

"I have a notion that you're a dancer," he added.

"Yes, I've danced.

In musical comedy and vaudeville."

[Turn to page 56]

ILLUSTRATED BY
DANIEL CONTENT



"Just you keep away from this girl!"



"Perhaps the baby, himself, will tell you his name," suggested Charmaine

The ALTAR of HONOR

By Ethel M. Dell

Illustrated by JOSEPH SIMONT

IT WAS on a sunny day in April that Basil sat down by his wife's couch at the open window and asked, "What are we going to call this little nipper of ours, darling?"

Aunt Edith, who had been watching how much Basil was swift to note, though he made no comment, "I dare say you haven't thought about it yet," he said. "It was Aunt Edith who asked me. He's nearly eight weeks old, you know, so we ought to see to it."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Charmaine; but she made no suggestion, merely lay with her hand in his.

Basil considered for a space. "You know," he said slowly at last, "I can't think of Hugh would be a suitable name for him do you?"

"Oh, no!" said Charmaine quickly. "He isn't a bit like Hugh. Aunt Edith was saying so only yesterday. I think she's rather sorry about it."

"No need for that," said Basil quietly. "He can be quite a jolly little fellow on his own account. We won't call him Hugh, then. Would you like to call him Basil?"

Charmaine said again, and this time her voice took a personal note. "There can be only one Basil—ever."

He leaned toward her. "My darling, do you mean that? It's the sweetest thing we've ever said to me. It makes me feel—well, shall we say more hopeful?—of making our marriage a success."

"Isn't it a success?" murmured Charmaine, her eyes suddenly filling with tears.

Basil bent over her, pressed his lips and held it there for several seconds in silence.

A sudden sound broke in upon them—a gurgle of baby laughter on the terrace below the window. He got up quickly and leaned out.

Mrs. Dicker, whose original position of housekeeper had been exchanged at her own most earnest request for that of nurse, had just wheeled the baby out for his morning airing.

Basil hailed her. He and Mrs. Dicker were fast friends. "Hullo, Mrs. Dicker! Bring him up for a minute, please. I want to speak to him."

"I'll just run up and get him," said Mrs. Dicker, always eager to show off her charges.

Basil continued to lean from the window for a few seconds. When he finally drew back into the room, he spoke on another subject.

"They're expecting to run the first train to Bentbridge on the first. We must go down to the cutting and see it. What a treat it will be to the youngest to see the train go when he's a bit older."

"We shall have to keep him safe," she remarked when he'd enough for that," said Charmaine. "I often worry when I think how close we are to them!"

"Or put him on his honor never to open them," said Basil.

Charmaine shivered a little. "Don't let's run any risks!" she said.

He took her. "Trust me for that! But I'm a great believer in teaching a child the meaning of honor from the very earliest. You can't begin too soon."

A knock at the door announced Mrs. Dicker's arrival, and he went to open it.

"Let me have him!" he said, and took the baby from her.

He was rewarded by a huge smile of delight which rapidly developed into a perfect ecstasy of kicking and crowing as he bore his burden across the room to the pale young mother.

"Here's my extra little bundle of joy," said Basil, settling himself beside her with the child on his knees. "Come in, Mrs. Dicker, and find a chair! We're wondering what to call him. We're tired of all the names and want something original. Can't you suggest something?"

"Why, yes, my lord," said Mrs. Dicker promptly. "It's been on the tip of my tongue ever since I was born, though I'm not born yet—I might, maybe you'd think it a liberty on my part. And it's a name he often mentions himself when he's in his bath, though I've never encouraged him, seeing as it rested only with her dear ladyship and your lordship to decide."

"What on earth can it be?" asked Basil. "Charmaine, have you any idea?"

"Oh, no. Mrs. Charmaine doesn't know," said Mrs. Dicker, though it's a name she might have borne if she'd been a boy and not a girl. Many's the time I wished she was for her own sake, though I'm beginning to see now that it's all for the best."

"What can it be?" repeated Basil, with a courteous effort to suppress any sign of amusement.

"Perhaps you can get him to tell you himself," suggested Basil with half-wistful eyes upon the merry baby in Mrs. Dicker's arms.

"Well, we'll have a try," said Basil. "Come along, you little blighter! What's your name? Tell us!"

He lifted the baby and held him high, thereby provoking him to such a pitch of mirth that full expression of his merriment caused him to let go of the baby.

"Guy! Guy!" giggled the baby.

"Hark to it!" said Mrs. Dicker, delighted. " Didn't I tell you? The precious darling! Just as if he knew his mother was born on Guy Fawkes Day!"

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Basil. He uttered a hearty laugh, and turned to Charmaine. "Do you agree, darling? Shall we indulge his fancy and call him Guy?"

She held up her arms for the child and clapped him to her. "Why did we never think of it before? Mrs. Dicker, it's an inspiration. So Guy his name shall be!"

"I'm sure I'm glad you like it, my dearie," said Mrs. Dicker, greatly gratified, as she bore the child away.

Basil sat beside Charmaine for a space without talking, and pressed his hand into hers with the old loving gesture.

"Basil," she said, "I do hope we'll learn to be good."

"We'll do our best to teach him, sweetheart," he replied.

IT WAS not until the last Court of the spring that Charmaine was presented, and even then her health was not sufficiently restored to permit of her taking any active share in the gayeties of the season.

It was only in the company of the son of the earl, Sir Lancelot Guy, that she ever succeeded in recapturing some of her own lost childhood, but she was too easily fatigued to be able to enjoy his society for long at a time. His exuberance was apt to be somewhat overwhelming and she could not cope with it. For young Guy in his infatuation was of the type that carries all before it.

He loved life and enjoyed every moment of it. Black-haired, black-eyed, fearless of men, he grew and flourished under Mrs. Dicker's solicitous care, completely dominating her with the charm of his personality; and in fact everyone else except his father.

Basil was the only person who ever asserted any authority over him, and perhaps for that very reason he was the object of the most ardent worship on the part of the lively little youngster.

Charmaine's one rebuke for wrongdoing was invariably, "Daddy would never do a thing like that."

Almost insensibly the boy came to know that Charmaine believed her husband the finest knight in the world.

As Basil had once predicted, one of Guy's greatest treats, after he grew older, was to be taken to the wood through which ran the railway cutting, to see the trains disappear into or emerge from the tunnel. It became almost a daily pilgrimage on the part of the long-suffering parents, who were compelled to submit to the child's eager interest and readily lent all her energies to its encouragement. To serve him was her privilege, and she steadily refused any idea of a holiday which did not include him. But when Basil quietly took the matter into his hands and decided to send both nurse and child away to a farmhouse on the Cornish coast for the whole summer following Guy's first birthday, Charmaine was startled into protest.

"Oh, Basil! for the whole summer? Will you think me very horrid?" she said wistfully, "if I say I'd rather stay at home?"

"No, no, horrid, darling," he answered gently. "Just mistakes, that's all. And I'm not going to let you because it isn't good for anyone to get rooted to one spot, especially a girl of your age."

A gift of a year old! She gazed wistfully at his words. It was true that she was not yet twenty-one, but to her it seemed as if decades had passed over her head since her marriage.

But Basil's word was law. He had decided that her apathy must be broken, her lethargy dispersed. Within a fortnight of his decision, he had acted. Guy and his

nurse were established in Cornwall, and he and Charmaine were wandering once more down the sunny French coast to Spain.

The late autumn found them exploring some of the wonders of Italy, and it was on an afternoon of golden stillness, walking in the olive greenness of the hills above the coast, that they heard the rumble of heavy guns out at sea and Charmaine paused to listen.

"The Mediterranean Squadron! at gun practice," Basil said. "The guns were not far off. We shall probably come across some of our naval fellows on shore one of these days."

Not until the afternoon did they learn the name of the battleship in the harbor, spelling it out with the aid

a good deal of noise and commotion below. Sounds of mystery-making on the part of the ship's officers caused them to stop when the meal was over, and presently there arose the strains of dance music.

"Why don't you go down?" Charmaine asked. "They sound so happy."

He hesitated, obviously feeling the attraction. "I shan't dance anyhow," he said. "Will you come too and just see the fun?" I'll bring you back."

She lay back from him, suddenly because a sense of the inevitable was upon her—and partly because a hidden longing that stirred deep in her heart.

They went down together to the dazzling, crowded salon. Dancing was in full swing. Basil took her to a seat in an alcove whence she could watch the gay scene undisturbed. So prepared was she, so strong and broad was her energy behind her pale calm, that when a merry laugh suddenly rang out close to her, she turned without haste or agitation, with a perfectly normal gesture of curiosity to who had uttered it. Not that she needed to see, but it was the who that compelled her long apperance upon her now, compelling her and her. And thus for the first time since their parting in that June dawn, Rory and Charmaine met.

HE WAS completely unprepared, his start was obvious and inevitable, but in a second he had himself in hand. He came straight to her, the carefree returning in a flash. He beat toward her and spoke, audaciously, gallantly.

"Please forgive me, but I know you. We met long ago—at a dance in May in Ireland. You are—Charmaine."

She answered him almost without effort, giving her hand to his. "Yes, I knew you directly. It was at Glasmore. You were a cadet."

"And you—the loveliest little girl in the world with golden hair," he said.

For an instant their eyes met; then she turned. "Rory, this is my husband."

They shook hands, and Charmaine, watching, had a sudden sick feeling of revulsion and sight. His hand had seemed incredible. Now it was intolerable. And then suddenly the hand struck up and Rory turned to her. "Will you dance this with me?" he said. His dark eyes looked into hers; they had almost a challenging look. "Just one time," she said, "for old times' sake!"

And then they were moving away together down the long palm-decked room, and Basil was left alone.

Rory spoke close to her ear. "Charmaine! I've never been near you all this time and you've never written. Are you loathing me?"

"No," she breathed back.

"Tell me! Are you happy?" he said. "Tell me! Are you happy?"

She answered him truthfully. Never to Rory had she spoken anything but the truth. "Oh yes—yes—when I can stop thinking of the past."

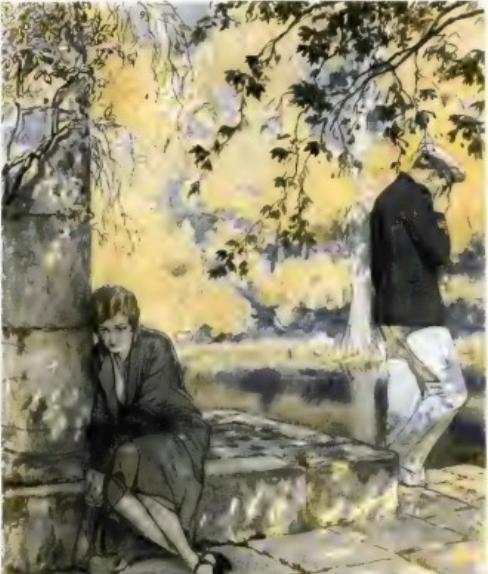
He spoke with abrupt and fiery eagerness. "Someday—if I can get out of this for one moment, to some secret corner, will you—will you kiss me? Just once again?"

It was the old Rory speaking to her! Charmaine felt her heart leap and strain within her. Her breathing was suddenly short and difficult, and more than anything in life she wanted to do as he asked; but she answered, "No, Rory, please—no!"

He accepted her refusal without question or demur, with a quick, bright smile. "I'll take it—and me, too! And don't fret any more about the past! It's over, finished, done with—dead! If I ever see you again, I swear to God I'll never remind you of it—or try to be anything to you but a friend."

He answered him with a sharp sob that caught her unaware. And then, "Take me back, Rory, please. I can't dance any more."

[Turn to page 89]



"I'm going and I shall never come back"

of field glasses as they sat in the sun together in front of the hotel. "H.M.S. Paragon!" Basil read. "What a pretty sight she is! Wonder if we could visit her!"

Charmaine stood up abruptly. "Oh, I don't suppose so," she said. "I couldn't anyhow. I'm not a good enough sailor."

"Oh, don't you!" he protested, his glasses still at his eyes. "Oh, that sea! It's like a sheet of glass. Come and look at her! She really is rather wonderful!"

"Not now ill, if you don't mind," said Charmaine. "I feel a little now, if you'll excuse me. I'm going to tell you something if you'll promise not to make a fuss."

HE STOOPED to her, and kissed the lovely, parted lips. "Charmaine, is it—it is?"

She answered him in a whisper, breathing quickly. "Yes. I'm telling you now because I want you to understand when I ask to be quiet and not—to see people—strangers—and—others."

"My darling," he said, "you shall always do exactly as you like."

"I won't be till spring," she said softly, "and I'm older and wiser than I was. So you'll try not to be too anxious, Basil."

He bent and kissed her forehead. "I'll pretend not to be anyhow," he said, "so long as you are happy, my dearest, and keeping well."

Later, at her request, they dined together upstairs and Basil was glad that they had done so, for there was



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ASPARAGUS	CHICKEN	CONSUIMÉ	MUTTON	PRIANTIER
BEAN	CHICKEN-GUMBO	JULIENNE	OX TAIL	TOMATO
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BOUILLON	CLAM CHOWDER	MULLIGATAWNY	PEPPER POT	VEGETABLE
CELERY				VEGETABLE-BEES



Keep Big Indian
Chief you see
And my name is
"Soup-Joe-Me"!

The microscope proves what your taste has always told you ~

The time DEL MONTE saves between field and can makes a tremendous difference in your enjoyment of asparagus....

Every housewife knows how quickly green vegetables change their flavor. It happens too often in her own kitchen to arouse much surprise.

But did it ever occur to you how doubly important that change can be to the canner who has to hold fresh vegetables for months? Did you ever think how DEL MONTE must fight against time—to put supreme quality into every food it packs?

Always this is true. Even the minutes count in the canning of asparagus—that aristocrat of vegetable foods.

As you probably know, asparagus is a vegetable that grows under the ground. Unlike ordinary garden asparagus, the asparagus you are accustomed to buy in cans is cut just as it breaks through the soil. Up to the moment of cutting, it is protected from wind and sun by a blanket of fine, rich loam. This keeps it tender—amazingly fresh and crisp.

What the microscope shows

If you could look at a section of fresh cut asparagus with a powerful microscope, as is the DEL MONTE laboratory does, you would see a mass of tender, succulent, full-bodied cells, packed closely together.

Only 48 hours later—and the cells have shrunk and contracted to their form! They have literally wilted. Long, slender fibrous threads have made their appearance. No amount of cooking will ever restore to these cells their original plumpness.

What you see under the microscope is simply a picture of what has happened at the same time to its tenderness and delicacy of flavor. A cold, raw once-asparagus is far from tender as butter. But the heat that goes by before cooking makes it a little less delicate and tempting.

The deterioration of all vegetables after cutting—but a change so marked in asparagus—explains why DEL MONTE goes to such

Del Monte Asparagus, both long spears and tips, are grown and packed fresh as shown in reduced photograph below. Each size plainly marked on the can.



Unreduced photomicrographs of asparagus cells, as they appear (top) in fresh cut asparagus and (bottom) if held one 48 hours. Note how quickly the cell structure has changed.

great lengths to can all vegetables for you so quickly. It explains, in large measure, the popularity of asparagus. It also explains why size is one of the main considerations in every DEL MONTE canning operation. Speed—and the most careful, painstaking watchfulness over the growing industry has never been equalled. Only a few hours after the fresh DEL MONTE Asparagus is cut until it is sealed in the can and cooled.

Economical, everyday sizes

Yet for all its goodness, DEL MONTE Asparagus is inexpensive. It is priced so that you may buy just the size of spear you want—and just the quantity you need.

There are two lengths of stalks—long spears and tips. Long spears are packed in the "No. 2 1/2" cans; canning spear appears in two smaller cans. Salad points—tender morsels for salads, cocktails, etc.—come in a medium size round can, called "No. 1 Tall." (See reduced photograph on page 10.)

Except for Salad Points, DEL MONTE Asparagus is sorted and packed according to thickness or circumference of the spears—

plainly marked according to size as Giant, Colossal, Mammoth, Large, Medium and Small. The smaller the spear, of course, the more spears per can.

Many quality foods

And what is true of asparagus is just as true of every DEL MONTE Food Product. The canning of vegetables is the commonest way of canning to meet your needs. "Good enough" is a term DEL MONTE never uses. In testing laboratories, in fields and canneries, there is a constant search for better ways to grow and pack DEL MONTE Foods.

If you happen to want peas, DEL MONTE brings you the freshest, most tender peas—"blended as Nature blends them." In tomatoes, it offers you ripe fruit, packed solid with the juice. In corn, home-grown, canned and its new, distinctive "whole kernel" pack. In spinach, the finest garden "greens"—all ready to heat and serve. And there's almost a dozen other vegetable products and fruit products you may enjoy—vegetables, fruits, canned fish, condiments, cereals, relishes, dried fruits and other everyday staples. The experi-

ence of more than 70 years in the food canning business stands behind them all.

These books will help you. If you appreciate the best in flavor, if you value quality assurance and uniformity above all else, you can find no better, surer guide than this well-known brand.

These booklets will help you

We don't say that all the recipes in the DEL MONTE assortment are new—that would be expecting too much. But they are practical! And economical! And easy to prepare. We invite you to have the different canned food recipes in this collection—write us today. We will send you the complete assortment—free! Address Dept. 634, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Calif.

The few sizes of cans in which DEL MONTE Asparagus is packed, are shown below, greatly enlarged. From left to right: No. 1 Square, No. 2 Tall, No. 2½ Square; and No. 1 Square. (See accompanying text.)





Macaroni, combined with fresh mushrooms and bacon, all ready to be put in the oven. A French baking dish of copper was used but any attractive heat-proof dish would do.

SUPPER SPECIALTIES

One perfect dish can make a hostess famous

By SARAH FIELD SPLINT

Director, McCall's Department of Foods and Household Management

WHEN you invite guests to supper do you often wonder what especially nice dish you can serve them? If you do, one of these "specialties" may solve your problem. Each of them is the pride food of some friend of mine and is perfect of its kind.

Here's Margery L... 's curried chicken, for instance. She learned to make it when she and Tom lived in India, and she never serves it unless to please her friends, but it's me and you. We feel the same way, too, about Alice S... 's scalloped oysters, and Julia W... 's old-fashioned creamed codfish with baked potatoes, and Mrs. D... 's hot gingerbread, and great-aunt Katherine's chicken loaf: they are all good enough to be eaten again and again.

If you haven't a supper specialty of your own, do try one of these. With good ingredients and a little practice, you, also, can create a work of art, which will, in time, make your reputation as a successful hostess.

Chicken Loaf.

4 cups chicken (dark and light meat)	4 eggs
1 cup fine bread crumbs	1 tablespoon salt
1 tablespoon chopped pimiento	1/2 teaspoon pepper
1/2 cup mushrooms	Dash cayenne salt
2 tablespoons melted	shredded cheese

Chop the chicken fine or put it through a food chopper. Add bread crumbs, pimiento and well-beaten eggs. Add salt, paprika, pepper, celery salt and onion. Taste mixture. If it is too salty, add more salt. The seasonings will depend upon how much seasoning was used in the stock in which the chicken was cooked. Mix well and put into a well-greased bread pan or square baking dish. Brush top with egg and dot with bits of butter. Place in shallow pan of hot water. Bake in hot oven (400°F.) for about 1 hour. Baste occasionally with chicken stock or with melted butter and water, half and half. Serve with Mushroom Sauce.

Mushroom Sauce

1 lb. mushrooms or 1 cup canned mushrooms	2 tablespoons flour
1/2 cup mushrooms	1/2 cup chicken stock
2 tablespoons butter	1/2 cup mushroom stock
Salt and pepper	

Wash and peel mushrooms and remove stems. Put stems and peelings in a little water and simmer for 15 minutes. Strain. Cut mushroom caps in thin slices, sauté in butter 3 minutes. Add flour and mix well. Add chicken and mushroom stock and bring to boiling point,

stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Season with salt and pepper.

If canned mushrooms are used instead of fresh ones, drain thoroughly. Slice, sauté in butter and proceed as above.

Creamed Codfish with Baked Potato

1 package salt codfish (about 2 cups dry shredded)	2 cups milk
2 tablespoons butter	1/2 teaspoon paprika
1/2 cup mushrooms	1/2 cup onions

Wash codfish in warm water, then soak in cold water for several hours. Drain, cover with boiling water and cook slowly until tender. Shred (separate in small pieces). Melt butter, add flour and stir until smooth. Add milk gradually, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Add pepper, paprika and fish. (Another method which some prefer is to add milk to the shredded fish, cook slowly 10 or 15 minutes, and then add butter, seasonings and flour.) Just before serving, add egg beaten until light.

To ensure creamy baked potatoes, crack them open or pierce them with a fork a few minutes before they are taken from the oven. This lets out the steam and allows them to dry out slightly.

Note: First serve each person with a baked potato. When it has been opened and the contents scooped out, the plates are returned to host or hostess and hot codfish is poured over the potato.

Italian Spaghetti

4 medium-sized onions	1 can tomato paste
1/2 cup mushrooms	1/2 to 2/3 cup tomatoes
2 tablespoons butter	Half
2 tablespoons olive oil	Paprika

Put onions and garlic through food chopper (using the finest cutter). Save every bit of juice. Put butter and olive oil in a pan and heat until butter is melted but do not brown. Add onions and garlic and cook very slowly until done, but not brown. Add the tomato paste and the tomatoes which have been forced through a coarse sieve. Cook slowly until the mixture thickens to the consistency of thin cake batter. Add salt and pepper to taste. Can be made in advance and reheated in a double boiler.

Boil spaghetti according to directions on package. Serve over hot, pour hot sauce over each portion. Pass grated Parmesan cheese, which may be sprinkled over top, if desired.

Macaroni and Mushrooms

2 cups elbow macaroni	1 cup thin white sauce
1 lb. mushrooms	1/2 cup grated cheese

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water for 10 minutes. While macaroni is cooking, wash mushrooms. Pull stems and pedicels in a little water and simmer for 15 minutes to make stock. Slice mushroom caps and sauté in butter for 5 minutes. Drain off water from the macaroni, add the mushrooms, plimeto, cut fine, and the highly seasoned white sauce, in which the cheese has been melted. Add 1/2 cup mushroom stock. Turn into casserole or baking dish, place strips of bacon over top and a few whole mushrooms. Bake in a hot oven (400°F.) for 40 minutes. Place under the flame for a few minutes if necessary to finish browning the bacon and mushrooms.

Glazed Sweet Potatoes

4 medium-sized sweet	1 cup brown sugar
potatoes	2 tablespoons butter

Wash potatoes thoroughly and cook, without paring, in boiling salted water until they are tender with a fork. Drain and remove skins, removing all discolored spots. Cut in halves, lengthwise, and arrange in a well-buttered baking dish. Make a syrup by boiling the sugar and water together five minutes, then add the butter. Pour this syrup over the potatoes. Bake in moderate oven until the potatoes are browned, basting frequently with the syrup. Serve in dish in which they are cooked.

Note: Delicious with cold ham or fowl.

Curried Chicken

1 bottled chicken	2 tablespoons curry powder
1/2 cup chicken stock	4 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons chopped onion	1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup mushrooms	1/2 cup chicken stock
1/4 teaspoon ginger	3 cups chicken stock

Cut meat from bones of chicken keeping it in large pieces. Melt shortening, add onion, garlic and ginger and cook until golden brown. Add curry powder, flour, salt and pepper and mix until smooth. Add stock gradually and cook until mixture thickens, stirring constantly to prevent lumping.

[Turn to page 34]



Sponge Cake Surprise—The centers of cup cakes are scooped out and the cavities are filled with fresh or cooked fruit which is then topped with whipped cream, if desired. Or the filling can be ice cream with a special sauce.

WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR DESSERT?

THE other day when I was planning dinner, I found myself groaning inwardly: "Oh, dear, what shall I have for dessert?" Now this is a sure sign of laziness in anyone whose business it is to work with foods all day long; so taking myself firmly in hand I said severely, "Never let me catch you wasting time like this again. Make out a list at once of the simple Dessert Families and have it up in the kitchen as a reminder that the choice of course is there all to plan."

At the right is my list. Who ever remembers that pies, fruits and frozen desserts might also have been added to it, one realizes how easy it would be to have a different dessert every day in the month.

Sponge Cake Surprise

3 egg yolks	½ teaspoon grated
½ cup sugar	lemon rind
½ tablespoon lemon juice	½ cup flour
3 egg whites	½ teaspoon salt

Beat egg yolks until thick; add sugar gradually. Add lemon juice and rind and stiffly-beaten egg whites. Fold in flour, mixed and sifted with salt. Bake in cup cake pans in moderate oven (325° F.) 20 to 25 minutes. When cool, remove from center. Fill with fruit or fruit mixture, as below, top with whipped cream; or fill with ice cream and top with chocolate, butter-scotch or fruit sauce.

Pineapple and Marshmallow Filling

1 cup crushed pineapple ½ cup marshmallows cut in quarters

Combine and let stand in refrigerator to chill. Marshmallows will soften slightly. Fill cake shells and top with whipped cream if desired.

Fruit Cobbler

½ cup shortening	2 ¼ teaspoons baking
½ cup sugar	powder
1 egg	½ cup cinnamon salt
1 ½ cups flour	½ cup milk

2 cups fruit

Cream shortening, add sugar and well-beaten egg. Mix thoroughly. Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt, and add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Cover the bottom of a greased, shallow baking dish with peeled fruit—fresh berries—fresh fruit with seed and skin; canned berries—be thoroughly drained of their juice; fresh peaches—peel and slice; canned peaches—drain off juice; fresh apricots—remove pits and halve them; canned apricots—drain off juice; canned cherries—drain off juice). Sprinkle with sugar if fruit is especially tart. Pour the prepared batter over fruit in pan. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 30 to 35 minutes. Serve with sauce made from juice drained from fruit, or with a lemon sauce.

By DOROTHY KIRK

Nine Dessert Families

Sponge Cake Desserts

Cakes

Tapioca

Custards (especially Spanish Cream)

Custards (baked and soft)

Mousse (or mousse desserts)

Flan Pudding

Rice Pudding

Escalized Fruit Puddings ("Betty's")

Sauces

Fruit Sauce: Thickened juice drained from fruit by adding 1 tablespoon cornstarch mixed with cold water to each cup of juice. Cook until thick and smooth.

Lemon Sauce: ½ cup sugar and 1 tablespoon cornstarch and add 1 cup boiling water gradually, stirring constantly. Boil 5 minutes, remove from fire, add 2 tablespoons butter, ½ cup tablespoons lemon juice, few grains of salt and a little nutmeg.

Molasses Tapioca Pudding

4 cups water ½ cup molasses
½ cup granulated ½ cup cornstarch
½ cup sugar ½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt ½ teaspoon nutmeg
4 apples, peeled and ½ cup cinnamon camomile
quartered 2 tablespoons

Boil water to boiling point, add tapioca, salt and molasses and cook in double boiler for 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Cover the bottom of baking dish with apple quarters and raisins. Sprinkle with sugar, nutmeg and cinnamon mixed together. Dot with bits of butter. Pour tapioca mixture over all and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until apples are tender. Serve hot or cold with lemon sauce.

Fruit Tapioca

½ cup granulated 4 cups hot water
tapioca ½ cup sugar
½ cup sugar (canned or stewed)
½ teaspoon salt

Mix tapioca, sugar and salt together and cook in hot water in double boiler, 15 minutes, stirring frequently. Remove from fire and fold in apricots. Chill. Serve in sherbet glasses and garnish with whipped cream. If fresh fruit is used, it should be sweetened to taste and

allowed to stand ½ hour or more. Any fruit juice may be used as part of the liquid. Instead of apricots any soft fruit may be used, such as fresh peaches—peeled and sliced; canned peaches—thoroughly drained of juice; canned pineapple, etc.

Spanish Cream

1 ½ tablespoons gelatin	Few grains salt
1 ½ cups cold milk	½ cup sugar
2 tablespoons mastic	½ cup cold water
4 egg yolks	1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup sugar	4 egg whites

Soak gelatin in cold milk 5 minutes. Beat egg yolks and add sugar and salt. Mix well. Combine with scalded milk and cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until custard thickens like custard. Add gelatin and stir until dissolved. Strain and cool. When partly cool add vanilla and fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites. Turn into molds which have been dipped in cold water. Chill until firm.

Mocha Sponge

2 tablespoons gelatin	½ cup sugar
¾ cup cold water	½ cup cold water
2 cups strong, hot coffee	2 eggs whites
	Few grains salt
	Chopped mint

Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes. Add to hot coffee and stir until dissolved. Add sugar. Strain into a bowl and allow to cool. When it has thickened slightly, set in pan of ice water and beat until stiff. Add stiffly-beaten egg whites and beat until it will hold its shape. Turn into a mold which has been dipped in cold water or fill lightly in sherbet glasses. Sprinkle chopped pecans over the tops and chill thoroughly. Serve with whipped cream.

Baked Custard

4 cups milk	Few grains salt
½ eggs	1 cup sugar
½ cup sugar	Creamed nutmeg

Scald milk in double boiler. Beat eggs slightly; add sugar and salt. Pour scalded milk over egg mixture slowly; add vanilla. Stir well. Pour into greased custard cups and sprinkle with nutmeg. Place cups in shallow pan of water and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 30 minutes, or until a pointed knife, inserted in center of custard, comes out clean.

Caramel Custard: ½ cup sugar in heavy frying pan, stirring constantly until melted to a light brown syrup. Add ¼ cup boiling water and boil 5 minutes. Put 1 tablespoon syrup in bottom of each custard cup before pouring in the custard. Bake as above. When custard is cold and ready to serve turn out on dessert plate; the caramel will run down over custard like a sauce.

If preferred, caramelized sugar may be added to the custard mixture. In this case omit [Turn to page 45]



*A cold cream that leaves the skin transparently clear
... a finishing cream that imparts a velvety softness.*

His eyes smiling into Yours...

appraisingly. Yours smiling back . . . confidently . . . there in the flattering glow of that rose-shaded lamp.

But in the clear, white light of out-of-doors, your confidence deserts you. Now you feel his eyes penetrating your skilful make-up, detecting each tiny blemish, your coarsened pores, the dryness, the dullness of your skin.

At that moment, you admit to yourself that your own neglect has dimmed the natural loveliness of your complexion. At that moment, too, you resolve

that tonight — and every night — before you put your head on the pillow, you will thoroughly cleanse your face with Woodbury's, the Cold Cream that melts at skin temperature. So effective, you know, because it penetrates down into the pore-depths, making it easy for you to rub out the day's accumulation of dust and dirt, powder and rouge — impurities that cause blackheads and blemishes, a skin that is cloudy and dull.

Then for day-time use—and as a powder base—you have Woodbury's Facial Cream. Fluffy and quite

greaseless, it keeps your skin soft and pliable — protects it against outdoor exposure.

The two Woodbury Creams come to you from the makers of Woodbury's Facial Soap — authorities on skin beauty and skin care. And, because so many women use these creams regularly, you will find them on sale everywhere. Or, we will send you a trial set and Woodbury's Facial Soap, upon receipt of 25¢ in stamps or coin. The Andrew Jergens Company, Dept. M-1, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE TWO WOODBURY CREAMS

WOODBURY'S COLD CREAM . . . *caressingly soft*

WOODBURY'S FACIAL CREAM . . . *refreshing, greaseless*

SMILING BEAUTY

By HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff



"Darling, look at the dentist's bill!"

WHILE we are looking around for short cuts to loveliness, we too often overlook the importance of obvious things like well-cared-for mouth and teeth. Perhaps this is because there are no short cuts to the presentation of beautiful teeth. Beautiful teeth do not mean perfectly shaped and spaced teeth, by the way. Little differences in conformation and arrangement of teeth, as long as these imperfections do not interfere with the work that teeth and gums must do, are as important in individualizing character as the shape of the nose or the setting of the eyes.

One authority on oral hygiene declared: "The first thing to remember in acquiring good healthy teeth is to choose the right father and mother!" It isn't the purpose of this article to discuss the importance of heredity or even the necessity of watchful care of children's teeth. These, alas, are things which we grown-ups cannot influence for our own advantage. In adults, beautiful teeth may be kept only by two methods: first, regular visits to a good dentist for repair and prophylaxis; and second, the right kind of daily oral hygiene.

THAT term "oral hygiene" is convenient, because it means so many things. It means the right kind of brush, not too stiff or too soft, not too large or too small, shaped to fit the mouth and to reach all parts of the teeth and gums. It means proper brushing at least twice a day—morning and evening—with a sweeping motion, as one authority puts it, exactly as we sweep a floor, along the crevices, not across them. Always brush the teeth from the gums to the cutting edge. Scrub the grinding surface of the molars. Oral hygiene means using a good dentifrice with powers to aid this brushing process and to make it pleasant besides. It means rinsing afterwards with water to remove whatever can't stay away—the unwanted food particles and micro-organisms.

Without oral hygiene smile may lose the quality of dazzling loveliness it should have. Without your dentist's watchful care, facial contours may be blurred and mouth grow unattractive. Your dentist is the best friend your mouth and teeth have. Grasped that dentists cling to various dental theories of oral hygiene and care, granted that all are not equally efficient. Granted that they may be expensive, especially after teeth and gums have been continuously neglected. Yet these men and women still remain vital to your health and your beauty. And when you think of a visit to the dentist as an ordeal, as a tiresome necessity, as a painful encounter to be postponed or avoided, if possible, you are undergoing loveliness by one of the surest ways to keep it.

This article isn't a discussion of diseases traceable to infected teeth and gums. Though we should remember that the mouth, moist and warm as it is, forms the body's most perfect harbor for disease germs. One expert has called these germs with the long names and virulent capacities "opportunist" because they wait for

an opportune time to attack. Times when we're overtired, undernourished, or otherwise low in resistance. One investigator declared that more than 50% of human illnesses arise from a source in the mouth.

If you have never thought of brushing your teeth, trying your mind and imagination to get at sort of your own taste, try thinking of it in this light. A cosmetic, in the broadest sense of the word, is anything used externally to beautify. In this age we demand efficiency and an agreeable quality in our creams and lotions. We demand these qualities in our dentifrices and our mouthwashes. A flavor that is pleasant one, however, is another's particular aversion. If you have never tried a dentifrice, for example, you may pass up one powder exactly suited to your skin. If you don't like the taste of a dentifrice, all the good cleaning qualities in the world may not affect your choice of it. The manufacturers of dentifrices have made various experiments and in general paid a good deal of attention to this question of flavoring. Their aim is, of course, to flavor a taste that will be clean and refreshing and will appeal to the greatest number of users.



Not so much an ordeal as a way to preserve beauty

In the past few years those who have made oral hygiene their life work have contributed many and interesting facts to the study of dentifrices. An agent in a dentifrice is, of course, all important. It has been found that constant brushing of the teeth crosswise with nothing more powerful than water and a stiff brush may in time cause an abrasion in the enamel. No dentifrice scientifically compounded should, in itself, scratch the enamel if used correctly. And no reputable dentifrice does. But it should help you to keep your teeth and mouth sweet and clean. A sensible dentifrice will have a stimulating agent along the lines of certain theories of oral hygiene. An alkaline quality is said to counteract some of the effects of acid activity in the mouth and to dissolve fatty food substances. The stimulant action of certain chemical ingredients is the basis of another type. The effect on the gums of various antiseptics and drugs is checked by giving as often as the dentifrice contains another type. One of the antiseptics is a product of the saliva. Still another type has an acid action similar to the stimulating acid action of fruits in our diet.

All experts agree, however, that a dentifrice fails in its function if its business is not primarily cleansing. The experts I talked to tell us that gum massage is of great importance in keeping the mouth clean. Your toothbrush or your fingertip may be used. They also agreed that the night cleansing is by far the most important one. During the night accumulations of micro-organisms get in their deadly work. They are not disturbed by natural mouth movements of eating, drinking or normal rinsing of the saliva. Rinsing the mouth before retiring with a good

mouthwash is certainly a direct aid in subduing this disease germ activity. In this connection the Government has required that proprietors of this article to add "germ germs within a given time limit and under certain conditions of strength and dilution, before they may be labeled "antiseptic" on the container. Many people wise in oral hygiene spread paste or powder on the gums in massaging them, and leave it on all night. The morning brushing is, of course, a deterrent to any formation of unhealthy deposit left in the mouth at night.

YOUR equipment for oral hygiene and beauty of the teeth should be just as carefully selected as your creams and lotions or your hairdresser. And why, oh why, do we use a toothbrush after its period of usefulness is over? Think how constantly the bristles of the toothbrush are used. Even the best, they are weakened by use. I wonder if women think about this when buying a pair of toothbrushes, as they do, say, of a permanent wave? Far, of course, you should have at least two, so that one will always be dry and fresh for use. Your hair, even after a poor wave, can be coaxed back to health again because it regrows, but your teeth once weakened by neglect can only be repaired by skillful and costly dental work. I'll bet the most you spend money cheerfully on such obvious beauty comforts as waves—yet don't we always resent the dentist's bill just a little? It won't be long before we are forced to change our point of view. The type of food civilized people eat fails to give the teeth and gums the kind of roughage they need. Often young people who are satisfied that their teeth have been cared for find after they reach maturity that the gums present a serious problem. Watch the teething baby with his zwieback—Your teeth, too, need more coarse, chewy foods than modern diets provide, including modern taste, can ever give them.

No short cuts have ever been devised for preserving beautiful teeth. Daily care and regular visits to the dentist are the irreducible minimum for smiling beauty.

When we remember how dependent our beauty is on good teeth and healthy mouths—it makes us think about, isn't it?

Next month we're traveling upwards—to *foreheads*. Whether it's features, or figures, complexions or cosmetics, there's an answer to your personal beauty problem. We'll find it for you if you write us about it. (Send a two-cent stamp for postage.)



Throw away your worn-out brushes



An English Beauty leads the smart young Racing Set

LADY BUCHANAN-JARDINE

DEBRILLIANT, bewitching, beautiful, Lady Buchanan-Jardine leads the gay whirl of smart young English society. At balls and dances at exclusive night clubs . . . famous race meetings . . . hunting and horse parties . . . everywhere her blonde beauty reigns triumphant. She is of the fairest English type, with eyes of delphinium blue and hair of gleaming gold.

Her exquisite skin is much admired for its rose-petal delicacy of texture and coloring. For Lady Buchanan-Jardine gives it the utmost care.

"Here in England," she says, "a woman's complexion is the index of her chic. Smart women follow a daily régime to keep their skin fine, fresh and clear.

"Simple care is always best," she adds with her dazzling smile, "so I follow Pond's Method of home treatment of the skin. It is easy, satisfactory, complete."

Lady Buchanan-Jardine likes all Pond's four preparations. Cold Cream "cleanses so thoroughly . . . Tissues "remove Cream gently" . . . bracing Freshener is "just the skin tonic we all need" . . . Vanishing Cream is "exquisite to protect the delicate texture of the skin."

SOCIETY BEAUTIES everywhere follow these simple sure steps of Pond's Method:

During the day—first, for complete cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck. Pat in with quick, caressing upward and outward strokes. Let the fine oils penetrate every pore and float the dirt to the surface. Do this several times during the day, always after exposure.

Second—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues. They are so much softer, more absorbent.

Third—soak cotton with Pond's Skin Freshener. Gently dab your skin. This mild astringent banishes oiliness, closes pores, tones and firms.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and exquisite finish.

At Bedtime—cleanse your skin thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues. If your skin is dry, leave a little cream on overnight.



Pond's famous *Two Creams*, *Cleansing Tissues* and *Skin Freshener*.

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Rip Van Winkles



© 1937 Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.

REMEMBER Washington Irving's lovable, irresponsible 'Rip Van Winkle'? How persistently he tricked himself! Time and again when temptation was too strong and nature too weak, he would lift his glass and say, "I won't count this one".

THREE are many Rip Van Winkles in the world right now—some are weak in self-control; some are sadly behind the times in a matter of vital importance to them. They are the unfortunate among the million diabetics in the United States today.

Old Rip's giant spue put him to sleep for twenty years—but "food sprees" are bringing death to present-day Rip Van Winkles because they lack self-control or lack knowledge as to what insulin can do for them.

Thanks to insulin, a diabetic is not confined nowadays to a scanty, spirit-breaking diet. He can have varied and much more appetizing food than was allowed in the old days. But even now, if he fails to find out what he should eat and drink—or if he fails to be steadfast in obeying orders—he practically commits suicide.

When diabetes attacks, it has come to stay. It rarely gives up. A diabetic has one of two choices, either to put up a cheerful, continuous fight or weakly surrender. Halfway defense spells defeat. But a courageous, unyielding fight is almost sure to win.

One great danger is that with the aid of insulin and correct diet, the diabetic feels so much better that he is lulled into

a false sense of security. He takes liberties with his diet or neglects to take the insulin as directed. Then, with crushing swiftness, diabetes may claim another victim.

Thousands of diabetics are not even aware of the fact that they are in danger because they have not had a physical examination which would have revealed the presence of this old enemy of mankind and because, also, during most of its course, diabetes is painless.

Of the 20,000 deaths caused by diabetes last year in the United States, 8,000 were of the acute type ending in coma. Yet a world-famous specialist says, "Diabetic coma is always preventable and nearly always curable... Many of my patients have actually lived longer than would have been expected of them had they been normal, healthy people."

* * *

The deathrate from diabetes is rising. It can be forced downward. The Metropolitan's booklet, "Diabetes," together with recently published information for physicians and their patients on prevention of diabetic coma, will be mailed free on request. Ask for Booklet 130-M.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT, ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

SUPPER SPECIALTIES

[Continued from page 29]



A covered casserole will keep food hot a long time

Shortly before serving add chicken and cook over hot water until chicken is thoroughly heated.

Note: Curried chicken is served with boiled rice, which must be hot and fluffy. Sometimes the rice is arranged in a ring about the platter, with the chicken in the middle. Some prefer to have the rice broken up on the table in separate individual dishes. The host or hostess places a generous serving of rice on each plate, and covers it with the curried chicken.

Chutney is always passed, and some hostesses, following the Oriental custom, serve small pickled onions, chopped peanuts and shredded coconut as well.

Shrimps à la Newburg

2 cups shrimp	1/2 teaspoon paprika
1 tablespoon lemon juice	1/2 cup cream
1/2 teaspoons butter	2 1/2 cup thin cream
1/2 teaspoon paper	1 egg yolks

1 cup salted shrimp flavoring

Cut shrimps in halves (or they may be left whole), squeeze the lemon juice over them and let stand for 10 minutes. Saute in butter for 5 minutes, then pour paper flavoring over shrimps 2 minutes longer. Add cream gradually and when mixture has thickened add lightly beaten egg yolks. Place over hot water. Just before serving, add sherry flavoring. Serve in pastry shells or on squares of crisp toast. Garnish with parsley. If unsalted flavoring is used, add 1/2 teaspoon salt with the other seasonings.

Hot Gingerbread

5 cups brown sugar	1/2 teaspoon baking powder
2 eggs	1/2 cup well beaten
1/2 cup molasses	1/2 teaspoon
1/2 cup shortening	1/2 cup flour
2 1/2 cups flour	1/2 cup cloves
1/2 cup baking soda	2 1/2 teaspoons ginger
	1/2 cup water

Mix sugar and eggs together thoroughly and add molasses and melted shortening. Mix and sift flour, soda, baking powder and spices and add all together with the boiling water to the mixture. Make a thin batter and grease individual pans or in a shallow pan in a moderate oven (350° F.) 30 to 40 minutes. Serve hot with whipped cream or chocolate sauce.

Note: Gingerbread may be mixed several hours before it is to be baked. The eggs are added just before baking. (1) Pour mixture into baking pan as soon as mixed. (2) Cover it closely with two layers of waxed paper, tying paper down around edges of pan. (3)

Lay a piece of cardboard on top and set in cool, dry place, preferably a refrigerator, until ready to bake.

Salmon Soufflé

1 cup cooked salmon	1/2 teaspoon pepper
1/2 cup cream	1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup cream	1/2 teaspoon lemon juice
1/2 cup milk	1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire
2 egg yolks	4 egg whites

Mince salmon very fine. Melt butter, add flour and mix until smooth. Add milk gradually, stirring constantly until thick and smooth. Add beaten egg yolks, pepper, salt, lemon juice and Worcestershire. Mix with salmon. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold into salmon mixture. Put in greased baking dish, set in pot of hot water and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Serve immediately.

Scalloped Oysters

1 cup of oysters (including liquor)	2 tablespoons butter
1 cup bread	1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup cream	1/2 teaspoon pepper
1 cup fine cracker crumbs	1/2 cup oysters finely chopped
	1 cup cream

Drain liquor from oysters, reserving one-fourth cup. Mix bread and cracker crumbs, and cover bottom of a well-buttered baking dish with a layer of the crumbs and a layer of oysters. Dot with bits of butter, season with salt, pepper, dash of nutmeg, and a sprinkling of dried herbs and moisten with a little of the oyster liquor. Add another layer of crumbs, then remaining oysters. Dot with bits of butter, season as before and moisten with rest of oyster liquor, cover with a thin layer of crumbs. (The dish should be three-quarters full.) Dot with butter, and pour cream over oysters. Bake in moderate oven (300°-350° F.), about 45 minutes, or until crumbs are brown.

Note: Never have more than two layers of oysters; if three layers are used, the middle layer is only partially cooked when the other layers are exactly right.

Time Saving Ideas

Most of these dishes can be prepared in advance and, just before supper, can be re-heated or popped into the oven for final cooking. This is a specialty on the family before you try it on the guests and thus relieve yourself of any possible anxiety as to its success.



Mothers
acclaim this
gentle dentifrice
for children's
teeth

When little teeth are coming in "for keeps" it is important that from the outset they be kept clean, healthy and unmarred.

Don't be in a hurry to select a tooth paste for your youngster to use. Study the claims and the action of all. Eventually, we believe, you will come to Listerine Tooth Paste as so many thousands of mothers have done.

For this modern dentifrice, made by the makers of Listerine, is distinguished for its thorough cleansing qualities and its gentle, safe action.

Contained in it are cleansing and polishing agents of amazingly fine texture that are harder than tartar and consequently remove it. Yet, they are softer than the precious enamel which they clean, therefore do not harm it.

In solution they wash every facet of each tooth. They sweep out decaying matter. They remove discolorations and tartar. They penetrate tiny crevices between the teeth. They give enamel a marvelous luster.

Because of its safety, careful mothers choose Listerine Tooth Paste for use by their children. Adults, too, by thousands, have discarded older and costlier favorites for this new dentifrice that gives results immediately apparent.

Incidentally, at 25¢ it saves you about \$3 per year compared to dentifrices in the 50¢ class. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Proud of her teeth ten years from now?



*Buy baby a doll with
what you save*

There are so many things you can buy baby with that \$3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. A doll is merely a suggestion.



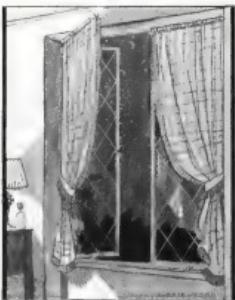
LARGE
TUBE

25¢

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



In a room with rough plaster walls and long windows, single curtains of dull rose and gold damask are lowered up with graceful iron hold-backs.



Curtain rods which swing inward solve the problem of the bedroom with casement windows. The marquise curtains have pink crossbars and pleatings.

EVERY CURTAIN HAS ITS OWN ACCESSORIES

TODAY'S curtains are like women's clothes—their style depends on suitability, restrained trimming, careful workmanship and harmonious accessories. If a room is furnished with a number of formal pieces, such as a valance at each window and your paper-hangings will reach the floor. Probably you will line them with a warm-toed plain material which blends with the dominant color in the curtain fabric, and against the glass there will be a second set of curtains made of net, organdie or some other thin material.

But in a room where simplicity and that happy "useful" feeling are the keynote you will avoid having the windows completely decorated in any way. You will have only one set of curtains, ending at the sill. They will be finished at the top with a gathered or pleated heading extending three-quarters of an inch above the rod; or a valance built on the most restrained lines will cover the tops of the window frames. To look well, curtains of this type must be twice as wide as the window, and must be cut on the line of a drawn thread; otherwise they will hang unevenly at the bottom when they have hung a few weeks.

Many materials are adapted to both formal and informal interiors. The finished length, the lining or absence of lining, the treatment at the rod-line and the accessories define the permanent character of curtains.

Below—The cornice of wide wood molding has been set out three inches at the high window frames to form a valance board. Organ-fold pleats add distinction to the large-figured cretonne hanging.



Below—Dotted Swiss curtains have glass hold-backs and a valance board covered with wall paper.

Draw curtains are practical in rooms where it is necessary to regulate the light and air frequently. They are especially attractive on cold nights when, drawn together, they bring into the room a sense of coziness only equalled by the cheery flames of a log fire.

When two sets of curtain rods are used at a window, or when the rod of a single pair of curtains makes an ugly line, a valance can be counted on to hide all defects. Valances are made either of the curtain material, or of a contrasting border or fabric. Fabric valances must be lined and for a small room no pleats or gathers are permitted as they make an ungraceful projection which causes the room to look even smaller.

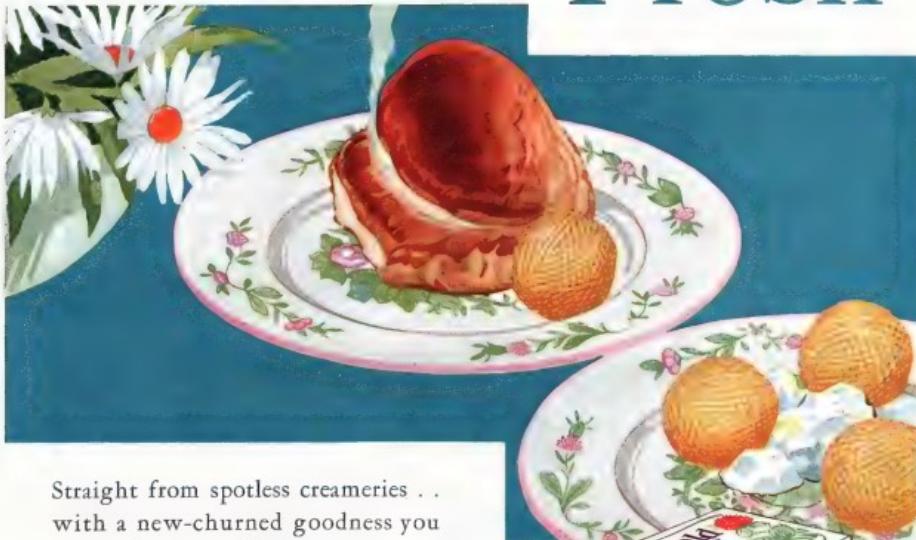
Valance boards are usually from four to six inches wide, depending on the height of the window. They are made to fit closely over the sides of the frames and are constructed of thin wood or of wall board. To this foundation any one of a variety of decorations can be applied—wall paper, paint, stain, or lacquer.

Left—French blue rayon moiré is used for over-curtains in a richly-furnished living-room. They are lined with old gold, and the valance and hold-backs are of brass brads. Solid brass tassels weight the draw cords.

Below—For this wide window a wall paper border, which harmonizes with the old-fashioned chintz, was pasted on a painted valance board. The voile glass curtains are hemstitched.



Butter so sweet... fragrant so deliciously Fresh



Straight from spotless creameries . . .
with a new-churned goodness you
always can depend upon

NEVER before have women had this assurance in buying butter . . . The dependable goodness, the unvarying freshness of Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter—everywhere . . . always!

Snowy creameries in twenty-three states churn it from graded, tested cream.

Immaculate refrigerator cars carry it quickly, directly to the town in which you live. There are no in-between steps, no delays.

Swift & Company's own trained

experts speed its delivery, protect its quality, straight through from the churn to your dealer.

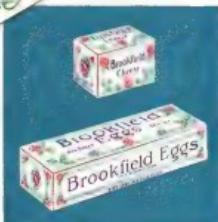
Delivered so quickly, guarded so carefully, Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter comes to your dealer—and to you—with all its new-churned freshness.

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Poured over waffles or pancakes, the warm, rich color of Vermont Maid Syrup is a delight to the eye; the smoother, deeper, true maple tang is a treat for the palate. Made from pure maple sugar, blended with pure cane sugar to bring out the flavor, you can buy no finer syrup for your table.

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I enclose 10¢ for generous sample bottle
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VERMONT MAID SYRUP

MADE IN VERMONT BY VERMONTERS



I DIDN'T MEAN TO! *Is thoughtlessness worth unpopularity?*

I DIDN'T mean to... By EMILY POST

I didn't mean to let you do it. It is endless. Young people are the most frequent offenders, though older ones are by no means guiltless of a thousand unthinking carelessnesses.

The fundamental rule of Etiquette is: do nothing that can detract the taste or feelings of others. But this can be done so often as to dismay the pleasure or the possessions of others.

Where lives the hostess who has not had her table and mantel edges burned with cigars and cigarettes, or marred with rings made by wet glasses? The ruined surface of a prized piece of furniture makes not the least impression upon the property-destroying vandal who didn't mean to!

TO SEE something of value charred or marred is agony to anyone appreciative of beauty, and to the owners, destruction of their property is not easily borne. True, property destruction is quite as often the result of ignorance as of carelessness. The men who have never been taught better, do not know that wet flower vases or drinking glasses mar permanently the surface of painted or polished wood. They do not know that ink is next to impossible to get out of a carpet or a hardwood floor, they don't even know that a cigarette butt left in a rug will be passed, nor that the burned hole in a sheet cannot be invisibly darned. They have no idea—apparently—that a tennis racket left in the rain is not merely wet, but ruined.

They don't know that a transparent waterproof, and everything made of rubber, sticks together when rolled when it is applied to the bottom of a car, and that it will tear when the attempt is made to pull it apart. Nor do they know that a broken golf club may have been a dear treasure, not easily replaced.

Some men visitors are marked offenders. They think nothing of leaving a fine town in their car or tracking fisherman boots across a fine carpet.

The careless fruit-eater is also a property destroyer when he gets fruit juice on a fine napkin, since getting the stain out can only be accomplished by the use of strong preparations which injure the fiber of the cloth.

The book thief is not a returner of books; he would be horrified if it were suggested that he edges on dishonesty. And yet what is the difference between the thief who takes what is not his with deliberate intent, and the person who takes a book out of his friend's library and does not bother to bring it

back? You can abuse your own possessions if you want to.

But to take all the

care you can of the property of others, is merely common sense.

Another form of carelessness that mars other persons' pleasure is indifference about time. Certain people who are invariably late, go through life spoiling good dinners, straining good temper, and wasting the time of others. Such inconsiderateness is a form of inexcusable and unadulterated selfishness.

Ten minutes is the outside limit that any hostess should ever ask her assembled dinner guests to wait for one who is late—no matter who the late one may be. And if anyone of present sensibility prefers that his unavoidable tardiness should not in any way inconvenience others...

The careless Didn't-mean-to or Won't-think-about-others looks at a family portrait and exclaims: "Oh, look! What a goose-necked girl!" or "Who on earth is old whiskers?" They then turn up their noses and walk along side by side and say, "Oh, Mary, will you come to a party I'm giving next Tuesday?" leaving Susie out of consideration entirely. Or "Mary, don't you want to join our sewing circle?" No invitation to Susie.

But a far more usual example of "don't mean to" unkindness is the social work of trying to impress a friend or relative in public. Mothers and sisters are usually the worst offenders. "John, where did you get that terrible-looking suit?" "Jenny, you've got a big hole in the back of your stocking!" "Johnny, when did you have last haircut?" (Especially if certainly not yesterday!) Now don't fail to get really because that Harold Handsome is looking at you!

With the result that Johnny buttons up the jacket of his suit, and sinking his chin into his collar, at first opportunity slinks out of sight. Jenny with face crimson and muscles jarr'd out of control, upsets the cream pitcher or tripping, falls flat.

THE gauche and awkward—or are they knowingly malicious—say for instance to a girl: "I knew you would be here because you could see John Richard's car parked in front of your house." Or facetiously, "I saw your husband the other night with a very pretty woman!"

Were some one to say to these people, "You ruined her table," "you spoiled the party," "you hurt his pride" or "you caused her great distress," they'd answer in innocent surprise, "Oh, but I didn't mean to!"



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YOU probably use Arm & Hammer Baking Soda for many things but have you tried it to remove the stiffness and soreness of overworked muscles? Here's how:

Fill your bathtub with warm water. Stir in a half-pound of Baking Soda. Relax in it for five or ten minutes. Don't even wash. Just lie there.

You can actually feel the soda working, loosening up your muscles, soothing you, resting you. When you are thoroughly comfortable, get out and rub yourself dry. You'll feel wonderfully reinvigorated.

Keep a few packages of Baking Soda in the bathroom for this resting bath. It is very inexpensive—costs but a few cents a package. Get it from your grocer. To be sure of the best, ask for either Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand. The two are identical, both being pure Bicarbonate of Soda.

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To give a pork roast a fine flavor cook without water in an uncovered pan, and rub with salt

How To Cook Pork Roasts

By ALICE M. CHILD

Division of Home Economics
University of Minnesota

THIS methods described in this article are the result of an intensive research carried on by Miss Child at the University of Minnesota Experiment Station at University Farm, St. Paul.—*The Editors*

Larger cuts of pork most commonly used for roasts, probably because any size from 2 to 15 pounds—or more—can be purchased. You will find, however, that fresh ham shoulder, or Boston butt are also excellent cuts for roasting.

Remember that roasts cut from the different parts of the loin vary in price, and that if you are able to tell your market man exactly what you want you can take advantage of this difference. The center cut of loin sells at the highest price, while the rib and loin ends fall into the two lowest price brackets.

Ham shoulder roasts cost less per pound than the loin. The meat is a little coarser in texture, but has a very good flavor. You can have it boned, if you like, and add a bread crumb dressing. Such a roast will delight the carver for it is as easy to slice as a loaf.

Ham from small hogs makes an excellent roast. If it makes a larger roast than you need, cut a few steak slices from it, and prepare braised steak.

Braised Pork Steak. Wipe meat dry and season with salt and pepper. Dip in fine bread crumbs, then in beaten egg and again in bread crumbs. Brown on both sides in a little fat in the pan. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of water; cook slowly 50 minutes. Thicken

liquid for gravy. A steak from the shoulder or from a fresh ham may be prepared in this way.

Pork butts (Boston butts) make delicious roasts and cost less per pound than loin. Butt roasts weigh from 4 to 8 pounds and may be purchased for as little as 15 cents a pound per butt.

A pork roast, when brought to the table, should be uniformly brown on the outside—neither too light nor too dark. The outer crust should be crisp, but not hard. When carved, the inside will show a grayish white color with a thin film of pink fat. The meat will be firm, juicy, tender, not dry or crumbly. If the roast is well done, as all pork roasts should be, the juices on the platter will be a delicious yellowish brown with no pink in them.

Much experimenting has proved that pork roasts cooked uncovered and without water are more attractive and flavorful than those which are covered in a covered pan with water added. You

probably have heard that salt draws out the juices of meat, but in a roast

there is not much surface exposed and such juices as come out are eaten in the gravy, so the nutritive value is all there. Since a roast tastes better if salt penetrates the meat, it should be present in the cooking.

For home use, loin roasts weighing from 8 to 10 pounds are usually the most popular; but if this size happens to be too large for your family, you can purchase, during cold weather, a whole loin (which contains the delicious tenderloin). Use a pan and keep the rest in the electric refrigerator, letting it outdoors to freeze when the temperature is low. Freezing does not spoil the meat if it is thawed out slowly.

To Roast Pork In A Gas Oven: Wipe the roast with a damp cloth, place in an uncovered pan without water, and rub with salt (one teaspoon for each pound of meat). Sear in a very hot oven (500° F.) for 15 minutes or until roast is nicely browned, then reduce the temperature to that of slow oven (300° F.). Allow 30 minutes per pound for a 3 to 4 pound roast.

If you use a wood, coal, or kerosene stove (or even gas or electric stove) you can sear the roast over the stove, and then place it in a slow oven.

The time for cooking the various roasts of pork differs somewhat. The box below gives a chart for best results.

Cold Wall-made pork gravy is delicious. Allow 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonsfuls each of fat and flour. Place flour in fat, brown in it, then add a cup of milk or water and $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon of salt. Cook thoroughly, stirring constantly.

SEAR

all kinds of pork roasts to a nice brown before roasting. This is done either in a very hot oven (500° F.) or in a pan on top of the stove. Then

ROAST

in a slow oven (300° F.) as follows:	
Pork loin	30 minutes per pound (plus searing time)
Pork shoulder	30 to 35 minutes per pound { " " " }
Fresh ham	30 to 35 minutes per pound { " " " }
Pork butt	45 to 50 minutes per pound { " " " }

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EXCESSIVE OILINESS IS A DANGER to your skin, as well as being unattractive in itself, for it leads to blackheads and blemishes. You can correct this condition by using the treatment given on page 3 of the Woodbury booklet. In a week or ten days you will see the beginning of a wonderful improvement.

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If you have a skin that is fine and smooth—use Woodbury's to preserve its youthful texture.

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A SKIN SOFT AS VELVET, glowing with life and color, will result from the Woodbury steam treatment, which should be used whenever your skin seems a bit sallow and lifeless. You will find this treatment deliciously stimulating and refreshing.

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In dainty salads, or with melted butter or cheese—no matter how you serve it, California Canned Asparagus provides just the picnic touch that mid-winter appetites long for.

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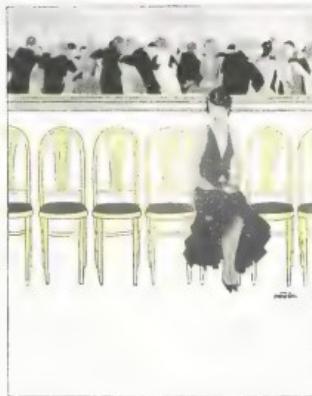
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THE DIET AND HALITOSIS

By E. V. McCOLLUM

School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

A GOOD deal of attention has been directed during recent years to halitosis (bad breath). We now know that there are several causes for this condition; some are dietary, others relate to diseased teeth or gums, and still others to a diseased condition of the liver.

A decaying cavity in the teeth into which particles of food have become packed will nearly always cause bad breath. Such particles undergo putrefactive change and the odor arising from this source is exhaled upon the breath. We are told that only one person in twelve in the United States ever goes to a dentist for any other purpose than to have an aching tooth extracted. Since we can easily pack all of children of school age from one to eleven unfilled cavities in their mouths, and since the number tends to increase as people grow older, it is not hard to imagine that unpleasant breath may come from bad teeth in a great many cases. Such teeth should be either filled or extracted.

A SECOND cause of bad breath is the condition generally called pyrexia. This is a disease of the gums which causes them to lose their hold on the necks of the teeth; pockets are then formed between the teeth and the gums, and in them bits of food accumulate which undergo bacterial decomposition.

Now these two types of halitosis are caused by conditions which exist in the mouth itself. But there are good reasons for believing that halitosis of other types arises also from nutritional causes. For example, there is increasing justification for thinking that susceptibility to infections of the upper respiratory tract, as well as of the sinuses of the face, result from a deficiency of vitamin A—either through lack of intake or absorption. This vitamin is especially abundant in cod liver oil, butter, in the green leaves of plants, and in yellow vegetables. When a person lives almost entirely on refined flour products, sugar, meats and potatoes he may eventually reach a condition where infections cause him

IN THIS article, Dr. McCollum discloses some important facts about the relationship existing between the liver and explains why Halitosis should be regarded as a warning.

Dr. McCollum, who with his associates discloses two of the greatest authorities on nutrition. He writes regularly for McCall's.

great annoyance or even menace his life. Such infections frequently are accompanied by bad breath. Anyone who suffers from such attacks would do well to seek reliable information as to the proper selection of food.

For another cause of unpleasant breath we must look to the condition of the digestive tract. The lack of exercise and faulty habits of elimination almost always bring about halitosis. Anyone who discovers that he has bad breath should have a careful medical examination, since the presence of odors may be a sign that the alimentary tract or the liver is in bad condition, and that the former, if taken in time, may be relieved.

The blood, after it has circulated through the walls of the large and small intestine, must pass through the liver before it can reach the general circulatory system. If day after day such blood passes along the veins of the liver without being purified, the liver quite naturally suffers. Several prominent medical investigators have recently emphasized the frequency of liver injury associated with halitosis.

The liver is a remarkable organ which is capable of undergoing more chemical transformations than any other organ of the body. Its purpose is to stand guard between the intestine and the circulatory system, destroying the somewhat poisonous substances which pass through it, thus protecting the body tissues.

Another source of poisons substances is the disintegration of the numerous bacteria which invade the wall

of the large intestine while it is in an unhygienic state. These are killed and decomposed in the lymph glands of the intestinal tract, but the juice from them also reaches the liver. Eventually the liver fails to perform its function of destroying the unwholesome products, because it has been weakened by the diet and by faulty habits of living. An infected appendix or an infected pancreas can produce a similar liver injury with consequent blood pollution.

Halitosis is therefore a warning signal. Just what it means can only be determined by a medical exam of each case. The first thing to be done in any case is to take stock of the food supply. It should be composed of a properly selected list of foods which are known to furnish a complete diet. Next, one should make sure that one is not overeating. Overeating is the commonest sin of a man who is otherwise sensible people. It is dangerous to health to keep ourselves constantly fed to the point of satiety. The digestive apparatus should have a period of rest following a period of work. If it is constantly filled with food it becomes unusual to the task of digesting and absorbing it, and tends to wear out.

A LACTO-VEGETARIAN diet, composed of milk and vegetables, is likely to be beneficial to anyone suffering from halitosis. Eggs, like meat, should be eaten sparingly. An abundance of fruits in the diet is advisable, and the more leafy vegetables—spinach, lettuce, cabbage, Brussels sprouts, cauliflower, asparagus, and so forth—the diet contains the better. The root vegetables—especially carrots and turnips—also deserve mention.

From what has been said it will be seen that halitosis may arise either from local or more general causes. As a rule it is a warning that one should give attention to the selection of one's food, to one's eating habits, and to the cleanliness of the alimentary tract.

"Use no soap except Palmolive"

says **NIRaus**, of Madrid

Known throughout Spain as one of the foremost specialists on care of the skin

"All my clients are asked to use no soap except Palmolive. The pure palm and olive oils of which it is made give the skin deep thorough cleansing. Daily cleansings with Palmolive have a tonic and rejuvenating effect on the skin."

Niraus
MADRID



Niraus' reputation extends throughout Spain. His salon is one of the busiest in the South of Europe and his smart clientele includes many Royal personages.

THE basis of all complexion care is, or should be, to cleanse the skin thoroughly twice a day, using soap and water." That is the opinion of Niraus, well-known beauty specialist of Madrid, Spain.

But Niraus warns against the use of ordinary soaps. He realizes that some soaps have a tendency to irritate the skin—bringing coarse pores—causing the texture to lose its smooth loveliness. For that reason he specifies one soap and one only—Palmolive. Like most modern beauty experts, Niraus believes in the use of vegetable oils in facial soap. These cosmetic oils are so bland, so gentle on the skin, that 18,012 beauty specialists, all over the world, advise the daily use of Palmolive.

"No soap but Palmolive!"

"All my clients are asked to use no soap except Palmolive," says Niraus. "The pure palm and olive oils of which it is made give the skin the deep, thorough cleansing that is required in order to rid the pores of all accumulations. It also acts as an emollient and has very valuable cosmetic qualities. Daily cleansings with Palmolive have a tonic and rejuvenating effect on the skin."

Niraus is a skin specialist of wide experience and



An assistant giving a treatment in the salon of Madam Elsa Dahlstrand of Stockholm, who finds "Palmolive Soap lathers revive and strengthen the tissues."

enviable reputation. His list of clients includes many names of Royal distinction. His typically Spanish salon is an important rendezvous in the foreign world of beauty culture.

He—as well as Tejedor of Barcelona—advocates this simple daily treatment, to be used morning

and night: massage a fine, creamy lather of Palmolive Soap gently into the skin, allowing it to penetrate the pores. Rinse, with warm water, then with cold. A final rinse with ice water is refreshing as an astringent. And you're ready for rouge and powder!

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Use Palmolive every day. Consult your beauty specialist regularly. And remember—a clean skin is absolutely necessary in order to get the best results from special beauty care.

Palmolive is made entirely of palm and olive oils. These oils—and nothing else—give it nature's fresh green color. And these oils make it the perfect skin cleanser and beautifier.

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Mother—"I'm glad I didn't have to give her anything to upset her stomach."

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MASTERING OUR MONEY PROBLEMS

A wise budget safeguards us from worry

By ISABEL ELY LORD

WHAT is a budget, anyway? Is it something complicated and technical that few persons can understand and use? That seems to be the impression many people have. No, indeed, a budget is just a plan. There can be budgets of time and of energy and of many other things, but what we are concerned with here is money—the family budget, which seems altogether too small to buy us all we want. In that last point lies the usefulness of the budget. The only way to make sure of getting from our incomes the things we *want most* is to plan deliberately for them.

How, then, does a budget help us? First, it helps us to look ahead. If we were building a house, we would not begin without a definite plan and careful estimates, although we might modify the plan in many places as we went along. A budget gives us the right start.

A budget serves, secondly, as a concrete check. Friends can tell at any point whether we are progressing according to our apportionment, and also whether we were right in our original allotments.

Third, the budget makes possible at time intelligent modification of it. If the family budget, as it was checked originally, shows that we are spending under some heading more than we have assigned to it, we can readjust it by taking from other headings and giving to the one that needs more.

Fourth, a budget brings peace of mind. We "know what we are doing" which is half the battle in any project; we know exactly where we are standing "extravagant" with the family income or our share of it; and if we are we can remedy matters before they have gone too far.

But now, there are some things a budget *cannot do*. This is extremely important, for it is here that most of the trouble begins with the family budget. They have found their difficulty. They have expected it to do what a mere plan can never do.

A BUDGET, says Isabel Ely Lord, authority on household accounting, "helps us get the things we want. It brings us peace of mind and the confidence of 'knowing what we are doing.' But it cannot work by itself."

The directions she gives are easy to follow and will help all of us to start the New Year right.

A budget cannot change conditions. It cannot increase your income, though it may stimulate you to new efforts in that direction. It cannot, of course, enable you to buy two different things with the same dollar.

A budget cannot work by itself. It is not enough to make a budget. The solution is only just begun when the plan. Many a family has spent a lot of time working on one and then abandoning it.

Pinned just the right division of the family income, and then sat back and thought the problem solved.

And lastly, *a budget cannot be trifled with.* Don't get the habit of assigning fifteen dollars a week for food and then go ahead and thoughtlessly spend eighteen or twenty. Make your assignments definite and never step back if you can possibly avoid it.

Making a budget for your family is really easy and enjoyable.

First of all, you choose a time when those concerned can get together. It is better to start with only the senior partner, husband and wife, mother and daughter, the older child, or whoever is rightly concerned in the spending of the family income. With some large sheets of paper and a good

list of budget headings you are ready to begin. The headings must be specific; general headings—like Operating Expenses will not do. You cannot control expenditures easily under such a heading, so break it up into Fuel, Light, Care of House, and so on. And never, never let Miscellaneous or Sundries or any other "catch-all" appear. They cannot be controlled. Of course you will keep the budget for a year, as a shorter period is misleading when many large expenditures necessarily fall into seasonal blocks.

The next step is to face the income. If you are living on an earned income, you usually add to it any interest from savings to your saving fund, so you take *only* the earned income for your budgeting. For those on salaries or wages the problem is more simple than for others who have an income that varies from year to year. The only safe method is to count on the annual income and then you may reasonably expect. Then if things go better than this, after three or six months you can add the surplus to the budget under whatever item you like—but, of course, only after the surplus is actually in hand.

With the amount of the income decided upon from the list and written down, those headings are already settled, for example, Rent, Insurance, Savings (which for safety must be at least 10 per cent of an earned income). Then take the big expenditures for Food and Clothing, and estimate what is needed there. Go on to all the other headings, including finally about what each person will need on the scale of family living. A great deal can be decided in this first calculation.

Now add them all up. Unless you differ greatly from the overwhelming majority of families you will find that the total estimate exceeds your income. Then you must make the strongest arrangements for the budget. For we are inclined to spend just a little more than our income warrants, finding each

[Continued on page 51]

WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR DESSERT?

[Continued from page 30]

nutmeg and allow caramelized sugar to dissolve completely. In the meantime add egg and other ingredients.

Creamy Custard—Add ½ cup shredded coconut to custard mixture.

Sof Custard

2 cups milk	1/2 cup sugar
1 egg yolks	Yew grain salt
1/2 teaspoon vanilla	

Scald milk in double boiler. Pour over slightly-beaten egg yolks to which sugar and salt have been added and return to double boiler. Cook slowly, stirring constantly until mixture thickens slightly. Cool and add vanilla. Chill.

Floating Island—Beat 2 eggs until stiff, adding gradually 4 tablespoons powdered or confectioners' sugar. Drop by spoonfuls on top of custard which has been poured into serving dish. Chill thoroughly. Garnish centers of "islands" with bits of maraschino cherry, small dots of currant jam.

Meringue Custard—Omit sugar and use 3½ lb marshmallows (about 15) allowing them to dissolve in the scalded milk. Complete custard as above. Top with halved marshmallows.

Coconut Custard—Sprinkle custard with shredded coconut and finely-chopped nuts.

Pineapple Apricot Custard—Spread 1½ cups of prune or apricot pulp in the bottom of a shallow serving dish. Pour soft custard over this and chill thoroughly. Top with whipped cream.

Vanilla Blanc Mange

4 tablespoons cornstarch	¾ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar	½ cup cold milk
	1 teaspoon vanilla

Mix cornstarch, sugar and salt. Add cold milk and mix well. Add scalded

milk and bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Cook over boiling water 15 minutes. Remove from fire, cool slightly and add vanilla, pour into individual molds, or a large mold, and chill. Serve with soft custard, chocolate sauce or whipped cream.

Chocolate Blanc Mange—Follow above recipe, adding 1 square unsweetened chocolate and 1½ to 2 tablespoons extra sugar before removing from fire. Stir until well blended. Add vanilla, chill and serve with cream or whipped cream, if you prefer.

Apricot Upside Down Cake

1½ tablespoons shortening	1/3 cup apricot juice
1/2 cup sugar	3 tablespoons butter
1½ cups flour	1/2 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup coconut	12 halves canned apricots
baking powder	1 cup nut meadowfoam broken in pieces
1/2 teaspoon salt	

Cream shortening and sugar together; add well-beaten eggs and mix thoroughly. Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt and add alternately with apricot juice to the first mixture, beating well after each addition. In the bottom of a heavy cake pan melt butter and brown sugar. Place 12 halves of apricot halves (well drained of their juice) and sprinkle with nuts. Pour batter over all, being careful not to disturb fruit or the design will be confused. Bake in a moderate oven (325° F.) 40 to 45 minutes. Turn upside down on serving dish. Serve with whipped cream, if desired.

Note: Recipes for the Pudding family, including Bread, Rice and Brown Betty Puddings, with variations, will be sent on receipt of two-cent stamp. Address Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 230 Park Ave., N. Y.

They Are Wearing

By Elizabeth May Blondel



2756

No. 2756. Soft wavy hats are the newest expression of the mode for mid-season, and many of the younger generation are taking advantage of the present styles to make their own. The older model shown is one of the smartest of the French imports, made in velvet or satin, for wear with the latest gowns in the feminine trend.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 230 Park Avenue, New York City, at prices quoted on page 80.

THE MYSTERY VITAMIN IN ICEBERG HEAD LETTUCE PRESERVES YOUTHFUL VIGOR



Take INTERNAL SUN BATHS Daily for Radiant Health

THE Sun is the mother of us all. It ministers to us daily. Even when you sprawl on the beach, taking a sun-bath, you are being fed with "sun-food"—yourself.

And when you eat a portion of lettuce—say, a head—you are also taking a sun-bath—an internal sun-bath. For this lettuce is grown under the smiling, sunny skies of the great Far West. After day after the ardent sun irradiates it—short rays of rays irradiate it—filling the active chlorophyll necessary to keep the healthy chlorophyll in short, puts up a package of sunshine for you.

This is Nature's way. And when your home skies are dull, and the sun never peeps out all day, or shows only a pale, wan face, you can still take your internal sun-bath. For lettuce is lettuce as at your home in winter as well as in summer. Every day in the year you can serve Nature's concentrated sunshine on your table.

What You Eat, You Are

Remember this! What you eat, you are. The radiant energy of the child, the vitality of a vigorous man, the grace and luminous beauty of a woman are but transmuted versions of the food they have eaten. They are the reactions of body tissues—glandular, nervous, muscular—tuned to the concert pitch of health by the right foods.

In your body millions of little workers—tiny enzymes or cells—transform the food you eat into teeth, hair, bones, organs, glands. Yes, and into beauty, vitality and character. If you are forcing these cells, through an unbalanced diet, to make "bricks without straw," you are growing old before your time. You are tossing



What Science Says of Lettuce

"Lettuce is a 'sun-food.' The sun bathes it with vitamins which are essential to general health and to abundant vitality we all crave. All the vitamins in lettuce are those which reanimate the blood, aid digestion, promote youth and vigor, and help to keep the body in the adult. Lettuce also contains a slight residue of chlorophyll, which, natural, royal and deep green, gives lettuce its color."

into the discard years of that vitality which enables men and women to attract, achieve, to win in love and business.

The "straws" with which these little workers build their houses are called carbohydrates into the "bricks" of which your body is built, are the Vitamins and Mineral Salts. Iceberg head lettuce, abounds in these. And as you eat lettuce raw, they are not impaired by heat or rawness, they are not impaired by heat or rawness, they are not impaired by cooking.

The House Called Your Body

Many foods which we like and which are necessary to nutrition, produce an acid condition. This is neutralized by the alkaline ash of lettuce. Highly concentrated or refined foods are almost entirely absorbed. They leave no residue for the important to eliminate. Lettuce supplies the necessary balance, and helps to ward off that common but dangerous enemy—constipation, with its train of evils.

Lettuce is a delicious and wholesome food—which has helped thousands of women to preserve or restore their youthful figure and youthful vigor. You should eat it every day. Better still, twice a day. And see that your family does the same!

Booklet Free!

Write for the booklet *Charging the Human Battery* — a finger-post on the road to a better and a longer life, with many new recipes for Lettuce salad. It is FREE if you use the coupon.

ICEBERG HEAD LETTUCE

Nature's Concentrated Sunshine

from ARIZONA and CALIFORNIA

WESTERN GROWERS PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION

Desertview E-2

Los Angeles, California

Please send me, free, your little book called *Charging the Human Battery*, revealing the most recent scientific findings upon health, growth and vitality.

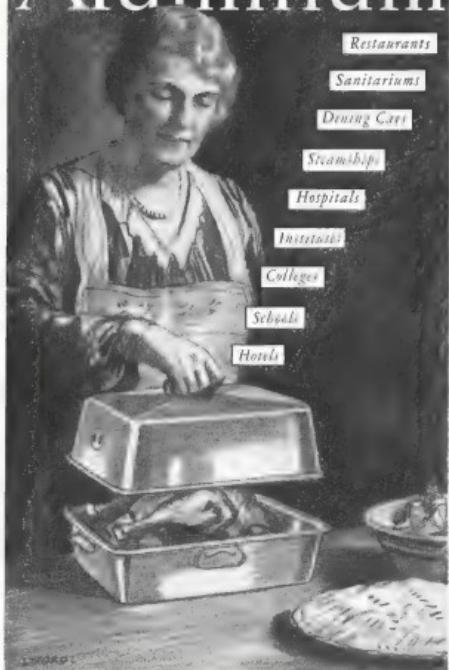
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City..... State.....



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The BEST COOKS use Aluminum



Such good cooking!

Above all, aluminum is the master heat-conductor, far excelling all other materials of common kitchen use. No wonder that it does better cooking!—more even, thorough cooking; less nervously watchful cooking.

Heat spreads like electricity in an aluminum vessel, speeding away from the bottom, up the sides and into the cover. There is less burning of food on the bottom; less wearisome stirring to do. For modern top-stove cooking without water there is nothing like aluminum. . . . Aluminum's good cooking qualities, and its economy, safety, and beauty, have made it the very first choice in the best-equipped homes, hotels, and hospitals. *The best cooks use aluminum.*

Clip Here and Mail for Booklet

ALUMINUM WARES ASSOCIATION
Publicity Division, 844 Rush St., Chicago

Please send booklet, "The Precious Metal of the Kitchen," no address written below:



Reproductions of old maple furniture were used in this room

YOUR OWN BEDROOM

Its furnishings should express your tastes and interests

By MARGERY SILL WICKWARE

Did you ever stop to consider how plainly the bedrooms in your house reveal to the casual observer the taste, character, and personality of their occupants? In the decoration and furnishing of the general living quarters, which must be shared by all the family and their friends, it is obvious that the more personal tastes of the individual members of the family cannot be expressed. Therefore it is more satisfactory for each member of the family to have some definite place in the house, no matter how small, which is entirely his own and which can be arranged to suit his individual taste. The bedroom is the logical place for this. If this principle were more generally adhered to, much of the friction which unhappily besets family life would be

The largest and most important room in the house is usually occupied

by the head of the family. Architects call it grandly "the owner's bedroom," but the family is much more apt to speak of it as "mother's room." If it is occupied by the man and woman of the household it should certainly be made a convenient and suitable room for both of them. For this it must have such furniture as is essential for the comfort of both—a desk, a table and a bureau for a woman's writing apparel, and a chest of drawers or chiffonier that will hold the belongings of a man. It should not be essentially a feminine room, nor yet the room of a man, but should have the pleasant atmosphere of both types. If the room is large, it is often used as an intimate open sitting-room. One room of this kind, which I like, opened on a sleeping porch through long French doors. It was large and square, with a fireplace

[Continued on page 49]



Letters and household accounts are quickly dispatched at a quiet desk



**WHAT MAKES YOU
FUSS WITH BAKING?**
Says the Uneeda Boy

Why don't you let the "Uneeda Bakers" do it for you? Millions of women do . . . The "Uneeda Bakers" make about everything you can think of in the way of biscuit, cookies and crackers . . .

I know you couldn't find anything better to eat in the whole world than the things they use in making their biscuit . . . sugar and flour and eggs—spices—and such like.

Anything that's good enough for them *has* to be far and away the best of its kind . . . I know . . . I'm the Uneeda Boy.

And I just wish you could see how *particular* they are with their baking . . . Everything's made just so. It's wonderful.

Takes a lot of time and fussing—but that's why everything from National Biscuit Company is just exactly right . . . And that's why you can be *sure* of what you're getting if it has the N. B. C. Uneeda Seal.

Look at these Uneeda Biscuit . . . try them spread with nice thick jam!



Uneeda Biscuit has been the world's best soda cracker for more than 30 years—because of its extra goodness and flavor, its extra crispness and delicacy. :: It's the perfect soda cracker—any time, anywhere.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY "Uneeda Bakers"

"Uneeda Bakers"

Two kinds of SUNBATHS



the OUTER

Sunshine and Bottled Sunshine

Your baby needs both to help him build sound teeth and strong straight bones

A well-shaped head, a fine full chest, well developed jaws and chin, straight legs . . .

Sound teeth that come in evenly spaced and uncrowded; that do not decay easily . . .

"Of course I want my baby to have all these things," you say. "But what has sunshine to do with them?"

Today science can explain what people have instinctively known for centuries; that sunshine is the greatest source of life and health in the world.

Today baby specialists are telling mothers that if their babies are to grow and thrive they must have a certain amount of sunshine every day, just as they have their milk and orange juice.

They are telling them that without a certain factor which is in sunshine, their babies cannot build strong straight bones and sound teeth. This important factor is Vitamin D.

To be effective, sunshine must fall

directly on the bare skin. This, of course, is not possible except for a relatively few days in the year.

Weather prevents. Clouds, fog, smoke and clothing shut out the rays that protect—the ultra-violet rays. Even ordinary window glass filters them out.

In fact, except for a few hours during the middle of the day on the clearest, brightest summer days so few of these precious short rays reach the earth that they give comparatively little protection.

But science has found an equivalent for the outer sun bath of direct sunshine. "Bottled Sunshine," it is called—good cod-liver oil!

Now in these shut-in winter months, baby specialists are emphasizing the need for the inner sun bath—for cod-liver oil. And because they know there is a great variation in the quality of cod-liver oils, many of these specialists tell mothers to use only Squibb's.



Clouds, smoke, fog and clothing shut out the protecting ultra-violet rays so many days in the year!



the INNER

They prefer Squibb's because they know it is so rich in Vitamin D, the factor babies need to build good bones and teeth. They know, too, that it is very rich in another health protecting vitamin, in Vitamin A, which promotes growth and increases resistance to many infections.

Give your baby all the outer sun baths possible; but do not forget to make up for the sunshine he is denied in winter months by giving Bottled Sunshine regularly—Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil.



Expectant and nursing mothers Many of the highest authorities are now giving good

Bottled Sunshine too
cod-liver oil an important place in the prenatal diet. They explain that it has a two-fold value. It not only helps to build sound teeth and bones for the coming child, but also helps to protect the mother's own teeth from the destructive forces which so often attack them during pregnancy.

So easy to take—especially appealing to grown-ups and older children in this new mint flavor! Developed by Squibb. Even very sensitive tastes find it easy to take! You can get both Squibb's Mint-flavored and Squibb's Plain Cod-Liver Oil from all druggists.

A booklet all mothers ought to read . . . It's FREE

SQUIBB'S COD-LIVER OIL

PLAIN OR MINT-FLAVORED

Produced, Tested and Guaranteed by E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York
Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858

E. R. SQUIBB & SONS
Dept. M, 60 Beekman St., New York City

Please send me a copy of your booklet—free, "Why every baby needs Bottled Sunshine."

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

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YOUR OWN BEDROOM

[Continued from page 46]



A large bedroom often serves as an upstairs sitting-room

in the wall opposite the French glass doors. The furniture was of mahogany and curved lines. Two beds of brown mahogany had low footboards and short posts, and higher curved headboards and posts. A high secretary of maple with paneled glass doors and plenty of drawer space below occupied one corner of the room near a window. A mahogany of mahogany stood between the two beds.

Near the fireplace was a low, wide-winged chair covered in glazed chintz—chints with big bunches of moss rose and green leaves on a cream ground. Opposite it was a long, soft couch, covered in deep red, almost an eggplant color, matching the deepest tones in the flowers of the chintz. Another low easy chair upholstered in chintz was drawn near a window.

TH E over-curtains were long and were made of the chintz bound with two-inch bands of robin's-egg blue plain chintz. The hung front stripes, however, were variegated chintz with two-inch bands of blue. The under-curtains were of fine, soft Brussels net in ivory, made with pleated four-inch ruffles, and they were looped back against the glass.

The walls and woodwork were painted in a light, gay robin's-egg blue, which, since it was a pale blue, formed a charming background for the flowery curtains and the dark tones of the mahogany furniture. There were some interesting accents of ivory in the room introduced by the ivy pottery lamps and by the cushions of ivory silk. The bedspreads were deep ivory linen checkered with big squares of a light color and interspersed with deep fringes of ivy linen thread.

Some interesting etchings and color prints were arranged in groups above the beds, and a long Colonial mirror in a softly-gleaming mahogany gold frame hung above the mantel.

Another room, when furnished with early American reproductions of maple, The walls were painted a sage green and the curtains were of ivy chintz with a red and green design. On the low-posted double bed was an ivy spread with a bolster edged by a strip of the curtain border. Beside it stood a small table and lamp. On one side of the window was placed a dressing table of simple lines with two lamps, one on each side of the long unframed mirror. At the other side of the window was the chiffonier for the man of the house. This also was furnished with side lamps. And near the

windows was a comfortable chintz-covered chair, with its floor lamp for reading. Throughout the entire room the greatest care had been taken to give the best light for both occupants during the day and in the evening.

If the owner's bedroom is to be used by an older couple, its decoration and furnishings should suggest comfort and relaxation rather than activity. The floor might be carpeted completely with one of those modern, yet distinctly old-fashioned, Brussels carpets; one with a soft gray ground and charming little knots of garden flowers in natural colors lightly scattered over it. The walls and the woodwork might be painted in a soft light French grey. The curtains might be fine point d'esprit net, or of organdy, ruffled and looped back; and over them there might be other curtains of warm, red silk which would hang straight and could be drawn at night across the windows. These should be finished at the top with a wide, pressed-brass cornice; a modern copy of the early Dutch cornices.

A mahogany four-part bed would be covered with a spread of gray linen.

A wide-topped mahogany bureau would have an oval gilt-framed mirror hung above it. There would be a slip-cover of deep rose sateen piped in gray to match the bedspreads. There would be a pair of low stools covered in flowered chintz. Near one of the windows would stand a sewing table, and beside it a rocking chair with a seat cushion of chintz. Some slender opaque glass bottles could be converted into lamps, and these would have shades of ivory silk. Near another window would be a striped sofa, holding some stems of blooming plants. A pleasant room is this for older people who frequently wish to escape from the noise and confusion of the household below.

REMEMBER that there is nothing quite so gloomy and depressing as a bedroom fitted with large pieces of furniture, sometimes heavily upholstered, and windows closed in with quantities of heavy curtains. The very first requirements of a bedroom are light and air, and though comfort and coziness are indeed desirable they need not be sacrificed to beauty. It is preferable to furnish a bedroom simply and to curtain it lightly. Fortunately in so doing, it is possible to achieve delightful effects.

Editor's Note: In future issues *The Daughter's Bedroom* and *The Son's Bedroom* will be discussed.

Big things are expected of Young Champ Clark

Growing up well and strong with this little care so many mothers give



Champ Clark is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Bennett Champ Clark of Clayton, Missouri. He is named for his father, grandfather and great-grandfather, all of whom were born within ten miles of the old homestead in Pine County.

IF you're six years old and you have a proud name that turns people mellow and starts them to remembering—undoubtedly you're a lucky little boy. But a lot is going to be expected of you, later on.

Champ Clark's dad was the youngest Colonel in the A.E.F. His grandfather was that fine old figure who spent twenty-five years in Congress and was speaker of the House in two administrations.

Young Champ is the merriest little boy that ever was. Cheerful gaps where first teeth have gone . . . roguish hazel eyes . . . unruly soft brown hair. Interested in everything—his dog, his little twin brothers, the excitements of First Grade. And most of all, "playing outdoors."

He may never make a political speech in his life. (Right now he favors being a "pi-rit.") But he's being brought up with very special care for whatever he may do. If a pirate, he's going to be a hearty, robust one. For his parents are determined that he shall have the very best start possible.

So, unobtrusively, they watch over him—see that his bedtime is regular, his playtime kept free. No conversation about the breakfast growing boys need. Growing boys' idea of zero in conversation! But all his life Champ has had the breakfast that authorities advise.

When Champ was a baby, his mother consulted a famous child specialist. She did as he said, and used the hot, cooked cereal long considered the children's own—Cream of Wheat. "Hot cereal for

breakfast is simply a routine thing with Champ," says Mrs. Clark. "And Cream of Wheat is as staple in our house as bread and butter."

Thousands of other mothers heed this same advice. Pediatricians the country over are giving it. In a recent check up in four great cities—New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and Toronto—all leading child specialists were unanimous in approving Cream of Wheat.

They know how rich it is in energy-giving substance—how easy to digest, since all the harsh part of the grain is removed. "Quicker digestibility than any other cereal in common use," says one noted writer on nutrition.

Give your youngsters this simple little daily care that means so much to their welfare. Start them off regularly with Cream of Wheat for breakfast.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota, in Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg, English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

FREE—this plan that makes children enthusiastic about their hot, cooked cereal breakfast. The "Hot Champ" Club—free, gold star, etc. A children's Hot Cereal Breakfast Club, with 754,000 participants! All material sent free. Send 10c stamp and name and address to Cream of Wheat (or desired) Jantzen coupon to:

CREAM OF WHEAT CORPORATION DEPT. G-37
MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

Child's Name _____

Sister _____

City _____ State _____

To get sample of Cream of Wheat, check here _____



At White Fish Lake, Minnesota, Champ sits forlornly with his eye on his hobby—water polo—but a sportswear in the making.

CREAM OF WHEAT

© 1930, C. of W. Corp.

MASTERING OUR MONEY PROBLEMS

[Continued from page 44]

expenditure reasonable for people of our means. But spending even five dollars more than we have, or *cheating our savings of that amount*, sees us ending the year in debt, if only to our own savings fund.

THIS next step is to go over the amounts allotted to the headings where a change can be made, cutting off only one dollar here or there, five dollars there and twenty in another place. Food calls for attention. Every fifty cents saved a week means twenty-six dollars a year, and that's a lot of money! Training deficit into a balance. Clothing generally gets hit, as most of us spend on that a little more for accessories than we really need in order to be decently and suitably clad. This is the point at which to bring the junior partners into the budget-making. They need not know what the financial situation is, but they can be given the chance to say whether they are willing to have pot roast instead of chicken on Sundays, in order that the food costs of the family shall not exceed what they can rightly afford.

You can help decide whether Mother's allowance for clothing should be done so that you can spend more than she does. They can say what they think about recreation expenditures. They can aid materially in adjusting the budget and at the same time learn the important lesson that if you over-spend in one thing and do not under-spend in another, you certainly cannot escape.

As you make your budget into its final form, remember that it can be readjusted as occasions arise. A budget is not an iron-clad form that you must follow as you first made it or be disgraced. *You are not made for the budget; the budget is made for you.* You are not bound by a budget, as so many seem to think. What limits you is your income. A budget frees you since within its limits you can spend with a good conscience. Unless you look on a budget as your friend and to some extent your servant, you will not get from it the valuable help which it has to offer you.

HOUSEHOLD accounts to be of value must do two things: They must show you at any moment whether you are carrying out the plan you have made, and they must give you the information you need in planning future steps.

On your budget the accounts must be kept under separate headings. For some of these you will need sub-headings, such as Clothing—Shoes; Care of House—Furnishings. Each budget maker must decide how many and what these sub-headings must be.

Of course there must be a separate account for clothing. Allowances should be paid in lump sums by the week or the month, and exactly how much this is planned to cover must be clear to the one who receives the money. For instance, are "personal expenses" to include hair cut and amusement? Are you to pay for food if you do not wish to use sub-headings? And if you do, you may wish to eliminate some item temporarily, but do not forget to total the amount spent to date on the main card or page.

To keep accounts under separate headings in this way are two practical methods—a card file (4 x 6 inches seems the best size) or a loose leaf notebook, arranged in alphabetical order.

As you spend money each day, you note it down in any convenient small

notebook (a loose leaf one is best, as then canceled pages can be torn out) or on a pad hanging in the kitchen. Immediate noting takes but a moment, and puts no strain on your memory. These notes with your checkbook make a record of your spending. Most people once a week should be often enough to transfer the daily records to the permanent one, and once a month is often enough for the checkbook. As you enter, cancel the entry or check the stub of checks, and then you are "up to date."

WHERE, you ask, is the daily balance on which so much stress is laid in business accounts? In business it is necessary, since money is being spent in order to make money, but in the household, where money is spent to make health and happiness, why estimate the balance? You are trying to find out what that missing balance is, aren't you? Adding up weekly expenditures and checking it against weekly cash on hand should be done until you have trained yourself to be careful in this matter. Then forget it, and at the end of the year either charge it all on the credit side of your ledger or divide it between Food and Care of Home, or in some other way make sure that it is included in your total expenditure.

Your card or page should have at the top, the year and the amount allowed for that heading. The month and day are entered at the left, and as each item is made, add it up, carrying the amount to the next column.

At the beginning of your file have two summary cards or pages, one for Income, and one for Assets. To make the total of the last item higher every year is one of your objects. If you lose any money—which which may happen to any of us—you should insert a Loss in the alphabetical order, the total to be added to the other expenditures for the current year.

After three months, add all your cards or sheets to date, write down two lists of Overspent and Underspent, add each, and see whether one balances the other. You are, of course, working on a budget, so use the overspending allowance as a basis. There may be some good reason for over or under-spending. Fire insurance is usually paid in one sum, life insurance often in one or two premiums, coal all at one time, and so on. If the two columns do not balance, look for the reason.

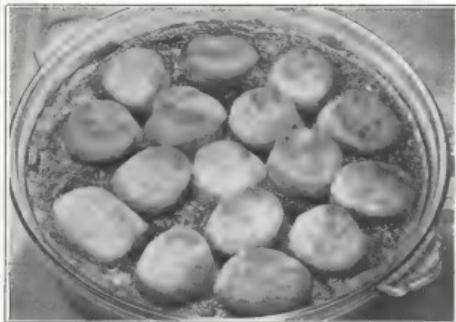
For budgeting purposes, add exactly at the end of the year—of course, Rent, Allowances and Insurance will, but probably few others. However, if the total of expenditure has not exceeded the budget and the savings column has been checked of no part of its share, you have proved yourself an efficient manager. The figures themselves will help you to readjust the amount for next year's allotments.

AYEARLY readjustment takes care of the changes in the cost of living and keeps your budget current.

Accounts kept in this way are interesting. A glance at a single card or sheet will give you the satisfaction of thinking, "The coat was a real bargain!" or the self-criticism: "We shouldn't have bought such expensive stationery." It will remind you pleasantly: "Next year we don't have to pay fire insurance." Half an hour a week, with an extra half hour at the end of the year, will save you time. Most people need to spend in addition to the negligible time of entering cash expenditures daily. Thus recording quickly becomes a habit.

It's time you knew about this new way to cook chicken

Ninety recipes as good as this are waiting for you in
the new Minute Tapioca Cook Book



GOLDEN-BROWN savories covered with the neatest little crown of crisp biscuits! No heavy white sauce to dilute the wonderful flavor of these juicy morsels of chicken cooked in their own broth.

That's Chicken Casserole par excellence! And that's the magic of Minute Tapioca!

Minute Tapioca used as a "precision ingredient" holds the other ingredients together. It insures exact, precise results—the just-right appearance, the just-right texture—without in any way affecting the flavor of the dish.

Chicken Casserole is only one of many ways in which Minute Tapioca can be used with great advantage as a "precision ingredient."

Ninety recipes, including a myriad of quick, easy-to-make desserts that appeal to the whole family, are given in the new Minute Tapioca Cook Book.

Just out now and FREE!
"A Cook's Tour with Minute Tapioca" is filled with remarkable "precision ingredient" recipes that take the doubt out of all sorts of difficult dishes.



Fluffy omelets and soufflés which never collapse while being served; non-crumbing meat loaves which remain moist and tender; berry pies with juices that never soak through and ruin the crusts. Then there are at least half a hundred gay, sparkling desserts—so irresistibly appealing to adults and as good for children... Since Minute Tapioca needs no soaking and only a few brief moments of cooking—this coupon and the book you exchange for it are all the more precious to you! *Send the card today!*

CASSEROLE OF CHICKEN
2 lbs. cooked chicken, cut in pieces
2½ cups Minute Tapioca, uncooked
1 cup milk
1 egg
1/2 cup butter
Dash of pepper
Dash of paprika
Combine all ingredients in a casserole. Turn into greased casserole and bake in hot oven (400°F.) 25 minutes, stirring mixture twice during baking. Serve with gravy.

Small baking powder biscuits may be placed on top of the casserole before it is baked 10 minutes... all measurements are level.

FILL IN COMPLETELY
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Pineapple Gingerbread Shortcake

Use a good gingerbread recipe, see page 28 and 21 in "Brer Rabbit Goodies". Bake in individual cakes 20 x 3 x 2 inches. Preheat oven to 350° F. Cool. Put together the following filling: In which has been folded ½ cup confectioners sugar and 1 cup crushed fresh pineapple. (Be sure to drain pineapple.)



Brown Cottage Pudding

Cream ½ cup butter. Add 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup milk, 1 cup sour cream, 1 egg and 1 teaspoon each ginger and cinnamon. Alternate with 1 cup sour cream and 1 cup milk. Pour into buttered tube pan and bake in moderate oven for 1 hour or until done. Serve her with light powdered sugar and a few dashes of Brer Rabbit's Pudding Sauce, lemon flavored. (In "Brer Rabbit Goodies") especially good!



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derful flavor that makes everyone want more! And just try spreading it over a ham before you bake it! Gold Label Beer Rabbit is the highest quality light molasses—Green Label Beer Rabbit a rich, full-flavored dark molasses.

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TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES

[Continued from page 8]

Cyclists Touring Club, and thirty-eight years ago "the Socialist" was forming a government as Prime Minister of England. In that interval he had become the Leader of the Labor party, a distinguished orator, a brilliant Member of Parliament, the most bitterly reviled man in England, and as forceful and dramatic a figure as any of us are likely to see in our time. From this world to the next. The dark little boy's name was James Ramsay MacDonald. You can read the fantastic story of his career in a large, solid, thoroughly documented volume by H. Hessell Tiltman, called *J. Ramsay MacDonald, Labor's Man of Destiny*.

Once upon a time in a small room in a great old Southern home was born—tubby, blue-eyed, Irish to the bone, the son of an umbrella-maker and a truck driver. The truck driver died when the boy was twelve; and for the next eight years he was exceedingly busy filling the somewhat varied roles of newsboy, truck chaser, hand-mower, market worker, and shipboard clerk. A few months before he was twenty-one he drifted into a political meeting one night at the Oriental Club in Grand Street; and suddenly the air about him was filled with the old, arresting music of the bell-tower of St. Paul's in Washington, thrice Mayor of London!

Turn again, Al Smith, four time Governor of New York, turn to your life's work and your life's joy, turn far, far away from the little dark house in South Street to the shadow of the great White House in Washington. *Up to Now* is the record of the hapless, good-natured, kindly, yet little poor boy, who had real fire engines for playthings, the bowstrings and the riggings of the water-pumped East River for a swimming pool, and the strange foreign animals that the sailors sold him for petts. Mr. Smith, who died in the big gilded hall at South Street, "all living in grace and harmony," one West Indian goat, four dogs, a parrot and a monkey—and who, a generation later, filled the grounds of the Executive Mansion at Albany with raccoons, bears, elk, deer, monkeys, rabbits, pheasants, foxes, owls, and a goat with the sublime name of "Heisterope."

THIS man's unflagging interest in men, monkeys, balls, balloons and babies is nothing short of miraculous. It is obvious that he has given him a good deal more than a modicum of work, fresh day after day, a dash introduced him to the fascinating mystery of the India rubber man, the dog-faced boy, the skeleton dude and the sword-swallowing—throwing in two acts of drama replete with thunder and dead Indians, for good measure—to the day when he was supplying his own theme and developing it in the form of a comment to the other, accompanied by a thousand bands pounding out the gay swing of "East Side, West Side," magically transformed into a folk song and a batte.

These two books are a liberal education in the theory and practice of government.

Turn the leaves again . . . Once upon a time, a hundred and fifty years ago in the gray city of Edinburgh, still another little boy was born, a little boy who was destined by his father, an honest but poor lawyer, to "wear the gown" of the law. And by fate he did wear the laurels of the world's best loved story teller. In *A Great Rich Man*, the story of Sir Walter Scott by Louise Schultz Boas, we do not meet

the large, handsome young giant until his coming lips have pronounced "Willie" Stuart's life in his ninetieth year. The daughter of Sir John Stuart was considered far too fine a match for this impoverished suitor, however, and he had to wait seven years more for his fairy princess, a charming refugee, daughter of a French royalist called Chastellux, who had five hundred pounds a year and a will of her own, and decided firmly and prophetically that her dear Scott would "rise very high, and be a great rich man."

HE MARRIED her when he was twenty-six, and ten years later he and Dryden were the most famous of the fame in the world between the seas, winning such fortunes as should rightfully come from gold mines rather than silm volumes of poetry. He was to lead his Charlotte from the thatched cottage with the romantic arbor, where he first took her, to a castle set in thousands of acres, where she was to reign as royalty as a king, and where a king was to sit at his board. He lived to see his writings earn him a hundred and thirty thousand dollars a year; he lived to test her unfaltering love and loyalty by going deep into poverty again; he lived to redeem colossal debts for which he had no responsibility; he lived more colorfully, and finally he died as he lived, a great and a rich man. The story is told lightly, pleasantly and movingly, in the form of a novel. No "success" biography of today, no "success" fairy tale of Jack the Giant Killer of yesterday, could be more heartening than this tale of a gentle, kind, and unbroken spirit.

Fair Warning!

Ultima Thule, by a woman who calls herself Henry Handel Richardson, is a noble, tragic and sorrowful tale, that will tell you that it ends with the fairy tale narrative of mortal biography. The lengthy narrative of the disintegration of a doctor in Australia can hardly be recommended as light reading, but it is the stuff of which literature of the first order is made.

The Body on the Floor, by Nancy Myrtle, is an excellent book if you don't mind a cheerful detective and a good deal of blood; and is ideal for those evenings when crime, and plenty of it, seems the only release from your own petty but maddening difficulties.

The Dartmouth Murders, by Clifford Orr, is by no means so tiresome. It is readerly and intelligent, however, and the merit of employing the refreshing new background of a college town.

Partners in Crime, by Agatha Christie, is amusing and exciting spoiling in a series of stories clustered about the central figures of two engaging young detectives, male and female.

The Raven Has Mystery, by Ellery Queen, makes going to the theater seem a far more perilous performance than it has ever been before. It should appeal to those who enjoy the literate intricacies of Mr. Philo Vance, and there is more than a suggestion of that gentleman in the book-hunting Mr. Queen.

The only qualification that you need in order to get an evening of unequalled enjoyment out of the highly ingenious and admirably sustained narrative of *The Poison Chocolate Case*, by Anthony Berkeley, is that of being a good critic, who can appreciate the art of Roland Malmayzus as with Sherlock Holmes. But even if you have never heard of either gentleman, this one will reward you for the time spent on it.

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Sun-Maid PUFFED are the only seeded raisins made which are *not* sticky, ready to use as soon as you open the box. Careful process for the seeds—Maid-seeding preserves the juice inside, retaining all the rich flavor of the Muscat grape.

Only the best grapes can make Sun-Maid raisins. They are graded severely for quality, processed and packed under the most hygienic conditions in the world, where kitchen cleanliness is the standard. Sun-Maid Raisin Growers Association, Fresno, California.

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Faulty diet, with resulting conditions of Acidosis, is often responsible for headaches, which with colds, low vitality, nervousness, indigestion and constipation are common danger signals of an Acidosis condition due to an unbalanced diet (too much acid-reaction foods), missed meals or wrong reducing methods practiced in the current craze for thinness.

Regular, well-balanced meals correct and prevent Acidosis. The average modern diet contains far too much of the good and necessary but acid-forming foods (fish, eggs, cereals, meats, breads, etc.) and not enough Oranges, Lemons, other fruits, vegetables and milk, leading alkaline-reaction foods.

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nish necessary balance to the diet and thus avoid the many complications following Acidosis. In addition, because of their vitamins (A, B and C,) mineral and other healthful properties, these fruits now receive wide endorsement by medical and nutrition authorities for this newer health use.

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WORDS AND MUSIC

[Continued from page 7]

Orchestra's string section—the opulent flood of tone, brilliant without color, and full of rhythmic variety, has not so often as orchestra I have ever heard can quite contrive to produce. The wood wind and heavy brass choir, likewise, came over well-nigh perfectly. Only in the horn section was there an occasional trace of glassy, "blasting" tone that makes French horns and sopranos the despair of radio engineers and the distress of radio listeners.

I WAS interested to prove to one self that a great conductor's work is just as great when he is invisible. The least experienced hearer must have been moved by the exquisite timbre and understanding that Stokowski exacts from his orchestra. The well-graduated dynamics, the tempo, so inevitable and unerringly right, the clean, beautiful attacks and entrances, the breadth and sonority of the climaxes, the magnificent vitality that put the breath of life into every bar of the music. What will the significance of this occasion to the world?—the quality of the performance, it was an afternoon not to be forgotten; and it would have taken a more hard-boiled listener than this one, not to have been thrilled by it.

The concert differed from the average symphony-broadcast also in that it was not a "sustaining feature"; sent out by one of the stations, but a regu-

lar, commercial "hour." The company sponsoring the series deserves credit, and it is also creditable the performance of a uniformly excellent program by a great orchestra; but likewise for handling the enterprise with appropriate dignity and restraint.

There was none of the ballyhoo and sales talk that usually spoils even good orchestral radio programs. The president of the company made a brief speech telling what the company and what it makes; and devoted the major portion of his remarks to the orchestra. I wish some of the other broadcasters who ram slogans and trade-marks and selling points and "quality" talk down our throats, might have heard him.

I was glad that the radio announcers in the world could have been made to listen to Mr. Stokowski's descriptive remarks concerning the music. His introduction of the finale of the G-minor symphony, for instance: "The fourth part of this symphony has music of two kinds: the first, an animated waltz; the second, a much slower, more like a dirge song. When one of the world's great conductors finds these words sufficient to describe part of one of the world's great symphonies, surely it might dawn upon even a radio announcer that dates and big words and patronage and gush are not essential for the enjoyment of music; that when music is truly great it may safely be allowed to speak more or less for itself.

PERFECT ENGLISH

[Continued from page 7]

spoken by some Englishman who has been in America long enough, not to acquire an American accent, but to be liberated from the stultifications and absurd elaborations of the ultra-English accent.

When such a person is nominated, it will probably turn out to be George Arliss.

Those who see Mr. Arliss in *Dinner at Eight* those who take my advice will see Mr. Arliss in *Dinner at Eight* treated to a rendition of practically perfect English. Mr. Arliss does not say "Hauwauhau" when he means "How do you do"; he doesn't pronounce such words as "flower" and "flyer" as though both were spelled "fah"; nor does he reverse the order of the matter into "Wheezahmash." His speech neither too sleepy nor too precise. It is free from accent of any kind and the inflection is low and musical.

In addition to the purity of his articulation, Mr. Arliss has qualities as a pantomimic which are supremely well suited to the screen. His performance in *Dinner at Eight* in the movies; is a productive of absorbing and genuinely legitimate drama. In fewer words, don't miss it.

Another picture that is deserving of attention is *Young Nobodies*, in which Richard Barthelmess and Frank Lloyd, the director, prove that such things as conflict, struggle, spectacular slaughter and all that sort of thing, though they punch are not absolutely necessary in the zestful cinema. *Young Nobodies*, as its title would indicate, is a story of nobodies who have no particular purpose and are going no place in particular. The mildly romantic relationship of Mr. Barthelmess and the heroine, also played by Marion Nixon, is not to be compared with the heated passages at arms between Greta Garbo and John Gilbert; but I confess I found it easier to believe and infinitely more pleasant to watch.

Young Nobodies may be described as a small picture—small but superlatively good. For those who like them, it is a picture too good to pass up.

One of the biggest is *Rita*, a glorification of a Ziegfeld operetta which makes up, by what it possesses in extravagant magnificence, for what it lacks in flesh and blood. Such heavy adjectives as "gorgeous" and "stupendous" may safely be applied to it, and also to Bellmore, who looks and sings in the title rôle. Aside from which, *Rita Rita* actually contains some good comedy, contributed by Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler.

SUNNY SIDE UP is another big one. Its stars are Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, both of whom are charming visually but wholly unimpressive. Miss Gaynor appears as a sprightly Cinderella, who is conducted, by Mr. Farrell, into the midst of the social lorettes and, of course, makes them all look very foolish indeed. Every few feet through the story one or the other of these characters bursts into song, and their words and music are catchy in the extreme.

Why Bring That Up? brings the Two Black Crows, Moran and Mack, to the screen, with many of their best jokes. *Flight* is a formidable thriller of the air, which takes the dizzy audience along with it as dives, loops and turns. *His Girl Friday* is the first Gilbert's first talking picture; it can be forgiven and forgotten. *Three Live Ghosts* is a reasonably funny farce about three missing soldiers who suddenly and inconveniently turn up. *Paris Bound* is a thin tragic-comedy on thin ice, with some convincing acting by the lovely Norma Shearer.

The Harold Lloyd comedy, *Welcome Désirer*, and the Pickford-Fairbanks-Shakespeare comedy, *The Taming of the Shrew*, will be topics for discussion in this column next month.

KEEP IT IN THE AIR

[Continued from page 8]

Still, the necessity of unreality cannot be stressed too far. Otherwise one must remain a cushion to actuality. Indeed one of the most amusing bits in the play is that of a policeman played by Edward J. MacNamara. To this Patrolman Mulligan there falls the best line of the evening. The young woman asks him if he was surprised to see an officer in uniform reaching for an illegal beverage. "I thought," she says, "that policemen never drank while on duty." To which Mulligan replies, "It just seems like never."

And if Mr. MacNamara manages to be a most convincing cop, it may be seen that the real妙 of the comedy lies in the fact that once upon a time he was a member of the police force of Paterson, N. J.

There should be special mention of Miss Muriel Kirkland in *Strictly Dishonorable*; for it is her difficult task to maintain a heavy Southern accent for three hours after the opening performance of the comedy she is supposed to come from Mississippi; and she has never been there.

Her accent is wholly an artifice, yet never does she slip nor do the tones of her simulated speech fall any way short of the mark. She is the joy of the audience. Tullie Carminali, the tenor and the hero, is as you may quite possibly guess, an authentic Italian; but even he brushes up and broadens out his accent for purposes of entertainment. After all, the real purpose of a light comedy is not to make us forget the story, but to deplore, "I believe it really happened." It is much better if he says, "I wish it had."

The funniest, newest comedy is *Jane Moon* by Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman. In its high spot

it is more hilarious than *Strictly Dishonorable*, but not quite as smoothly built and executed. Mr. Lardner and Mr. Kaufman are both masters of a devastating satire. Each is eloquently aware of the gap between man's pretensions and his true estate. This play is built around a song writer and the bushy-tailed song writer is sufficiently permitted to sing and hear some of the "mother" songs round out before their very eyes and ears. The spectacle of a hard-boiled composer sitting down to distill dollars out of the nation's potential tears is a legitimate and a vastly rich field for satirists. The wit of the play is superbly effective. The witty and the wise lines pop like corn over a hot fire. Nor is the humor merely that of the wisecrack. Most of the fun is rooted into character.

BUT late in the evening one author must have said to another, "We ought to have some heart interest." Or maybe the producer said that. And then for a very brief interval the play does touch the ground. Indeed it lies there. The pathos of Kaufman and Lardner is just as synthetic as that of the song writer whom they have borrowed. But gentlemen have made a sacrifice to that great god called What The Public Is Supposed to Want. It is a burst offering tendered by two gentlemen who seem to forget that it is not meet for worshippers to come with tongue in cheek.

The best written part and the best performance is that of Miss Jean Dixon who plays the rôle of the composer's wife. She is responsible for what seems to me the finest acting moment of the entire season.

TURNING LIFE UPSIDE DOWN

[Continued from page 8]

and the effort of man to find a more satisfying spiritual faith.

In the sermon here under review Dean Sperry deals with an amazing twist in the religious life of man which evolution is inverted into devolution, and life is interpreted downward. In the last century life was traced from its lower forms up to man, the splendid crown of an age-long development.

"Would you know what human nature and character are?" asks the man of science. "Go back to the origins of man, to animal behavior. Would you know what states and churches mean? Read the truth of them in the folkways of aborigines, the movements of the herd, the laws of the hunting pack. Read biology and anthropology, and see how man has come into his terms. The further you go into this world of human beginnings the more savage the scene becomes. Religious creeds, codes of morality, all the stuff of faith and conduct disappear in brutishness, in which all the higher values are blurred and lost."

WHAT has religion to say about this?" asks Dean Sperry. "It has four things to say. First, it does not deny the right of science to discover, if it can, what man came from. Any religion that does that would go far toward being with any man who is trying to find the truth. Only a timid and cowardly faith would discourage the search for truth. Second, the facts of science may all be true, but they do not tell all the truth. Religion accepts the facts but it reads their meaning upward. The deeper the pit into which man was digging, the more wonderful is the story of his climb from

the wild cannibal to the life of Christ. The further back we go the deeper the mystery of why man ascended at all.

"If man has such a lowly origin, how can he possibly have such divine power uplifted him from above?" Dean Sperry argues. "The facts prove it. Religion calls that upward urge and pull God, who made man out of dirt, but breathed into him a divine fire, a spark which has led and lifted him up the long road from savagery to civilization, power, and culture." Dean Sperry adds, "Religion says that although life has a backward look it has also a forward look; and when we are trying to find out the truth about man the forward look is more revealing. The facts of science are our heroes. Let us tell to the world about them his mighty origins. Without denying anything that truth-seekers find about the lowly beginnings of human life, it's already redemonstrated facts and achievements are beyond those origins, and light up the depth from which the race has come. The facts of science must be told, and only religion can tell it."

Thus a great teacher-preacher bids us lift our eyes to the hills whence cometh a larger outlook and a clearer vision. Calmly, searchingly he reexamines a one-sided, downward-looking picture of man's origin and the meaning of life for the whole, misses the true measure and meaning of our human struggle for the good and the true amid eliminations and agonies, by the grace of God and the glory of man's unconquerable mind. He insists that if men suffer from cynicism, pessimism and fatalism it is because they have turned life upside down and do not see it straight.

There's luck in that teaspoon, lady!



But no! It isn't luck—it's science..

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Calumet's first action takes place in the mixing bowl. It starts the leavening. Then, in the oven, a second action begins. A steady, even rising swells through the batter—literally props it up while the oven heat does its work. There's the secret of the airy lightness, the delicate texture, of Calumet cakes and quickbreads.

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MAKE THIS TEST

Naturally, when baking, you can't see how Calumet's Double-Action works inside the dough or batter to make it rise. But, by making this simple demonstration with only basic ingredients, you can see it for yourself. In a glass, you can see clearly how baking powder acts to make your baking better. Take a small amount of Calumet into a glass, add two teaspoons of water, stir rapidly five times and remove the spoon. The powder will immediately begin to foam, half filling the glass. This is Calumet's first action—the action that takes place in the mixing bowl when you add flour to your ingredients. After the foam has almost entirely disappeared, stand the glass in a pan of hot water on the stove. In a moment a second rising will start and the foam will again rise to nearly reach the top of the glass. This is Calumet's second action—the action that takes place in the heat of your oven. That's how Calumet's Double-Action baking powder makes your baking from failures.

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"Oh, you've been in vaudeville?" She nodded. "My father and mother had an act. I was with them, and then with my father after Mother died. But he died too."

She stood motionless. Was she going to cry again? Although she said goodnight and went out the stage door.

Crossing the street, the next morning, Kin caught a glimpse of the blue hat through the McDermott window. It might have been better to arrange some other meeting place. He was conscious of a fear that the girl might open up with her personal story. Flap on him.

BUT when she met him she showed no signs of feeling. He was offhand and friendly about the reviews. She had a mention in each.

"What did I tell you?" said she, cheerfully. "You're good. And they know it. You've landed, with a bang."

They walked around the corner toward the stage door. The street was quiet. A solitary man stood on the curb near the alley. His face, when Kin caught a square look at it, was wizened, with deep crevices about the mouth.

Kin turned to remark casually—"There's a six-day trouper if I ever hope to see one." Only to find that the girl had stopped short, a little way back. Puzzled, he was considering retracing his own steps when the stranger brushed past him.

"Thought you could get away with that stuff, didn't you? Leave me flat, would you? After all I've . . ."

The man had caught the girl's arm. She broke away, but the man leaped after; caught her.

"What's all this about?" Kin asked angrily.

"It's nothing to you, my boy," said he of the seamed face. Then to the girl—"You're coming with me now."

"Wait a minute, my friend," said Kin. "Let go her arm."

The man thrust out his jaw. "Look here, d'you know who I am?"

"I know enough. You're the wrong kind. And if I ever see you bothering that girl again . . ."

The man burst out, excitedly—"Yes, what'll you do? What'll you do?"

Already a few people had gathered. Kin couldn't see Mabel. She must have slipped away. He gave the fellow a shove. "Just keep away from that girl."

The man made a pass at him. A fight, apparently, it was to be. Kin stepped in; drove a blow against the scarred cheek; took one or two, and shook them off and stepped in again. He finished the man off with a few hard right-hand punches. A final solid blow landed him on his back in the gutter.

"Any time you want another beating," said Kin, crisply, "just stick around."

He walked back to his rooms and changed his suit; then returned to the theater.

Harrison was in the front office, dictating a letter. Joe Murtagh, the company manager, sat at his desk looking over the papers. Kin said, "Gone to the office and set to work passing up the reviews in the scrap book."

The telephone rang. It's Pete Henderson," said Joe. Henderson was the play reviewer for one of the big dailies. "He's crazy about little Owen. Thinks she's the find of the season. Wants an interview with her."

Harrison said, "Better talk to him, Kin," and went off to the rehearsal.

"Well, he deserves a little free publicity," remarked Kin, as he hung up. "He's coming around at twelve. I'll bring Miss Owen in here."

Frank Mason, the stage manager, looked in at the door. "Seen Mabel Owen? . . . Byrne's given her the ingénue lead for next week. She ought to be rehearsaling."

"I'll look around for her," offered Kin, quietly. But he couldn't find her.

At twelve he met Henderson. "Can't find her," he explained. "It's funny. She's simply vanished."

"Well . . ." the critic sauntered toward the door . . . "I'll be in my office until five-thirty. If she turns up, tra her around."

IT WAS still all of two o'clock when Kin thought of clinching a little dressing room. He knew where they tried the door. It was locked. "It's Kin Leonard," he said. Then she opened the door. Kin rather thought she'd been crying. He entered, and closed the door; and for a moment stood awkwardly before her.

"Got great news for you," said Kin.

"Has . . . he gone?"

"Of course. I sent him on his way. And one of the best critics wants an interview. How's that?"

She sank on a chair. After a moment she spoke, huskily. "He'll be back."

"No fear."

She shivered. "You don't know him."

CURTAIN'S UP!

[Continued from page 24]

"Don't want to. Who is he?"

"Billy Beck."

"But he can't do anything to disturb you, Mabel. How could he?"

"He's my husband."

A long silence fell. She dropped her head on her arm and cried softly. Out of his compass there was one rose . . . "The kid. He's a good worker. And she's got to play tonight. Got to see her through somehow."

By three o'clock he had his sufficiently nerveed up to enter into the rehearsal downstairs. And shortly after five he took her over to the critic's office in a taxi.

"I don't seem able to realize what's happening," she said. "It's all coming so fast."

The interview was over. They were back in the cab.

"Well," said he, rather shortly, "that's done, and it's all to the good. Pete's wild about you."

ANSWER

By Margaret E. Sanger

Where are the roses, touched with youth's own wonder,
That seemed so red beneath the summer sky?

*Their souls are dreaming deathless beauty, under
The dancing leaves that autumn winds brush by.*

Where are the birds of springtime that we greeted
With joyous hearts not many months ago?

*They wait, but bold, but wholly undefeated,
Beneath the quiet of the drifting snow.*

"Oh, do you think so?" she seemed girlishly happy over it.

"Listen!" he said. "You said that Beck fellow's your husband. You don't want to go back to him?"

Her lids drooped. Again that sensitive shiver. "Oh, no."

"Why on earth did you marry him, then?"

SHE wanted to cry out—"Oh, what does it matter?"

But instead, obediently, she answered him. "My father was dying. His money was gone. We were in Kansas City. Billy was there, too. He and Dad had known each other a long time. He helped with money. We couldn't pay him back. But Billy wanted our act. And he wanted me along with it in the act. Dad asked him, 'Is there any way you can get us married?' I guess he couldn't think of any other way I'd be taken care of. Billy said he would, and he went out and got a minister and we were married right there by Dad's bed. And then he died. That evening. And when I began to realize . . . oh, I guess I was just about crazy . . . Well, I ran away." She was getting it out, bitterness, heartache and all.

"Then you away? When?"

"Last night. I had enough money to get to Chicago. I got a job there in a one-armed lunch room. One day I heard some theater people telling about Mr. Henderson's company, down here. I'd saved up a little money, so I . . . just came. And now Billy's found me. I can't think how."

As the taxi swung toward the stage door, she clutched his arm. "Please, Mr. Beck, send me this figure with a cane and turned-down pants and hat."

Kin patted her hand. "It's all right, kid," he said firmly. "He can't kidnap you. And you don't have to go with him if you don't want to."

He hurried her in at the stage door; and himself went through the building to the front office. Joe Murtagh was at his desk. Briefly he told the girl's pitiful little story.

"Kin," said Joe. "Byrne won't like it. He's making plans for her."

"Get your hat," said Kin. "The bird's waiting outside. We'll see what we can do with him."

They found him standing under the light, an unhappy figure with one very black eye and a swollen ear.

"Thought I gave you a fairly emphatic warning to stay away from her," Kin remarked.

"Billy," he said respectfully, "you know honest." he bowed. "I've been thinking . . . you look like a kindly-minded man. You give me a raw deal, beating me up like that. Now honest, didn't you?"

Joe's quick eyes took in the situation. Kin hadn't mentioned any fight but the picture was clear now.

"You see, friend . . ." Billy Beck was obsequious . . . "that kid ain't done the right thing by me. Honest, she ain't. They owe me a lot of money, her and her husband. He's gonna be dead. And he left me to take care of the kid. he do. But you see, the act's no good to me without the kid. I ask you, honest now, man to man, how'm I to . . ."

Kin stood looking him over. And thinking swiftly. Suddenly he broke in—"Is that all?"

"Say, what are you tryin' to . . ."

"All I can say is, there's a big hole in it. You come along with us."

"Wait a minute . . ." this was a whine. "What are you tryin' to do? I told you the whole truth. Am I . . ."

"Come with us. You needn't be afraid."

A FRAUD? Billy Beck afraid? I'll admit you licked me, but didn't I come back? Didn't I?"

Kin led the way to the stage door. Joe motioned to Billy. Billy followed, glancing fearfully from one to the other. He obeyed.

Back stage there was quiet. Frank Mason appeared from the dressing-room corridor.

"Frank," said Kin quietly. "Miss Owen down yet?"

"No, she's not in the first act of this show, you know."

"Would you mind sending someone up? See if she can't come right down."

They waited. Slowly Mabel came down the iron stairs, holding a blue kimono about her. At the foot of the stairs she faltered; a shadow crossed her lovely face.

"It's all right," said Kin, reassuringly. "Come right up, Mabel. We're going to settle everything."

He turned abruptly on Billy Beck who staggered a bit even as he stood.

"There's one little matter you seem to have overlooked, my friend. You seem to have forgotten that even in Kansas City they're in the habit of keeping records of all marriages—big ones and little ones, too."

The look in Beck's face. They watched him; the men mainly, the girl very still, her eyes wide pools in her white face.

Then Beck's whining eagerness returned. "Oh, that? Say, honest friend can't you understand that poor old Tommy was dying?"

"You didn't have time to get a license or a real minister, eh?"

"That's just how it was! You see . . . me there taking the two of 'em . . . anxious just to . . ."

"Then why didn't you tell Miss Owen it was a fake marriage?"

"Say, that ain't fair! I ain't seen the kid from that night till today! I tell you I'm going to marry her just as soon as—"

"No, you're not!" Kin wasn't aware that he was speaking logically; and he hardly knew that he had her in his hands.

"Then I'd like to know . . ."

"All you need to know, Beck, is that I'm going to marry her myself."

Kin was aware, in the pause that followed, that her hand pulled oddly in his. She had slipped to the floor in a faint, a pathetic little heap of softly draped blue silk.

"Lift up her feet a little," said Joe briskly. "Keep her head low."

The blue eyelids fluttered open. "I'm sorry," she murmured. "I sort of . . . I'll be all right . . . tell Mr. Mason I'll be able to go on all right. Tell him he need not worry."

"Sure," said the hardheaded Joe. "You'll snap into it."

"Where's Billy?" she asked, with fright in her eyes.

THEY looked about. "Hm!" said Joe. "He's gone. Nice work, Kin."

"Curtain's up!" cautioned Mason. Kin picked up the girl just as he'd always longed to do. And, suddenly, over his excitement, it flashed through his mind how sweet she was, so soft and small and cuddly—like a baby.

"Take her into Byrne's office," suggested Joe. "There's a sofa."

Kin merely shook his head. At the moment he couldn't have spoken. Emotion had caught him. He started up the three flights of stairs. Her arms clung about his neck. Her forehead pressed against his cheek. On his shoulder she beat him and said that she was speaking weakly. He stopped. The words were. "But you don't want to marry me. You want your life all for yourself."

"How in the devil could you expect me to know what I wanted?" he said, as if he were angry. Then, as fiercely, he kissed her and her lips clung to his.

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assured. But within a few months her husband was smitten with a physical and mental ailment that made him an invalid. Years of doctors' and nurses' bills stretched ahead. "And I did not know what to do to get the money," she stated simply.

"I agonized over the horror of dependence until I grew ill and was sent to the Mississippi Gulf Coast, to recuperate. Destiny—and I believe in Kismet as implicitly as any Mohammedan—led me into the house next door to Mrs. E. J. Nichols, the great woman who owned and edited the New Orleans 'Picayune.' I showed her a little story I had written and she bought it for \$3.00. My fate was sealed, for I promptly 'wished myself' on the 'Picayune' and my newspaper career began, at \$5.00 a week."

Between this modest figure and the approximately \$100,000 fortune which Dorothy Dix now commands can be traced the heartbreaking struggle of a courageous woman, forced to put from her all thoughts of home and children and happiness in marriage, she concentrated on the grim task of earning a living and supporting others.

Part of her work on the "Picayune" consisted in writing a weekly article for women:

"It came to me that everything in the world had been written about women and for women except the truth," she explained. "And so I began writing the truth as I have seen it about the relationship of men and women. I called them 'Talks,' and Dorothy Dix Talks, and women liked them."

Meantime, the young journalist was disciplining herself in her own hard school. She studied word books, the dictionary and books of synonyms. She memorized editorials. She followed and dissected the work of every great writer since Webster. And, finally, she wrote and rewrite her own material, contriving with infinite labor to develop the force and fire for which her writing is famous.

"I have written the same piece over fifty times to get more punch into it," she admitted. "And I still do. As a result of this intensive self-training I was able, in one supreme test, to write 90,000 words in 17 days on 52 different subjects."

SUCH distinctive work could not go long unrecognized and four years later Dorothy Dix was "discovered" by the sharp-eyed Mr. Hearst. In 1901 she joined the staff of the New York "Journal" and became one of the new craft—a woman reporter.

"Girls by the hundred ask how to get into the writing game," continued Dorothy Dix remissively; "and to answer them I have a set of counter questions. 'Have you the constitution of an ox?' Can you go without sleep? Can you eat without stopping? Can you eat anywhere at any time, under any conditions? Can you stay on a story through rain and shine and darkness and cold until you have collected every scrap of information? Can you work 18 hours a day?"

"I did all of these things for many years."

Gradually Dorothy Dix became known as the country's foremost "sob sister"; and for twenty years she covered every sensational story, vice investigation and crusade of that period.

Meantime, in addition to her regular work, she kept up the Dorothy Dix Talks, which have had an enormous record of 34 years without missing an issue. All of this has given her infinite understanding of human nature.

Desiring to devote herself entirely to these Talks which, she says modestly, "I hoped I could help make fit to my day and generation," Dorothy

IN MINIATURE

[Continued from page 4]

Dix retired several years ago to New Orleans. There she writes her daily column which is syndicated from New York to South Africa and from London to Shanghai. There, too, she makes a home for her 93-years young father, in a charming old house filled with odd things picked up all over the world.

FOR Dorothy Dix's home reflects the pulse of its mistress, the urge to see things first hand, to know every race and creed and country. And so there are rugs from Turkey, brasses from Damascus, embroideries from China and inlaid furniture from the East. Each has been brought back from one of many trips, along with a wealth of impressions and observations and a keen interest in "the next jaunt."



And, miraculously, each year her vitality matches her enthusiasm. Two years ago she viewed a large section of Northern Africa from a camel's back. Last year she traveled to Canada back to far as Tschern, in Friesland, especially to study the women of the Near East, many of whom still live in the secluded hareem life. This year her goal was Alaska—not the tourist land seen from a comfortable deck chair, but the real Klondyke as viewed from a dog sled fifty miles above Dawson.

Even now Dorothy Dix is at the door of this New Orleans home with 1000 pieces of mail addressed to Dorothy Dix.

"These letters," she confessed, "are the most amazing human documents ever written, and as they flow across my desk in an endless stream, I am given such a glimpse of the human heart as no other person in the world has ever been privileged to see."

"It is a cross-section of life, raw and bleeding, with nothing covered up. Some of the letters are written by souls in torment. I can imagine men and women getting up from beds on which they have tossed sleeplessly to try to ease their overburdened hearts."

"What do they write about, these clerks and business men, governors and seamstresses, judges and teachers, stenographers and farmers? Most of their letters are heartbreakingly pathetic. Some so honest and simple, the picture of almost impossible living conditions that you feel the warriors should be decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor."

"Many, too, are amusing. Not long ago one writer said, 'I usually take my problems to God, but now, Miss Dix, I want the advice of someone real personal!'"

"Generally the letters follow a distinct trend. When I first began keeping my finger on the pulse of humanity about the beginning of the century, it was much quieter and generally speaking, steadier. In those days girls always wanted to know how to get a

beau; wives, what to do with unfaithful, stingy or drunken husbands. Bachelors wondered whether their mistresses would be faithful if they married them; husbands had only simple troubles such as nagging or extravagant wives.

"Nowadays, the trends are just as distinct, only much more serious and violent. Girls still want to know how to have dates, but they aren't so keen about getting married. Young girls think nothing of writing that they get drunk and go on wild parties, not because they care for it, but because that's the only way they can get attentions from men."

SOME letters are naive in their explanations of extenuating circumstances, such as the one from a young girl who wrote: "I'm not a virgin. Miss Dix, you're old-fashioned in your ideas, but then they didn't know about sex when you were young, did they?"

"To which I felt bound to respond that Adam and Eve had known all there was to be known about the subject, and that no one had even invented a new temptation since the Garden of Eden."

"Wives today run true to the 1900 form than any other class of correspondents. They are still bothered by drunken and faithless husbands; and just as often, perhaps oftener, they have fallen in love with another man, for whom they are ready to break up their homes. Curiously enough, their vanity leads them to believe that their fascinations are so great that the 'Other Man' will be willing to take them with five or six children!"

"One hundred husbands write to me today where one used to write ten or twenty years ago. And the reason for this is that this is a remarkable era—handsomely good-looking in America. The modern human is no longer satisfied with a wife who is merely faithful and virtuous and a fair cook. He wants a wife who will be entertaining, who will keep up with him mentally and especially one who sympathizes with him and is affectionate to him."

"Dixie," Dorothy Dix added, "I recently received a letter from a man who had touched to receive letters from people wanting to help me at my job, to give me the benefit of their experience. Often a priest will write, 'You, too, are at a confessional window. I have found from many years—etc.' This throwing light on various human failings out of the depths of his medical wisdom. On the other hand, I received a recent article that you refer to as a case which is pathological. Now in my practice I find—etc.' One woman lawyer recently sent me an entire brief dealing with the status of the common-law wife in the United States."

"It's gotten so," Dorothy Dix laughingly concluded, "that I don't read any more novels now."

There all seem tame after the real live letters I read every day. Many of them have plot, mystery, romance, intrigue—everything needed for a novel of human emotion."

"Many of the problems are so intricate and so Almighty would not solve them; but to all I give understanding and the best advice I have in the shop. If my stuff has been popular, it's because I've been human, like the woman in Barrie's play *The Twelve Pound Look*—'Poor soul,' said they to her, 'Poor soul,' said she to them."

Striggle, sacrifice, heart's blood have gone into that title, "Highest Paid Newspaper Woman In The World."

But Dorothy Dix finds her real reward in that other title which so fittingly crowns her career and comes from the hearts of the people—"Best Loved Woman In The World."

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your family
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Jim Hill Fresh Apple Tart
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THERE are apple recipes and apple recipes. But it is the hardest thing in the world to find a really exceptional one. This year, in obtaining the services of Esther Bierman, nutrition expert, and having her develop six unusual and very delicious apple dishes, the Jim Hill Growers believe they are at last ready to offer recipes to compare with the unsurpassed quality of Jim Hill Apples.

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Fagged out? Japan Tea is the new safeguard against needless fatigue

Scientists have now discovered in flavorful cups of Japan Tea a precious health-giving element

Always dog-tired—completely "played out" before noontime?

Then here's good news for you! An easy plan that is helping thousands.

Scientists have traced much of this needless fatigue, as well as a number of other common ailments, to a very simple cause. *Our three meals a day frequently do not give us enough of a certain precious food element—Vitamin C.*

It is this health-giving Vitamin C that has now been discovered in popular Japan green tea.

"Important to us," writes one scientist "are the results of a diet poor in Vitamin C. The symptoms are a sallow, muddy complexion, loss of energy, fleeting pains usually mistaken



for rheumatism. It now appears that this condition is rather common among grown people."

A simple precaution

Thousands of men and women, formerly victims of unprofitable, low energy days, nervousness, sleeplessness and poor appetite, are today taking this simple precaution. They are drinking flavorful, health-building cups of Japan tea regularly.

Of course Japan tea is no "cure all." But it is known to contain an abundance of Vitamin C—positive safeguard against needless fatigue and these other common ailments.

Try it for a few weeks

Only a very few foods, aside from Japan tea and some fruits and vegetables, contain Vitamin C. The ordinary Japanese tea that you purchase in the grocery store is rich in it.

Try this simple plan that is helping others. Drink several cups of Japan green tea regularly, at lunch, at supper, in the afternoon.



In simple Japan Tea, scientists have discovered an abundance of health-giving Vitamin C.



See if at the end of two or three weeks you haven't perked up considerably. You'll probably look and feel more healthy, more vital.

Whenever you drink tea, be sure it is Japan green tea.

For years one of the two most popular kinds of tea in the country, Japan green tea comes in several grades—under various brand names or in bulk. Your grocer has it or can get it for you.

FREE valuable leaflet giving full facts on health value of Japan green tea with a colored sample of tea. Mail coupon to American-Japanese Tea Committee, 747 Wrigley Building, Chicago.

Name:

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THE AIR IS HOSTESS

[Continued from page 21]

central window. The control man had been bemoaning approval from the first, but he beamed more now. It had gone over well. From an outer control room, where three men sat receiving messages from stations all over the country, came more comforting news. All the reports were good.

WE TOOK our turn in the congenital window. The control man had never dreamed of the goodwill that made the studio such a happy place. It sounds rather melancholy to perform to an instrument with your audience miles away. But the atmosphere in the studio, in the studio, was an audience at hand, sensitive to every move—tense, spirited, beaming soundless approval as the act went on.

It is not at all difficult to visit a broadcasting performance. Any radio listener can get admission by writing for permission. As long as one keeps quiet and reasonably out of the way, there is a welcome.

The most important factor dominating radio performance is time. Radio is run much as any newspaper or magazine is run, with the stations which play dance music selections are the most popular of all entertainments. Paul Whiteman's, Ben Bernie's, Vincent Lopez' orchestras are high in favor. So far, the violin is the most popular solo instrument. These two instruments are more popular than singing. In the singing field male voices are far more popular than female and baritones lead the list.

"It is true," he says, "that baritones are generally the most popular. But the most popular stars today in male voices are tenors. When a singer gets a following, it doesn't seem that the general rule applies. Rudy Vallee, Wendell Hall, James Melton, Franklin Baur, Morton Downey, Redfern Hollingshead have built a personal following that eclipses for the moment that of any baritone.

Singers are far less popular than men, and contralto voices in general are more popular than sopranos. Yet the present time Olive Palmer, a coloratura soprano, and Jessica Dragonetti, a soprano, are far more popular than many of the contraltos.

We know these things definitely through letters and the demands for personal appearances.

"Singing is far more popular than talking, but the most popular talking person is a radio announcer. Our announcers are almost miniature idols."

In times past, everyone wanted to be on the stage; now everyone wants to be in the movies or on the air.

It is no small job to announce a program. The man must have a good voice, be able to speak well, three languages, understand something of history, science, literature, and have a fine appearance. You do not see him of course. But the artists who perform do, and he is for the time their manager. His pay envelope, like that of the artist, does not look like a fortune. A good announcer gets from \$25.00 for a single turn to \$300.00 per hour.

It was not until 1929 that the oft repeated slogan of radio enthusiasts that the whole world had been at last knit together by radio, became an actual fact. Of the less than two billion souls on earth, one billion are now living within constant receiving distance of broadcasting stations. There is a radio on earth now, not just a few sets. For the first time we take our enjoyment together. Just what results may be expected from mutually shared happiness we may leave to the prophets. With world-wide radio there are no barriers between races or nations. And our first universal language is on the air nightly—music.

IN TWELVE HOURS

[Continued from page 20]

His progress was slow; chill shook him from head to foot. In a few minutes all would be over—sick, love, hope. He stood rubbing his hands together to get them warm enough to turn the knob. This door was never locked; he stepped in and felt about with his hands. His old dressing gown hung within reach; here was the bench upon which Frances sat waiting. He opened the cupboard door; here were the rough towels in a pile. He peeled his wet clothes from his wet body; his watch, his papers, his money—he had not thought of them—all were soaking. He rubbed his body and felt a faint glow. He was partially recovered from his illness and he was young and strong.

HE PUT on his dressing gown and slippers and opened the door into the kitchen. This, too, was unlocked; he had it in mind to scold Frances; she was too reckless, too indifferent to danger. He put both hands against the door—had he been wandering in a dream? And was he now cured, sane and at home? He saw an object which recalled him to himself. Inside the house, the moon, diffusing a soft light; from the large, old-fashioned stove issued a glow. In the light lay Frances' red cape dry.

Desirous of food which he must satisfy, he opened the breadbox and took out the end of a loaf and sat down in a rocking-chair by the window. When he had finished eating, he said call Frances. She was not there. He would say, "I know I have everything. Let us not speak to one another only about my clothes, and let me go." He had been so happy, so madly, insanely happy in spite of poverty, of anxiety. He saw Frances' eyes, her beautiful mouth; he felt her hand on his, her arm under his head, her cheek.

A faint sound above a sound which lifted him instantly to his feet. It had not yet occurred to him that Frances might not be alone. Grandmont would have gone back on the train; there was nothing else for him to do. He heard footsteps and the voice of Frances laughing.

"All right, I'll look it," said Frances.

The doors into the front of the house were open; he saw a light, the glow of a candle widening on the wall. He felt a quivering, a stinging in his hands. He would not say gently, "I know"; he would shout, "Who is in the house with you, Frances?"

The candle flame, the candle-light spread on the wall, he could see a moving, distorted shadow. Frances took the last step and walked through the hall into the kitchen. She wore a loose blue gown, with blue slippers on her bare feet. She was a brave woman, come under unusual circumstances. She did not drop her candle; she lifted it, illumination. Haven's tall figure. Above her head were footsteps. She lifted the candle still higher; her eyes widened, but she did not shrink.

"Why, Schuyler!" she cried.

In the mixture of pale lights they stood looking at one another. Footsteps turned back into the little hall.

"Don't come down!" she called clearly, composedly. "Schuyler's here." She

closed the door and faced her husband:

"Where have you been? What has happened to you?"

Haven had not expected to have to explain what had befallen him; he could find no words, even if he could have remembered.

"Why are you in your old gown? Why did you come in so quietly? You were going to Pittsburgh! Your hair is wet!"

She set down the candle and lit an oil lamp. Her hand was unsteady; the chimney shook against the glass shade. Again, softly, the footsteps sounded overhead.

"Who is it here?" asked Haven hurriedly.

"Theresa Lancaster," said Frances. She seized hold of the handle of the grate and shook it and pulled the tea kettle over the coals. The water was all but boiling, steam showed instantly above the spout. Then she asked: "What has happened to you, Schuyler?"

Haven looked hurriedly, stupidly, not at her, but down at her red cloak. "Were you out in the storm?"

"No," said Frances. Theresa was outside. Should she not sit down? What has happened to you?"

"I came along the boardwalk and a section gave way and I fell in. I've been a long time getting home. Why?"

Haven's eyes were glued to the red cape—"Why did Theresa go out on such a night?"

"She's in love," Frances pushed him gently into the deep chair. She pressed lemon juice into a cup, sweetened it and poured hot water on it, alarm and terror in her eyes, her hand still shaking. "You must drink all of this you can, and get to bed."

"She wore your cape, did she?"

"She wore your cape. It's drying. Here, drink this quickly."

HAVEN took the cup. "Was Theresa out alone?"

"Oh, no!" Frances looked at him anxiously, yet with amusement. "Her young man was with her. He started to drive and couldn't make it, and came from somewhere up the line on the train. He telephoned her. He went back to his hotel."

"Who is your young man?"

Frances turned toward him a smiling face.

"Charlie Grandmont," she said. "Surprise, isn't it? And pleasant. Drink that quickly, dear, there's one more, and get to bed. When you're settled I've still got important news."

Haven set down the cup and put his arms round her.

"I'm not interested in any news."

"Yes, you are! Theresa brought a message from her father. He wonders if you'd be willing to go to China—he wants to go."

"To China," repeated Haven.

"To China. You and me."

Haven gave a start. The kitchen clock struck loudly—one, two, three up to eleven. He saw the office clock and heard it strike—one, two, three, up to eleven.

"This day has been a year," he said.

"To China?" He laid his head upon her breast and closed his eyes. "I'm willing, but China is less important than I thought."



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REFLECTIONS OF A NEW CITIZEN

By Konrad Bercovici

SOMETIMES in May, 1928, I received a post card calling me for final examination on my application to be admitted to American Citizenship. This country had been my home for years. Children of mine were born here. I had many friends I loved. I believed in the principles of democratic government. I had known the history of this country advanced and forward long before it had landed on its shores. Still I waited. I had hesitated a long time, though American Citizenship meant very much to me.

The reason back of my hesitation was that I take an oath seriously. Assuming allegiance to the government of the country I was born in, and taking the oath to defend the country against all enemies within or without. I promised to kill my own brother and father should they happen to be on the side of the enemy of the United States. Finally, I decided to do it; without any mental reservations. The day set for this final examination was still a full week ahead, but I was walking on thin air—excited, torn by different emotions.

In my best clothes, and flanked by my two witnesses, I appeared at the appointed hour at the place I was called to; but though we arrived exactly on the hour, the line in front of the building extended from the first floor down the stairway to the street. And it rained.

AFTER an hour of pushing and squeezing, I finally reached the door of the large, barracks-like room. The room was filled with people. The crowd in hour was never as densely packed. The noise and the din of a thousand voices mingled with the calls of the newspaper vendor on the street and the loud ringing of a bell on an ambulant ice-cream wagon. Women who had come in their best dresses quarreled with the squeezing people near them. Someone trod upon my foot. The filth on the floor, the noise in the air were indescribable. I wanted to leave, but I knew that if there were two witnesses were with me, I would have run away.

After another hour we were pushed on to the end of the room, where we sat down on one of the hard benches to wait until my name should be called.

Three hours later I was told by a young lady clerk that I might have to come the next day; for there were over a hundred of clerks to attend to the names of the applicants for citizenship.

I had not expected a reception committee with a band at its head or the doors of the naturalization office; but I had expected a different sort of atmosphere, one more in harmony with such an important moment in the life of a man. It isn't every day that a man decides to abandon his old rights and accept new duties.

I sat again. All about me people talked of this and that and shuffled their feet impatiently. The atmosphere was the same as in a traffic court before the magistrate appears. I looked at the crowd and wondered whether the others were there for the same purpose. I had about given up hope when I heard my name called and a young man inquired: "Have you been waiting long? I just found your name. If you had only let us know, you would have had to wait so long."

Taking my duster, I disengaged myself from the crowd, and took us behind a glass door to the examiner. That gentleman was very amiable. He smiled and we shook hands.

From the other side of the partition I heard an angry, snappy voice questioning an Italian.

"What is Democracy? What does Democracy mean?" "Democracy! Democracy is like somebody else. No. No. Wait a minute! Democracy is when everybody got the same rights as everybody else."

A few minutes later my two witnesses and I came out smilingly, and forgot the noise and the smells. That young man who had disengaged us from the crowd took possession of me again.

"Follow me," he said.

There was a long line alongside of a low railing running in front of a young lady to whom everybody paid four dollars. But my guide, holding on to my arm, took me past the whole line to the desk of the young lady. "Hey," called the Italian man who had just been questioned on theoretic Democracy. I recognized his voice. "Wassa madda? Get back in line."

"Shut up," my guide called, thus giving the future citizen his first lesson in practical Democracy.



HERE is no alien attacking American institutions. Konrad Bercovici knows and loves America and its people through years of travel and association. Today he is one of us—an American citizen.

What he saw and felt as he took the oath of allegiance he tells literally in this article, with the hope that it will lead patriotic Americans to alter the conditions he describes.

There are courts in this land where new citizens are inspired to exalted lives, but in some few others we waste invaluable opportunities to mold loyal Americans. May this tribute bring us to a realization of the trust reposed in us.

THE EDITOR

Down on Nassau Street again, I couldn't help feeling that something was wrong somewhere. I had waited for that day with so much trepidation. It had meant so much to me. And it had all been so prosaic, so matter-of-fact, so unromantic. I wondered and wondered what the others were thinking. What would it have on their attitude toward their newly adopted country? It was important to me that I should know. They were now my brothers-in-arms.

TEN months later I was called to the Old Post Office Building to take my oath as an American Citizen. We called it for a "dry" examination. There was already a line of several hundred people in the long, dark cold hall of the decrepit building. I looked about me. Everybody was in his best clothes. Horned-handed me had put on fresh linen and shaved closely. A handsome old Spanish Jew in a long black Prince Albert coat, stood beside an Italian priest. Poles, Germans, Scandinavians, Serbs, Russians, and beside the others, so many others, I hardly took note of them. They had all taken an oath to this country. They smiled at one another across brothers now—another minute and they shall all be citizens of one and the same country. They and their children shall no longer war against one another, but fight the common enemy, whoever he be, from under the same flag. The silence of that crowd was religious. There never had been a better moment to talk to those present on the duties of citizenship. But there was no time to say a word. Only the guard spoke sharply: "You guys keep in line!"

It was the same as when going to buy a license for the car. There also the attendant called:

"Keep in line."

At half-past ten, we were still standing in that line. And then people began to talk to one another, began to smoke, fatigued with the long unnecessary waiting. The mood of exaltation had passed. We were uncomfortable.

An hour later guards herded us into the court room. The women were allowed to sit down on the few benches. The men were crowded forward, packed one against the other, while the attendants were calling:

"Step up there, and back. Step up. There's plenty of room in the corner. You men crowd in a little. Hey, there, that guy with the whiskers, move on. Plenty of room for your whiskers. Move on, I tell you."

The crowd took the hint and laughed aloud. The old Spanish Jew looked up with tears in his eyes.

Near me stood two Frenchmen in cutaway, striped trousers and black gloves. From time to time they looked at one another, as if questioning. "Salut, monsieur," said one of them.

In front of me sat two young English matrons, evidently married to Americans. They looked like sisters. Their eyes were closed. What music were they hearing now? What voices were they listening to? I had already seen them somewhere before. At a concert hall. There, too, they had held their eyes closed throughout the performance of a Beethoven symphony. It is not an easy matter for an Englishman to foreswear allegiance to her King. God only knows the struggles in the breasts of these women!

Besides the two Frenchmen and the two English women, there were others, too, so strongly moved by the moment ahead of them as to be oblivious to their unceremonious and unsuitable surroundings. I shall never forget the faces of two young German girls. They had deep blue eyes, and their lips were pressed tight. We had fought against their fatherland only yesterday. We were responsible for their defeat. And now . . . But the many of that density of human flesh in the court room had shed all their emotions and behaved like a crowd one might see in the lobby of a moving picture house on a Sunday, waiting for vacant seats.

AT HALF-PAST eleven we were ordered to turn about and face the Judge's empty chair. I looked up. The dusty gray wall paper was crumpling. Small pieces from the peeling ceiling were falling to the floor. The papers that day had spoken of the tremendous wealth of this country. The Federal Government had returned tens of millions of dollars in taxes. Wall Street was having five-million-dollar days. In the meantime, however, there was no ready cash for papering that court room and for calmering that ceiling. Has nobody ever thought of the effect of surroundings upon people in an impressionable moment? Even the two English ladies were now talking to one another. The two Germans were smiling foolishly.

Suddenly the clerk announced the Judge. There was instant silence. The two English ladies quivered as though they were in the finale of the Grand Symphony. The two Frenchmen buttoned their coats ceremoniously. The Germans clicked their heels together and stood at attention. The old Jew straightened his narrow shoulders. That man in the black toga was not a Judge. He was the priest of a new religion—Democracy, which we were all ready to accept. When the clerk announced the Judge, the Judge bowed and sat down. The clerk ordered everybody to raise his right hand. His vulgar, uneducated, harsh voice enumerated the names of all the princes and potentates in the world to whom allegiance was renounced. He read the oath of allegiance to this country as if it were a hardware advertisement. It did not seem reasonable that one should be asked in such a voice to swear allegiance to this country. The old Jew, as one who had come to church to hear a grand sermon and was made to hear a useless one instead. It was ugly, impossible, vulgar. Nobody understood what he said. But the Judge rose and welcomed us to this country. His voice was more than welcome to my ears.

The two Frenchmen shook hands and congratulated one another. The two English ladies had tears in their eyes and embraced each other emotionally. The two Germans clicked their heels together. The priest shook hands with the Jew. An Italian woman burst out in tears and kissed the baby she carried in her arms. She had held the little bundle close to her breast while she took the oath. If I only had someone to throw my arms about! I wanted to run out and be alone. But at that moment the harsh voice of the clerk sounded again. "You men step back to the wall. Move on. Step lively there—are you deaf?"

[Turn to page 65]

Sketched at the Ritz



BY PIERRE MOURGUE

They're Called Goodrich Shower Boots

At last there is "something new" in stormy weather footwear. It's an all-rubber Zipper... a light-weight overshoe called Shower Boot, created to harmonize with smart costumes on rainy days. Very slender... made to fit with glove-like trimness. In smart colors. Seen very often at the Ritz...

7 ounces! That's all they weigh. Shower Boots are no heavier than your daintiest evening slipper.



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chewing quality and
delicious flavor.

Just the taste of mint
you like after meals.



Taste the Juice of Real Mint Leaves

REFLECTIONS OF A NEW CITIZEN

[Continued from page 62]

Why the voice of a subway guard after the Judge's beautiful welcome? When we had all crowded to the back of the room, the clerk barked at some people in the rear: "Shut up there and step lively. Now listen well to what I am going to ask you. Has anybody to pay the four dollars?"

"What an anti-climax! He didn't say, "since you took your final examination for citizenship"; he said, "since you paid the four dollars."

"Since the final examination," I corrected loudly.

"Shut up, you there!" he called back. "Those of you who have been arrested raise your hands."

A FEW hands were raised very timidly. Those who had raised them were looking shamefacedly at their smiling neighbors. Why were they being exposed to that indignity in public?

"Now listen. I want everybody who has been arrested for any reason whatsoever since he paid the four dollars to raise his hands," the clerk insisted, looking daggers at me.

The timid hand of a woman rose in the air.

"What you been arrested for, eh?"

The new citizen whispered something close to his ears. We could guess, he was thinking, the clerk sneered. "Tell the truth to the man who hands you the certificate."

When that question had been exhausted, the clerk yelled:

"Has anybody of you been divorced since you paid the four dollars?"

A blushing woman raised her hand. The men snickered and jeered.

"Did you ever get married since he last paid the four dollars?"

The two English ladies raised their hands. They were blushing so their faces were crimson.

"Tell it to the man who hands you the certificate."

The usual vulgar jokes of the crowd greeted the last remark. "Merry Christmas. Happy New Year. Why wasn't I invited? Who is the guy?"

"Has any new child been born to anybody of you since the time you last paid the four dollars?"

The crowd laughed out again at a joke on the screen and one great wit said, "We're all babies."

By that time the two Frenchmen felt ashamed of their formal attire and raised the collars of their overcoats. They had dressed for a festive occasion.

Why should anybody be asked in public such intimate questions? Why could these questions be asked so vaguely and before the oath of allegiance? Why should anybody be compelled to admit himself a criminal in front of everybody? These people had come in the finest of moods, in their best clothes on a week day. Such moments come very rarely upon people. One takes an oath of allegiance to his country only once in a lifetime. To what poetic and religious heights couldn't that moment have been exalted with only a little careful handling!

There is so much talk of Americanization. Immigrants are continually being told and advised to apply for

citizenship in this country. And when they do come to take the oath, when that great moment in their lives appears, it is preceded and accompanied by the most humdrum and undignified procedure. The oath of allegiance should be made to mean something to the nation and the country. The country does not need numbers only; it needs good citizens; people impressed with respect for the laws and the constitutions of the country.

There were several hundred people in that court room when I took the oath. Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Portuguese, Spaniards. The whole of Europe was represented. A microcosm. People who had warred against one another since the beginning of time. The oath of allegiance intends to weld them into one—Americans. But can this be done efficiently in such a manner and in such an atmosphere? It seems to me that the best moment and occasion to do this is irretrievably wasted. A little more attention to the poetry and the beauty of the occasion, would, to my mind make the court calendar less crowded and the jails less occupied.

Why should the clerk continually refer to the four dollars paid at the final examination? Why couldn't he be asked to say, "you have paid the final examination" when questioning about arrests, divorces and births?

Why shouldn't the government appoint men who could read the oath of renunciation and allegiance in a dignified and an impressive manner? Where were all the committees of ladies so active in the Antislavery movement? Do they think their work is done when the immigrant has been herded in the court room?

And the attendant now belched:

"Sign your name four times on the two sheets of paper."

THE "two sheets of paper" he referred to were the certificate of citizenship and its duplicate. I had never before heard such important documents called by such a name. Two sheets of paper. Is that all they were? I looked at the two Frenchmen, at the two English ladies, at the two Spanish girls, at the two Germans. Were they also given two sheets of paper? There were tears in their eyes. They were signing away the past for the future. We had been mortal enemies until a moment ago. He had taken an oath to fight under the same flag; and he called that "a sheet of paper."

I had a walk out of the court room. I had a walk out of the building, into the Prophets in the market place. What a change had come over those people! Gone the height of religious exaltation from their eyes. Gone the holiday mood. How many would have been made better citizens by the proper use of dignity, ceremony and, let us use the right word, a little pomp.



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If you are a woman who values good looks (and what woman does not?) you will find Kleenex Cleansing Tissues invaluable. Why? Well, these absorbent tissues do so many things to keep you looking your best—and they're so easy to use, hygienic, always fresh.

To remove cleansing cream

You've probably been using harsh towels or germ-laden "cold cream cloths" that endanger your skin. The towels aren't absorbent enough. The oils in face cream ruin towels. Frequent laundering is expensive and destructive.



A Test to Convince You

If you were a visible demonstration of the value of Kleenex, take a towel and two sheets of Kleenex. Clean your face with the towel. Then clean the towel—the other half with Kleenex. You'll find that the Kleenex has absorbed much more dirt and makeup with the cream than has the stiff surface of the towel!

Ask for Kleenex in your favorite color

Flesh Pink Sea Green
Canary Yellow and White

These colors are absolutely fast, will not rub off, and cannot injure the skin.

Kleenex Cleansing Tissues lift the cream and dirt off the skin. They keep the pores free of harmful impurities. And they're so soft. They feel so good on the face. After you use them, they're discarded. No chance for infection. They're the ideal way to remove cleansing cream and makeup. Any actress will tell you that. The dressing rooms of your favorite stars are never without these absorbent facial tissues.

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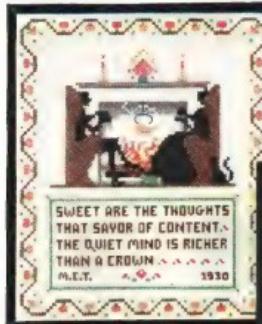
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Kleenex

Cleansing Tissues



1752

No. 1752. *The Contentment Sampler.* The pattern, done in soft scaling shades accented with bright touches of color, is fascinating work. This sampler is in a small and utterly charming size (5½ x 10 inches). The colors are printed on the fabric itself, ready to be worked in strand cottons, by following the color chart. An antique finish is secured when you add your own initials and the date. The pattern tells the required colors and amounts of thread. Price, 65 cents.

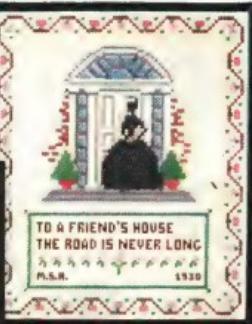
No. 1753. *The Hospitality Sampler.* This sampler with the Colonial Dame silhouette in the doorway is most fascinating. The verse has a special appeal with its simply worded message of friendship and welcome. Stamped on good quality linen, it is easy to be worked in strand cottons. It is a sampler admirably suited to the walls of your guest room. Color chart included in the pattern, which states the colors and amount of thread required. Size, 3½ by 10 inches. Price, 65 cents.

The Needle Gains Importance In Modern Decoration

by Elisabeth May Blondel



1751. See opposite column.



1754

No. 1754. For making these lovely Modernistic Transparent Flowers, pattern includes 6 sheets of mica tissue (pink, amber, violet, blue, yellow, black), dried flowers, yellow flower stems, steel and copper wire, and full directions. Mica tissue is easy to work with, a few hours of pleasant wool make this beautiful bouquet of shimmering flowers. Price, 75 cents.

1751



1755. *Suede Bags with Modernistic Monograms.*



*Favorite Models of Leading French
Interpretations of the*

No. 5971. The panels that form the skirt of a graceful evening frock are designed to fall in soft folds ending in long points. The neckline is diagonal. Size 36, 3½ yards 50-inch material.

No. 5950. Slightly fitted lines are produced in a simply cut evening frock by long back ends applied on in front, and tying in the back. Size 36, 3½ yards 50-inch or 1½ yards 55-inch.

No. 5961. The fluttering effect of a circular skirt cut in deep points at the hemline is accentuated by a pointed flaring panel attached to the back of the skirt. Size 36, 4½ yards 50-inch material.



Couturiers Present Distinctive New Mode for Evening

No. 5945. An evening wrap with shaped shoulders has straight flounces, the upper flounces tying in a knot with long ends. Melville size, $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 29-inch; fur banding, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards $3\frac{1}{2}$ -inch.

No. 5945. Seams form diagonal lines in the front and crossed lines in the back of a formal evening gown. The skirt is flaring. Size 36, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 35-inch.

No. 5955. The slanting lines of the skirt flounces are accented by frills that mount to the waist in back and in the front end in a long scarf. Size 36, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 35-inch material.



L'ÉCHO
D + &
PARIS



No. 5900. An outstanding Paris success is this frock with flaring goblets and novel sleeve capes. Shirring suggests a belt. Size 36 requires 36, 3½ yards 39-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard 39-inch.

No. 5944. Diagonal lines are effective in a frock which has a wide girdle tying in a bow above a slanted belt. It requires four points. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch material.

No. 5918. An afternoon frock has seamings that dip to a point at the shoulder blades with contrasting sections at the wrist. Size 36, 3 yards 5½-inch material; contrasting, 1 yard 39-inch.

No. 5942. The same frock can be made with tight sleeves. A narrow belt or sash must be attached at the side seams. Size 36, 3½ yards 39-inch; contrasting collar requires ½ yard 39-inch.

The Blue Train has Gone

by

Helen Lenneny

THE blue train has gone. An imperative whistle has blown, the train has stretched out slowly like a long caterpillar, and darted through France like an arrow to stop on the Riviera.

It has triumphantly entered Cannes Station bringing prominent travellers who were eagerly awaited by a throng of winter visitors. And forthwith under the palm trees and in the sun the most famous artist of the moment Jean-Gabriel Domergue, the painter, and his wife talking to Spinnely, the actress of whom he has made such unique portraits. Mlle Spinnely's dress is striking enough to be worth a description. Her tailor-made dress of red crêpe de Chine consists of a short coat, very tight round the waist, and a pleated skirt reaching far below the knee. A manlike blouse of white crêpe de Chine is completed by a red tie and over it a belt which encircles the waist. The blouse is tucked in with a belt and two huge pockets. We need not look at her hat, she does not wear any, but she carries a dainty sunshade of red and white Scotch plaid design.

The ensemble costume has taken a new trend in Cannes and is now made up of five or even six pieces. It consists of blouses and skirts with jackets of contrasting colors, over which women are matching the color of the blouse jacket. A tie usually comes up under the chin to give a dashingly note. Other ensembles are made of tweed in the weave of which several colors are artistically blended. I noticed that the three-quarter coat is dominant and I admire the costume worn by Mlle de Fleurian, daughter of the French Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Lemire is the companying the coat with a blouse of the same color and a belt between the blouse and skirt, and also that of a soft blouse taken in by the skirt as fashion now decrees. The waist which has now its proper level is slim and set off by a belt.

Lunch time . . . the throng melts away and as the restaurants fill up, the Croisette is suddenly empty. A miracle alone can explain the fact that the women seen but a few moments ago at the sea front are now in the dining-room wearing different clothes. It is no secret that the manifold combinations of ensemble costumes made up of so many different parts, which enable women to achieve constantly novel effects. Heads are shown triumphantly bare since hair has been allowed to grow.

But while we gossip, lunch has come to an end. Here are the Baron and Baroness de Cambray, the Princess de Polignac, headed by their maid-of-all-work. The Baroness wears a blue silk hat with a blue crepe lace band matching a white shawled lamb coat matched by a tiny hat of the same fur, very much off the forehead. Mme. Cécile Sorel also wants to get away with her husband the Count de Ségar. The beautiful actress is wearing an ensemble of thick very light tan woolen lace. A flared circular skirt is mounted on a narrow yoke held to the bodice which blouses slightly over a belt of large, flame-colored cravate made of crêpe de Chine, striking a note on this charming ensemble completed by a three-quarter coat of the same woolen lace. A large tan belt is dashingly taken up on the left by three small pheasant feathers matching the scarf.

The women seen at the Casino are distinctly smart, but their elegance differs considerably from the women who sport tops and forever tabouret, except on the links and courts. Bright shades alternate so repeatedly with dark colors that it is hard to say on what side the majority lies.

Dark shades are the latest novelty for evening wear and both green, dark blue, slate, and olive colors are seen in taffeta, velveteen, chiffon moiré and brocaded satins. The gowns are very tight fitting right to above the knees where the yoke shape widens into large circular flounces opening like flower petals. These flounces are sometimes lined with taffeta so that they stand out and this is a new silhouette.

Such is life on the French Riviera!



No. 5870. A becoming high-waisted silhouette is lent to an off-the-shoulder frock by a skirt cleverly cut to form a diagonal yoke in front and a rounded effect in back. Mrs. 46, 4 yards 25-inch, cut crepe.

No. 5831. Single-cut gossamer-like fabric is used to great effect in a French afternoon frock made with a long flaring skirt dipping at the sides and a slender belt with a wide belt. Mrs. 46, 4 yards 25-inch material.

L'ÉCHO DE PARIS



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No. 5961. Skirtings at waistline give a slightly fitted effect to a skirt which flares in front and has an inverted pleat in back. Size 36, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 39-inch; collar, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 39-inch.

No. 5972. Diagonal seamings give a smart effect to a simple frock. The waistline is marked by a narrow separate belt. Size 36, 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards 33-inch material or 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 33-inch.



791

No. 5560. Another version of the skirted waistline appears in a frock which flares at each side by means of golets. Size 36, 3½ yards 39-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard 35-inch.

No. 5984. The waistline treatment is produced by seamings that suggest jacket lines in front and form a V in the back. Size 36, 3½ yards 55-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard 33-inch.

French Frocks are Victorian and Modern

MUCH of the charm of the latest models shown in Paris is due to their being a successful blend of the quaint and the modern. In some instances, Paris designers choose to combine both these seemingly opposite trends in the same frock; other models accent either one or the other. Shirrings at the waistline are reminiscent enough of the Victorian basques to lend an air of demure quaintness. Seamings that divide the frock suggest the modern way of achieving simple results by the skilful use of angles and straight lines.

L' ECHO DE PARIS

*Flounces Express the New Spirit in Fashions*

FLOUNCEES are coming in for a good deal of attention in every type of formal frock for the new season. Sometimes they are cut circular, and deep enough to form almost an entire skirt, sometimes they are as flat as frills, cleverly arranged to fit the hemline. Whether their shape is thin or wide, every French designer is partial to them in some form or other, as they express better than any other single fashion feature the grace, elegance, femininity, length of line, all the qualities, in fact, that make the new fashions new.

No. 5932. A lovely example of the popular *at fronce* appears in a model with decorative shirrings in front and a pointed hemline. Size 26, 4½ yards 32-inch or 2¾ yards 75-inch.

No. 5933. The circular skirt is joined to the top with pointed hemings. A becoming neckline is produced by horizontal flounce layers. Size 26, 5½ yards 32-inch; contrasting, ½ yard 30-inch.

No. 5931. A narrow belt marks the waistline of a graceful frock with a long bodice and a circular skirt dipping at the hemline. Size 26 requires 4½ yards 30-inch material.

No. 5930. A simple straight line frock has a circular flounce on which narrow flounces are arranged in diagonal lines. Size 26, 5½ yards 35-inch material or 4½ yards 35-inch.

L'ÉCHO
DE
PARIS



Paris Makes New Waistlines Wearable

EVERY new French collection reveals more and more subtle ways of wearing higher waistlines, so that now there is actually no type of figure to which they cannot be becoming. A coat may slightly raise the figure, princess lines, and so suggest a higher waist without defining it; a two-piece frock may have a waistline by nothing more than a belt at one side of a surplus closing or a girdle that molds the hips may be tied tightly or loosely, according to whether one wants the waistline accented or doubtful. And of course there is always the frank direct way of wearing a higher waistline by marking it with a separate belt at the normal line.

No. 5926. The new coat lines are graceful and a model in making the front is cut in one with a reverser flower. Size 36, 4½ yards 39-inch or 5½ yards 54-inch; lining, 2½ yards 39-inch.

No. 5955. Scalloped edges decorate a two-piece frock which has a smart blouse and a wrap-around skirt attached to a corset-like top. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 39-inch or 5½ yards 54-inch.

No. 5955. A feature of a prettish frock is a belt which is attached in a point front and tied in a bow in back of pleats at each side. The blouse capes 5½, 4 yards 39-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard 39-inch.

No. 5955. An attractive example of the waistline trick is a model in a white satin front and a belt in bands of pleats at each side. The blouse capes is slightly circular. Size 36, 4½ yards 39-inch material or 5½ yards 54-inch.



Several Silhouettes Represent the new Mode

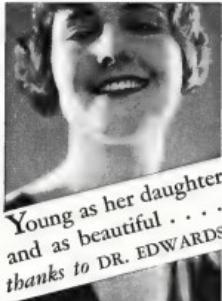
WE HAVE grown used to talking about the "new silhouette," but strictly speaking there are several. Even the pleated straight line tailored frock is new in that its waistline is lower and the waistline is missing. The straight frock with raised belt and belted hips and long circular skirt has a typical new silhouette and suggests the silhouette which flares low at the hemline and suggests straight lines from the shoulders to below the hips, even though a belt marks the waist. An entirely different silhouette and one that foretells a new spring fashion, is seen in the cape frock which is widened at the shoulder line by means of a short cape, pleated or circular.

No. 5849. A simple tailored frock has a straight line skirt outlined by a narrow pique belt to form points in the front, and a deep V in back. Size 16, 2½ yards 44-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard 35-inch.

No. 5844. A panel of pleats inserted between the pocket panels supplies flounce in a straight line frock that wraps over at the right side. Size 26, 3½ yards 35-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard 33-inch.

No. 5867. The clever shaping of the sections that form the skirt give an attractive silhouette flaring at a low line. Size 36, 3½ yards 35-inch or 3½ yards 35-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard 33-inch.

No. 5869. A short cape with fitted shoulders and a pleated flounce accompanies a frock with a pleated skirt trimmed with applied bands. Size 36, 3½ yards 35-inch or 4½ yard 36-inch.



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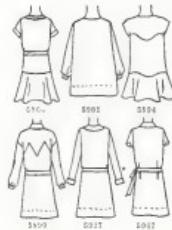
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L'Echo de Paris



No. 5891. Contrasting materials accent a smart yoke, extended to form drop shoulders and cut in points front and back. Size 22, 24, 26, 28, 34 yards 36-inch; plaid, 1½ yards 36-inch.

No. 5897. Tailored lines are practically interpreted in a school frock with a round yoke extended in a tab down the front. Size 22, 24, 26, 28, 34 yards 36-inch; ribbon bow, ½ yard 36-inch.



No. 5897. A panel in front of the bodice is cut in one with the placket, which extends to the waistline in the back. Size 2, 6½ yards 32-inch; collar requires ¾ yard 36-inch material.

No. 5894. A small frock is joined to the upper part in a curved line to make a bustle effect. Size 2, 6½ yards 32-inch; binding requires 4½ yards material.

No. 5891. A bow attached under a tab at the neck, and a tab on the pocket front for attractive trimming. Size 2, 6½ yards 32-inch; bow, ½ yard 36-inch; contrasting, ¼ yard 36-inch.

No. 5906. A one-sided effect is lent to an attractive frock by a band cut in one with the skirt, extending around the neck. Size 2, light, requires 3½ yards 32-inch; dark, 3½ yards 36-inch.



L'Echo de Paris



No. 5865. The new shirred waistline is attractively translated in-line to obtain a trim, slimming effect. Jersey made frock. Size 8, 2½ yards 25-inch or 1½ yards 34-inch; collar, ¼ yard 25-inch.

No. 5880. A round yoke lengthened into a panel down the front and tucks of the hemline make a little "French blouse." Size 8, requires 2½ yards 27-inch or 2 yards 35-inch material.

No. 5883. An attractive scalloped skirt goes above a circular skirt to repeat the effect of the one-sided line of the bertha. Size 8, requires 2½ yards 27-inch or 1½ yards 34-inch material.

No. 5886. Faux fur is added to a frock by a front section with a box pleat. The bow-and-tob necklace is a French feature. Size 6, 6½ yards 39-inch; collar, ¾ yard 35-inch.



No. 5884. The skirt of a school frock is joined on to a smart diagonal line. Size 10 requires 2½ yards 30-inch material; collar, ¾ yard 35-inch; bow and tie, ¾ yard 35-inch material.

No. 5894. Seams are effectively used to support a bolero that fastens with two buttons. Size 12, 2½ yards 30-inch or 1½ yards 34-inch; collar, ¾ yard 35-inch; belt; bolero, ¾ yards.

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"Of course! How could I forget it?"

"Well, the very first minute when I came in and looked at your eyes—*I knew something!* Something about you and me."

"What did you know?"

"That our eyes liked each other. And do you remember when you kissed my slipper?"

"I can remember just how it felt—all still and shiny and crinkled."

"Well, I'll tell it, too, when you weren't looking."

"Dearest child," he said, "I have been trying to tell you something since the first moment I met you; but it is so hard to tell. Will you promise not to say anything at all, because I love your dear heart so much? Please don't say 'why' or 'what' or 'how' or 'when' or 'where' or 'isn't there any way out?' The pain is too great. Do you understand, dear?"

She nodded, her eyes wide and apprehensive. "I don't understand, but I promise."

"Primrose," he said almost harshly. "I'm going to marry Ellen Maitland. I thought surely you had heard before now. Ellen Maitland and I have been engaged for two years. I am going to marry her in June. I do not love her. But I'm going to marry her because—oh, it would take too long to tell all the reasons why. There isn't time. He said he'd come, maybe. Ever see him around the campus?"

"He teaches one of my classes," said Primrose in a small, shamed voice.

"M'm," said her father. He glanced up a bit sharply. "H'm, you never told me about that."



"Oh, didn't I?" She tried to smile carelessly, but her smile fluttered like a wounded bird.

"Yes, I did," said her father, "I don't approve of anybody going around and hitting people like that. But I guess just I just forgot him, doesn't you think? What's the matter?" he demanded as Primrose suddenly rose.

"Got to go!" "I have another class in a minute," she said. "And besides I ought to go to the library and—"

"Pay you can't stay a while," he grumbled. "Never get to see you any more."

"But in a second he was cheerful again. He called her back from the doorway. "Oh, Primrose, you might as well stay. I think you're going to the library anyhow. In your pocket he drew a piece of note paper on which was scrawled the motto of Hixon College—*Nemo Solum Satir Sapit*—"Got to know things like that," he said confidentially, "if I'm going to have a degree hooked on to my name."

He was as proud as a boy with a new red top—Alexander Muffet, LL.B. RESOLVED, by the President, the Trustees and the Board of Faculty Advisors of Hixon College in regular monthly session, that in recognition of distinguished and scholarly services rendered science, commerce and education by Alexander M. Muffet, it is unanimously recommended that the first honorary degree of the college be awarded him.

RESOLVED, by the President, the Trustees and the Board of Faculty Advisors of Hixon College in regular monthly session, that in recognition of distinguished and scholarly services rendered science, commerce and education by Alexander M. Muffet, it is unanimously recommended that the first honorary degree of the college be conferred upon him.

RESOLVED, by the President, the Trustees and the Board of Faculty Advisors of Hixon College in regular monthly session, that in recognition of distinguished and scholarly services rendered science, commerce and education by Alexander M. Muffet, it is unanimously recommended that the first honorary degree of the college be proclaimed a half-holiday for the entire student and faculty body of Hixon College, to be observed each year

EARLY TO BED

[Continued from page 80]

hereafter as *Muffet Day*. Signed, this twenty-sixth day of September, in the year of our Lord . . .

GEE!" exclaimed Primrose solemnly.

Then as she noted the added dignity and responsibility which her father had acquired, a teasing smile made her face suddenly nervous. "What a highbrow!" she cried.

She hugged him and thumped him on the shoulder. "Attaboy!"

But all the time her heart was heavy while she pretended the utmost delight for her father's sake. It was hard when he proposed.

"Hello, I want to tell you—I'm getting acquainted with the faculty now. Just yesterday I met that young man who answered my bid for a librarian, and what do you suppose? Well, he's a professor here, and I'd plumb forgotten where he hailed from. Van Horne, his name is, and I asked him up to tea last night, and he said he'd come this evening. He said he'd come, maybe. Ever see him around the campus?"

"He teaches one of my classes," said Primrose in a small, shamed voice.

"M'm," said her father. He glanced up a bit sharply. "H'm, you never told me about that."

Primrose's life. She spent hours in the library and attacked algebra problems with tigerish concentration.

She might have been successful but for the fact that those classes under Romeo Van Horne appeared on her schedule. She started that day with the best intentions, for she remembered that she had cut his last one, and only three cuts a semester were allowed. But once more she was helpless when she reached the door. She knew she could not face him.

Then she turned to go and met him face to face in the corridor—he was hurrying belatedly to his class with an armful of books. He started so nervously that he almost dropped the books.

"Hello," he said jerkily.

"Hello," said Primrose, keeping her gaze fixed on the door.

On the steps outside she felt that she could go no further. But you had to keep on, always and always. People everywhere looked at you.

In the haven of her room she buried herself in the water. "I know I know tryin'!" she thought mournfully. The pain never stopped. Nothing could stop it. It would continue as long as she lived.

Ellen got up from her study table with a puffed look, crossed the room and stood looking down at her. "Can't you tell me what's wrong?"

Primrose lifted a tear-stained face. "It isn't anything," she replied quickly. "I'm just bored. I want to wake this place up."

SUDDENLY she ran to the telephone and asked for a number in the city. A few minutes later when Allison Blaine's surprised and delighted voice came to her over the wire, Primrose laughed and said breathlessly:

"Yes, bring them all out. The whole bunch. I'm dying to see them. I'm hungry for them. And then we'll go back to see Nook for dinner and a party—the grandest." "Wait?"

They came about five in the afternoon, earlier than Primrose had expected. Four cars parked in front of Rebecca Holmes Hall and out straggled the most alien group of visitors Hixon College had ever received.

"What a funny place!" shrieked Dolly. "Did you ever see such a funny place?" She went into peals of mirth.

The twins, Darty and Smarty, looked about with round puzzled eyes, for this was their nearest approach to education.

"I wonder," mused Allison Blaine, as they all trooped up the stairs. "If we'll see the young man who socked me in the jaw?"

When Primrose appeared at last, the merry visitors reached a crescendo of boisterous good spirits.

"Lordy," mused Allison Blaine, as they all trooped up the stairs. "If we'll see the young man who socked me in the jaw?"

"Lordy," mused Allison Blaine, said devoutly.

All of Primrose's apprehension vanished like thin cold mist; she didn't care what Hixon College thought. She felt warm and friendly for the first time since the dance. Here were people—she was one of them.

The party, however, was not so lavish as Sea Nook. In a few minutes there was ash on the rugs, spilled ginger ale on the long-suffering divans. Dancing had begun.

And then like a blow it came to Primrose that this confused gaiety which she had trusted so frantically had no place for her. She began to cry.

She walked slowly to the dining table and picked up a sparkling glass. Carelessly Allison Blaine slowly sauntered over from the other side of the

[Continued on page 82]

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room. For a long time he stood beside her without speaking.

"Let's go outdoors," he suggested at last.

They strolled out to the black hedge and both of them looked silently at the moon. Blaine put his arm about her. "You're in love," he said tersely.

Primrose drew away.

"Why don't you come out to the club Saturday?" she asked. "You could you would."

"When do you want me?"

"Next Saturday, maybe? Can't we take a drive?"

"Next Saturday," he agreed.

He was a man who knew the wisdom of silence and with a further word took her arm and started back to the house. With the same quick tact he saw that Primrose was weary of the party and soon he was suggesting that they all drive to Great Neck to meet some friends of his in a motor car they were shouting goodbye to Primrose.

The house seemed big and lonely. After one look at the disorder of the drawing-room Primrose fled upstairs, and then she suddenly remembered. Tomorrow was Muffet Day! Tomorrow would be the proudest occasion of her father's life.

At seven-thirty in the morning she parked in front of the Hixon Inn. Filled with repentance she dashed up to her father's room and burst in like a young tornado. Then she leaped back in alarm.

"Why, Dad! What on earth—?"

"The robes of my decree!" Mr. Muffet said loftily. "I'm trying to get used to 'em. Feels a little bit funny to be wearing such."

"Looks like a night in mourning," said Primrose feelingly, eying the head and train skirt. "Goodness."

Papa walked around him in eager circles surveying him as if he were a modiste's model. "I think you look wonderful," she said. "only your skirts are longer than they're wearing 'em now."

Mr. Muffet flicked his mustache in consternation. Then in repentance Primrose sat down and talked solemnly with him a long time about his address. When she put on her coat, he was trembling with nervousness, for the great occasion was only a few hours away.

Primrose went happily to her room and found Ellen busy at the study table, wearing her oldest dress.

"You're going to the chapel this morning, aren't you?" asked Primrose. Ellen smiled. "I'm afraid so."

"But it's a holiday."

"I know, but I'm very busy."

TO HER roommate's unspoken dismay Primrose took an hour and a half to dress. She could not forget that Roger would see her again for the first time since their last frightening meeting.

When she finally emerged, the room was crowded. Primrose walked alone down the long aisle with all Hixon College staring at her. When at last she dared look up and let her glance wander through the audience she saw that Roger was sitting uncomfortably in the middle of a row occupied by the entire faculty group.

A steady bell rang importantly and a hush descended. President Cathcart, gaudy in the habiliments of his degree, strode out upon the platform.

For a moment Primrose forgot Roger. She leaped forward clasping and unclothing her little brown hands nervously, waiting for the appearance of her father.

" . . . and therefore," President Cathcart said impressively, his tone dropping as if he were nearing some important conclusion, "Hixon College

EARLY TO BED

[Continued from page 81]

has seen fit to recognize these salutary services to education, to science and to commerce in a manner which seems only proper and befitting." He called out sonorously—"Alexander Muffet."

Looking like a frightened rabbit, Muffet sat down on the floor at the side. Dr. Cathcart said with an air of relieved informality. "Now I shall speak to Mr. Muffet to address us."

Primrose's heart thumped so terribly that her breath came in quick gasps. Her friend ages were behind her. She stood there, frozen, with the manuscript in her pocket. Now he had it! He was reading from it, first in a voice that could scarcely be heard, but rapidly growing more confident, even bold. "Oh, it sounds wonderful!"



Primrose choked in a whisper that was almost a sob. "It's—it's a knock-out."

Since the beginning of her father's address, Primrose had been so intent that she had not given one thought to Roger. Now her eyes searched everywhere through the crowd for him. He was not among the people on the platform.

Roger visited relatives Sunday. Early Monday he came back, evaded Mrs. Butteridge's queries and plunged into belated preparations for his class that afternoon. Although his dread of meeting Primrose had even increased, he hoped that she would attend the class.

Twice in succession now she had been absent and the rules of Hixon College plainly called for the dropping of any student who had three inexcusable cuttings.

While the girls for her class, one was empty again. Roger waited as long as he could before calling the roll; but he was forced to mark a third absence after Primrose's name.

That evening he tried to read, but the problem of Primrose stared him gloomily in the face. At a complete loss, he submitted his incompleted report to write out a report immediately dropping her from the class. And since English I was a "required," she would automatically be dropped from college.

Impetuously he sat down at the table and scribbled three brief, savage sentences on yellow scratch paper:

Primrose, don't be an idiot! Come to the next class. Be sure now.

R. V. H.

THE next day he had no classes so he stayed in bed until noon and corrected themes. He did not feel well. He had a fever and coughed continually; as a result his students suffered the lowest marks he had ever given. At the bottom of the stack of papers he found the last theme Primrose had handed in, a flippant contribution

which struck him with so much enthusiasm, after the hasty reading, that he marked it A. His absence had prevented him from returning it. Pen in hand, he stared at the round, schoolgirl script and before he knew it he was scribbling unguarded words in one corner . . . the pen seemed to do it of its own accord. In disguised amazement he tore the paper and threw it in the wastebasket. He would somehow explain when she came to the next class.

BUT Primrose was absent a fourth time. And Roger was too sick to be dismissed, so he failed to appear; he called the roll and failed to appear; the bell rang and went on with his lecture. After class he remained weakly at his desk and wrote out a conventional report stating briefly that Primrose Muffet had been dropped from English I and sent it to the office.

"She made us do it," he kept repeating on his way to the room. "She made me do it."

He went to bed with a fever.

He would have stayed in bed but for the fact that the following morning was pay day. As he was walking out of the dormitory with the coveted slip of paper, he was handed a sealed envelope by the President's messenger. Roger tore it open hastily and read the form memorandum:

Mr. Van Horne: Please call at my office this morning in regard to business. Confidential.

And below was Dr. Cathcart's signature.

Feeling too sick and miserable to be curious, Roger was ushered into the office where the President's chief adviser of Hixon College were transacted. Miss Coffey was there as well as President Cathcart.

"Mr. Van Horne," the President began briskly: "Miss Coffey and I have given careful thought to this matter and have decided to make the circumstances recommendable. In explanation he pushed across the desk a slip of paper. It was Roger's report dropping Primrose from the class. "We would suggest," continued Dr. Cathcart, looking vaguely at the ceiling, "that—ah—under these circumstances which I have explained, this report be withdrawn."

"But . . ." said Roger, trying to get a grip on his thoughts, "I only followed the rules."

"Yes, yes," Dr. Cathcart said a bit impatiently. "We are aware of the rules. Mr. Van Horne, and I do not criticize you. But as I have said, there are occasionally exceptions which must be dealt with—ah—individually."

Miss Coffey nodded.

Only a few days ago Roger had broken the rules in an attempt to save Primrose. He had been successful. Now with the help of the collectives requesting him to bring about the same result, he felt a slow, rebellious indignation rising within him. His growing anger included even Primrose.

"No, sir," he said, shaping each word deliberately. "I can't make this an exception. I couldn't go on teaching my class if I did."

President Cathcart coughed, looking startled. He had hoped there would be no scene like this.

"Now, Mr. Van Horne," he said with a smile, "you know what I mean all over again. I fear that you may misunderstand what Miss Coffey and I have been endeavoring to explain."

Roger stood up, his face crimson. "I've no use talking about it." He glared at the President in youthful rebellion.

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Just before you great the first arrivals, dash on a few drops of Chamberlain's Hand Lotion. It will only take a moment, for it does not require the usual bothersome massaging. A clear, sparkling liquid, it penetrates quickly, dries almost instantly, is not the least bit sticky. And, as you smooth it in, feel soothed and refreshed; you'll know that here's a real hand lotion. It is the modern lotion for modern women, and you'll like it when you try it. Because it protects the pores like "an invisible glove," Chamberlain's is unusually effective in protecting and revealing the beauty of your hands. Ask for it at your favorite toilet goods counter. Two sizes, fifty cents and a dollar. Or, send us the coupon and get our ten cent purse-size FREE. Chamberlain Laboratories, 2013 Sixth Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.

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My dear Dunlithly: Here is the Hilton dope. Quick work; but that's due to the fact that we had to go to him in order to keep in touch of that young man by an old-timer by name of Gilbraith.

Arthur Hilton is about twenty-five, of good antecedents. Steady and industrious until the war got hold of him. On his return to America he fell in with race-track sports and bootleggers. An orphan; also fond of cards, and fond of a lot of support; drinks, plays all games skillfully, and is a remarkable pistol shot. On the night you speak of—the twelfth—he went home at 10:30. Tell me what the game is, wanting one of my boys as a chauffeur. And you can send me a couple of passes to your new show.

As ever,

Piction.

Hilton's alibi being established, who then had shot and wind shield, One of his men, probably Gilbraith, was already keeping tabs on Hilton. Dunlithly decided that he must have a look at Hilton.

Of course they would try the old stuff—kidnapping. It was the one hope they had, to surprise him for two days or more. He would have no redress, nor would Elsie. It would not be conspiracy in law to kidnap John Dunlithly. Properly there would be a note from Elsie, declaring that she was hurt and wanted him. Old as the hills, but new enough if one were not prepared against it. He would give Elsie a code, some word which would instantly warn him of the truth.

AS HE came out of the theater that evening his chauffeur-detective greeted him abruptly. "Say, your mind turned up an' asked if I was to bring you to—"

"Hilton? Anyone with him?"

"Coopera Janes. He was in soup-

an-fish, an' all to fine fine."

"Can you describe him?"

"Surest thing—medium height,

weights about a hundred, an' fifty;

squat body with a heavy blue beard;

shaved; a good head, with a scar

across th' bridge; blue eyes, a bit

flinty, an' they don't shift, none,

either; looks like a swell. Can you remember all that?"

"That's what I do."

"You needn't worry about its being real; he got it in th' Argonne."

"All right. But look here, always wear your cap over your ear, as you're wearing it now. It will be a sign that everything is all right."

"Leave it 'me,' replied the sleuth.

"Nobody's goin' to bump me off this seat."

Early the next morning Elsie was awakened by the telephone busser.

"Elsie, come in and have lunch with me at twelve-thirty, won't you?"

"I'll be there to the dot." Just as Elsie was about to leave the room, she heard a click which she knew did not come from New York. Someone was listening in.

She had made it a rule never to disturb Gilbraith in the morning hours; but this morning he had been up early. She had the study within the formality of announcing her intentions. Gilbraith was surprised, and showed it.

"Anything the matter, Miss Elsie?"

"No. I am going into town to lunch with the Captain, and I thought you might like me to bring some books."

"Well, you're free to come in for a bookshop, but the journey to New York and back fatigues me. Here's a list I was going to send for."

"What do you think of the Captain?" Elsie asked suddenly.

Gilbraith wrinkled his brow. "An admirable young man, I should say,

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"Yes. What about him?"

"There is a scar across his nose."

"Yes. Who is it?"

"I'm not dead certain, but I rather believe that we have with us Mr. Arthur Hilton."

"Let's get married today, Dunny! You're more to me than all the money in the world."

"Lose your rights without a scrap? No, ma'am."

He got permission—easily enough—to visit the dally's morgue. A "morgue" in this case, is a room filled with long tin boxes, alphabetically arranged and filled with clippings and photographs, a complete history of Who's Who among the dead and the near-dead and the underworld.

Luck was with him. He found a mailing envelope marked: "Crowell, Quaker City, Ill. Hold till October 24, 1922." Some time before himself had noted the discrepancy between Crowell's orderly life and the crazy will.

Crowell's obituary was full of interest. A financial gambler of the first order, making and losing fortunes, down often but never beaten; latterly something of a recluse. However, he was a man of callous health, secretary and right-hand man; he was totally minus in both will and story. To Dunlithly the will grew still more in strangeness. Trustee and guardian without bond, and yet Gilbraith was not mentioned in the will.

Dunlithly was not the only one. Elsie had given him, and studied Gilbraith's pinched, trembling handwriting. No forger's hand, this. But if there had been a forgery, it would be seven years old; and even seven years ago old Smelfungus' hand might have been steady and cunning.

Heading the list was the title: *The Perfect Crime*. Dunlithly smiled. Didn't the old codger know there never had been such a thing?

Dunlithly now worked fast. De Laney, the handwriting expert, had secured a photograph of the will. Peter, the boy whom arranged an enlarged copy of Gilbraith's photograph, were combing New York, Philadelphia and Boston. Two of the alienists had been located and had reiterated that Crowell had been sane on the day the will was written. The son of an officer of Gilbraith's ancestors there was not the slightest clue. No doubt Gilbraith knew where Hilton had been born; but to ask the old codger would be nothing less than ringing the alarm in his ears.

OF WHAT was Gilbraith guilty? Supposedly, of substituting a will of his own for the genuine. Gilbraith was known as a man who never made any mistakes. He had made two. He had looked venomously at the fiancée of his ward and he had permitted her to snap a like-minded wife.

"Mr. Dunlithly," said the detective-chauffeur, as Dunlithly started to climb into the sedan that night, "somebody is keepin' this bus lamped."

"Hilton?"

"No. Strangers. They hang around until you step on th' gas."

"I rather expected that. Are you armed?"

"Sure," said the detective, exhibiting a murderous weapon.

"They ought to take care of us."

"I'll say so! You can gun, too,?"

"We're regular automatic. Though I'm not much of a shot."

Precisely as Dunlithly had predicted to her, Elsie was beginning to observe Gilbraith from new angles. She studied him in the library, in the dining-room, at the kennels. An odd, old man; she had to admit that.

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She decided to ask Gilbrith if by chance he had seen her father's letters any more. Indeed, the question might serve as a test.

As she entered the library she said, "By the way, I'm in a quandary."

"What about?"

"A bit of sentimentalism. Something took me to the garret the other night. I wanted to recover some old letters of my father's. Unfortunately, I gave great attention to Father's will. I thought there might be something in his early letters to Mother to throw light upon what originated the idea."

"It is a queer will; no getting around that. I shall never forgive that young man of yours if he fails you. Let me see it. Where did you see a packet of letters in your father's hand? They were tied with ribbon."

He rummaged about in several drawers, and at length gave a little cry of exultation. He held aloft a packet of letters. Elsie gasped.

Poor Dunny, trying to make a villain out of such a kind old man!

Elsie went to her room and began reading her father's letters. Twenty-two in all, and not the slightest hint of another woman or of Hilton was to be found in any of them; friendly letters of a good man to his wife. There was utterly nothing in the letters to indicate that the old man had been plotting with high grotesque and tragic in its drastic commands. Dunny was right in one promise, the will and his father certainly did not match up.

As she sat musing, Dumlahy was in the thick of the excitement.

His caller was Delany, the handwriting specialist.

"Sit down and have a cigar," cried Dumlahy. "What's the dope?"

"Frankly, Dunny," began the expert, "I don't know what to say. I took two of the best men in the game with me. That signature looks all right; it also looks like forgery. We don't feel that we could swear either way."

"I know it's a forgery!" said Dumlahy, vehemently.

"I'm sorry," said Delany, "but I'm afraid the will will stand all kinds of court examination. The alients' suit puts a high wall around the document. Crowell was worried when he put his signature to that will."

"Another point. The watermark is all right, 1914, a year before Crowell's death. If the will is a forgery, it was worked out with infinite care. The man who tries to imitate a signature only, generally gets caught. The rogue gets away with it until he gets out to write like himself, and that rogue is rarely if ever caught. I'll wager your man uses the typewriter these days, and that the list of books is probably his first slip."

DUNLITHY was absolutely assured of his victory. But in whatever means Gilbrith had used to build his fortune, nothing could be done legally so long as the will was recognized by the court as the last will and testament of Francis Crowell. If Plestion should find that the old fellow had made fraudulent use of the Crowell securities, he could be made to disgorge, with the possibility of a prison term. In that event the will would

have a chance of being aired in court. Gilbrith's spirit rose again.

A new possibility suddenly presented itself. Supposing they kidnapped Sheepheard, the minister who was to marry them? Failing to trap John Dunlithy, what if they put the parson where he couldn't be found until too late? He must warn Elsie. He phoned her.

"What!—Kidnap Dr. Sheepheard?"

"Elsie, don't fail to do as I ask."

"All right."

"Now I'm going to tell you something. Gilbrith sent his trunk away, late last night, by motor boat."

Elsie was conscious of a distinct shock. She heard the motor boat. Dovsky and the pupped dogs barked. The dogs did not bark. But it seems so utterly impossible! I just can't believe that Gilbrith is what you believe him to be. But if his trunk is gone . . ."

"Probably with all the proofs in it. But don't let him get away. I don't want him to run away."

"I love you, Dunny, darling."

"My, my! What a sweet think?"

Dovsky announced the Picton man who acted as his chauffeur. "George," his name was.

"From now on you are to become my constant companion," instructed Dunlithy. "You will live here. When I start for the theater, you will go with me. You will be my personal attendant, permit me to get out of your sight. At night, however, you will follow the usual play, waiting for me at the entrance. You will sleep here, of course."

THE detective had wandered over to a window and was looking out.

"Say, Mr. Dunlithy, come here." Dovsky drew out his pencil and approached. "What is it?"

"Ever see that guy down there?"

"Yes. He's been patrolling that bit of sidewalk ever since the game began. I caught him following me the first morning."

"Uh-huh. That's Coalhouse, a stick-up man smooth as they make 'em."

"I'd find out his record by calling up the Tombs."

It was a dull day for Dunlithy, lightened only by Elsie's voice over the wire. She had warned Sheepheard but to do so convincingly he had had to leave the silent act. After luncheon, as he returned to the study, the telephone tinkled a call.

The call was from the Tombs, and announced the fact that Coalhouse had robbed the safe in the law office of Ward, Sewell & Hurd, Crowell's one time attorneys! The truth flashed into Dunlithy's mind. In some fashion Gilbrith had been the victim of Coalhouse and was now using him profitably. Never and nearer drew the ends of the circle.

It had been a puzzle to figure out how Gilbrith had made connections with the underworld, and here was the answer. Away back in those days he had planned for this. He had entered the underworld officially, the sole purpose of making himself indispensable to Coalhouse. A great game!

But all this seemed to press Hilton into the background. Where in thunder had he seen that chap before?

At four o'clock, in the afternoon of the twenty-third day of October, a very little man, with a manner which

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*Beauty
that proceeds
from you!*



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suggested a perfect confidence in himself and a vast indifference as to whether others shared it, entered the lobby of the theater—where Dunlphy's play was being presented—and stopped at the box office.

"Is Captain Dunlphy in the office?" he asked.

"What's your business with him?" countered the ticket seller, cautiously.

"His," said the stranger, pushing a card through the little window.

The ticket seller gave the pasteboard a glance. "Mr. Picton? Go right into the private office. He is waiting there for you."

"Well?" cried Dunlphy, eagerly, as the little man entered.

"A bit of luck. We might have peddled that photograph from now to the crack of doom. But I concluded first to amble into the big brokerage offices, the idea being that a man might do business in a big boardroom and not draw much attention to himself."

I went into Jelliman's, sat down and watched the board for awhile. The house had been too quiet, he inferred. The wind seemed like the wind and his like dander's. It was near lunch time, so I waited until he had a bit of leisure. Then I approached him and exhibited the photograph. He recognized it instantly. "Why, that's old Kirby Jerrads," he said.

"Kirby Jerrads?"

"That's the name Gilbrith gave there. Then I went in to Jelliman. He remembered the face, too. Now, big brokers like Jelliman don't remember mugs of pokers. They recall only those who have lost or won—big."

S O HE speculated then?" said Dunlphy. "I was right."

"Yes, he speculated. Still, I don't know. Speculation infers chance; and what Gilbrith played was sure."

Bless Elsie's heart, thought Dunlphy. That chance photograph had paid off.

"Old Kirby Jerrads have. But a man like Gilbrith would know private banks where man's the word unless the collateral was registered as stolen. He'd have to pay a stiff price, and it's likely he did. But Jelliman never saw a bond or a stock certificate."

Dunlphy whistled. "What securities did he offer as collateral?"

Picton laughed. "Cash transactions, my son. Remember that Gilbrith of yours never made mistakes."

"But he must have had some, against them."

"He must have. But a man like Gilbrith would know private banks where man's the word unless the collateral was registered as stolen. He'd have to pay a stiff price, and it's likely he did. But Jelliman never saw a bond or a stock certificate."

"Jelliman's cancelled checks! How were they endorsed and where were they deposited?"

Picton knew. The checks were endorsed by Kirby Jerrads and deposited in a Philadelphia bank. The funds were gradually withdrawn, and my wife elicited the news that the account had automatically closed in 1918. Gilbrith had withdrawn the money personally. See? No drafts to be traced."

Dunlphy's confidence evaporated.

"So far a perfect crime—if that's such a thing," continued Picton, "but a successful one. Nothing in Philadelphia, Boston or New York banks. The money is in some obscure bank, deposited under a third name which we haven't stumbled upon to date."

Dunlphy thought of the trunk carried off in the night. Luck wasn't always on the right side of the fence.

"When Gilbrith leaves the Crowell place, there's a chance of tracing the money, but it will cost a bit. What can we do about it?"

"I can show you."

"Man, man, this is wonderful!" Picton rubbed his hands. "To come up against a brain that knows how to think! Gilbrith had a personal account at the Security. In 1917 it was closed. What do you suppose he did with the money?"

"I pass."

"Gave it to charity. Helped feed Europe, Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus."

"Well, I'll be hanged! Conscience?"

"I don't believe he has any. He had some other purpose, and I'd give a thousand to know what it was."

"This in itself is proof that he speculated with Crowell's stuff as collateral. Picton, you're wonderful."

"On the job tomorrow and marry the girl. I'm glad you got my man, George, with you. He's nobody's fool."

"He's going to be my best man tomorrow," said Dunlphy. "Say, how about Hilton?"

"By Jinks, I'd forgotten him. Get there tomorrow, and you snuff him. He goes with a bad lot, but so far we haven't a thing on him. He's clever, too, for he keeps well in the background."

"I'm much obliged to you, Picton."

"Oh, it's a good cast, and you'll lose. He's had the strangle-hold on you from the start. But the old codger is human. Ten to one, when he's thousands of miles

THE GREAT GAME

[Continued from page 85]

away, safe and tidy, he'll manage to let you know how it was all done. Even Machiavelli fell down. He wrote a book."

And Picton departed, his cackling laughter echoing in the vault-like lobby.

Dunlphy rocked in the swivel chair, wondering which would ease him most, laughter or deep-sea cursing. When a man like Picton admitted defeat, there wasn't much hope for another to carry on. Funny old Smelgrave!

Underneath Dunlphy's bitter chagrin was a vein of admiration for Gilbrith's astonishing talent. Suddenly the illumination came. Of course, that would be the solution to the riddle. To save the will from question, Gilbrith had to bolster up the Hilton fable from all sides, with trickery, gumption and abduction. Why, Hilton was the merest kind of catswap. Gilbrith might feel sorry for Elsie, but he dared not help her until he

father in the morgue—the room where they keep data bearing on future events. Your father's will—Gilbrith's—was published, and there was a penciled comment to keep an eye on the funeral wedding. If we marry today it will be a frank admission—so far as the news papers are concerned—but Hilton has more right to your property than you have."

"More right than I have!"

She smiled, perhaps a little mournfully, and slipped the ring on her finger. "You win, Dunny."

Elsie Crowell, I, John Dunlphy, do solemnly swear to be with you until 10 o'clock tomorrow night."

"Can't we have Gilbrith arrested?"

"It can't. Let him go. I'll be with you until 10 o'clock tomorrow night. I'll lay a finger on him; that's the colossal joke of it. Behind that momma's face is a remarkable brain. He has fooled everybody by playing at shyness and humility. I say, here's a notion! You go up to the Bentley's and stay with them for the afternoon and night. Keep inside the house until tomorrow morning. He'll be home at breakfast time. You can't see him up there. Call him at 5:30, 9:30—11:00, then the apartment, at 11:30, and again at 9:00 in the morning. Then we'll ride up to Crogell together. By the way, how is our person?"

"He was all right this morning. That's like the Bentley notion. Then I'll be near. Goodbye, darling!"

George, the detective-chafeur, rolled the sedan to the stage entrance and stopped. It was half-past ten. Like a magnet, the theater crowds would be pouring forth. He laid his gun on his knees and adjusted his cap according to the code agreed upon. Now let 'em start something.

There were cars at the curb, on both sides of the street; still, George knew from experience that a kidnapping is more easily spotted in a fairly deserted street than in one cluttered as this was. But he should worry! Just let anybody start something.

T HREE men suddenly turned in from Broadway. Two of them concealed themselves behind the sedans. One carried a stout cane with a crooked handle. The third man proceeded to open the window at the right.

"Is this a taxi?" he asked, pleasantly.

"Does it look like one?" George countered, his gun in readiness.

"I didn't know. What time does the show let out?" asked the stranger, consulting his watch. A black taxicab came out slowly from the opposite curb.

"Eleven to the minute," said George, his finger on the trigger.

"Well, it's mighty hard to pick up a taxi at this hour."

George laughed. "It sure is."

The crowd at a distance saw George's inheritance from Adam—his apple—and he was bashed back powerfully. Before his finger could press the trigger the Woolworth, as he explained it afterward, fell ten on top of him.

The black taxi shot alongside and George was neatly transferred. When light began to enter the abysmal dark into which he had fallen, he found himself sitting on a curbstone in far-away Harlem.

Dunlphy, having heard he would be at the end of the tail at the apartment at 11:30, opened the stage door and paused there for a minute. There was the sedan and there was faithful George, his cap visor over his ear, according to the code. He concluded that the most promising scheme would be to dash to the car, open the door and climb in. George would know exactly what to do.

He followed this line of action . . . and jumped plumb into the middle of a thousand legs and arms, so it seemed. Then a queer, smelly, pleasant darkness fell upon him.

Every little while Dunlphy became dimly conscious of a state of existence; nothing to brag of, but still a comfortable feeling that he was riding on the top of the horse, not inside. Suddenly all became still and dead.

By and by he saw a point of light, miles and miles away, so it seemed. It began to approach rapidly, developing objects as it neared. It halted abruptly; and he saw that it was the flame of a candle, that beneath was a table, that above and around were walls morticed with open spaces which disclosed bare laths. He was sitting in a chair, alone, in a room in a deserted house. His head throbbed violently. His throat and nostrils and eyes were parched. Chloroform. He put his hands to his head . . . and dropped them in astonishment. He was free, unbound!

On the table he saw a loaf of bread and an army canteen. He rose and started for the table. He went headlong on the floor. Presently he sat up to see what it was that had given him this thundering fall. The inspection brought him thoroughly into the realm of actualities. Police handcuffs—manacles—neatly locked about his ankles!

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FORTY DOLLARS TO SPEND

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came into conflict, the least conflict, what should she do?

And then Dora laughed to herself. She said she was a silly one and an idiot, insisting on making misery out of joy. Besides, hadn't she that forty dollars?

Her brother Paul met her at the train. He yanked her off the step of the coach, clear of the brakeman's wooden box.

"Lo, Sis!" he shouted in that tremendous voice that had been his the past three years. He crushed her ribs in a hug to match. He grinned all over his dark, comely face. "I know you could never say whether Paul was homey or handsome—kissed her abruptly, and was off like a streak, her suitcase swinging at the end of one arm. What an arm! What legs! People turned and smiled at their striding progress through the waiting room.

DR. SKIPPING'S children," she heard someone say, someone she hadn't time to see. "Home—holidays—that boy!"

Dora took mental note of her brother's black unbuttoned hair and his blue and green tucked-in sweater. She'd just have to keep those items in sight somehow.

"They—she—" he seemed lost, and threw her baggage recklessly into the rear vacany of a—well—an automobile.

Fundamentally the vehicle had been an old-type Ford. The various additions and substitutions only its final design distinguished it from others. Dora knew that it looked queer somehow, anyhow, and wondered what she might ever be able to say of the paint job. The whole thing had been painted to the brilliancy of new patent leather.

"Paul—a car?" she gasped. "Not yours?"

"Part mine," he claimed proudly. "Nick Sherer's and mine. He bought the works. I put them together. He buys the gas and oil and whatnot. I do the tinkering. We both of us have the use of it. Nick's got a new business. Plans to use this contraption for delivery part time. Thought maybe you'd help us think up a smart slogan for the car."

The ruined top, Paul explained superfluously, had been sawed off a sedan to make the present open-car style. That offered a rear expand for painting information about Nick Sherer's new cleaning and dyeing company.

"Well, there she is!" roared Paul. "Skin in, Miss Skipping!"

Dora, as she tried to sit lightly on the shiny cushions that did look as if they might be sticky, was remembering Fred's straight eight.

"Oh, Paul!" she sighed. "I'd forgotten how good you are at this sort of thing."

"You—" he answered over the roar of the starting motor. "Just listen to that, will you? Sweet? You bet!"

Presently he added, "That fellow of yours—didn't you say he was an electrician? Well, there's something I want to ask him about this generator."

"Paul, you're wonderful!" said Dora.

One thing was settled. It would take many times forty dollars to eliminate this peculiar automobile from the family.

St. Joseph was so old-fashioned that a preacher's house was still called a parsonage. The Skipping home was an old red brick mansion with a white porch all across the front that was

painted by subscription every third spring. The third spring was approaching and not any too soon; but the lines of the house were good and gracious and welcoming, and it might snow over Christmas to hide broken lattices and broken blinds.

When Dora opened the front door, there was the warm brown smell of fresh gingerbread on the air; and a woman's voice, low and almost a warble for sweetness, was mocking somebody over the telephone: "Perfectly lovely! The darling little imp of Satan in their white angel robes marching down the aisle, and the organ, stansia behind the organist, because two or three will have mislaid their candles or the Widow Jones will have had a window opened because of her asthma and the draft will have blown—"

"Mother!" cried Dora. The receiver clicked sharply, abruptly.

"My beautiful daughter! My lamb returned to the fold!"

But Mrs. Skipping trembled ever so little in Dora's embrace and her lips quivered. She was the loveliest person in the world, Dora had always thought. Her crisp black hair was now powdered with white. Her face was etched with lines of laughter and small pain and pangs that she had kept quite to herself always. Her mouth was firm and proud and young. Her black eyes snapped and twinkled. Her figure, even in its almost continual print-house dress, was slim and straight as ever. Dora thought to herself how small a girl could be a generation back. Mrs. Skipping was really small, however, not nearly so tall as Dora.

"Was there ever a woman so completely overgrown with children?" she sighed, contemplating her oldest daughter. "Paul! Paul, what are you doing? Your sister's fisted dressing case! Do you want to break every glass bottle in it?"

"Is there?" Paul lifted the cowhide bag and surveyed it with wonder before he comprehended his mother's ire. "Aah!" rebuked her.

HOME!" said Dora with a relish, as if she had tasted something even better than hot gingerbread; and then there was a scraping on the upstairs' floor that sent her flying with the quick instinct sharpened by years of familiarity up to greet her sister Gretel, who had been a cripple from infancy but who would go up and down stairs as often as any other and had always wanted her where she wasn't—dark, beautiful Gretel, with the cropped head and hawing eyes of a boy poet.

After Gretel there was Felix. Felix was another girl, the twelve-year-old baby of the house. It just happened that when Felix was expected the half dozen brothers and sisters waited for her as faithfully as the parents and they had chosen the name for the coming baby. Later it was feared that a change in name might bring bad luck; so Felix the little girl was called. She was a yellow child now, with Dora's coloring, but fearful promise of a build similar to Paul's. Her line was good, though. When Dora had left home in the fall she was doing sum sets. Now the specialty was silkworms. John Barrymore and the Washingtons fairily papered the walls of the room she shared with sweet-tempered Gretel.

This was Dora's family, all except her father. There was still the house. It was clean and comfortable and warm, but very bare. There was no

[Continued on page 85]

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FORTY DOLLARS TO SPEND

[Continued from page 87]

luxury of silk draperies or deep-cushioned couches. Chairs and tables had been chosen for comfort, not for beauty, but could be good velvet carpetings. She might find two of them, say, and with the rest of the money buy Gretel a frame and the yarns and a pattern for a hooked rug. That would be a present to Gretel, too, the lovely work for her hands. Or might she find a red leather piano case, cushioned? Cheap? Probably not. Furniture was so expensive! Later for that. Or a lamp of hand-wrought iron, perhaps; and a soft-hued shade for one beautiful corner at night? No. The family would stand the lamp at the piano and place her under its radiance—and that wasn't the idea! Curtains? She could buy yards and yards of silk and Gretel,

own a few small rugs in soft, bright colors for the most prominent places. They would be good, though, but could be good velvet carpetings. She might find two of them, say, and with the rest of the money buy Gretel a frame and the yarns and a pattern for a hooked rug. That would be a present to Gretel, too, the lovely work for her hands. Or might she find a red leather piano case, cushioned? Cheap? Probably not. Furniture was so expensive! Later for that. Or a lamp of hand-wrought iron, perhaps; and a soft-hued shade for one beautiful corner at night? No. The family would stand the lamp at the piano and place her under its radiance—and that wasn't the idea! Curtains? She could buy yards and yards of silk and Gretel,

He'd always seemed just young before, young and strong and ruddy with health. He never existed, though, but might be. His hair was thinning rapidly. The glinting gold of her own head was bleached sand on her father's. The lenses of his glasses—had he needed them strengthened again this winter? So soon. His broad shoulders were always a little stooped—they looked bowed today. Perhaps it was just the way he had put on his coat.

That dear man and his clothes! It was a blessing he had an orator's voice and a pleasing personality or no church of any consequence would claim him as he walked about the streets; he was so haggy in the knees.

Not that Dora or anybody really minded about his clothes. Not that he minded. Serenely oblivious to bagged knees and uneven coat tails, Dr. Skipping held his head high and told you about "the love of your life." He patted out a handkerchief and pain-takingly wiped off the one tear that she hadn't been able to hold back.

"Well, well!" Her father shook her gently and held her off after kissing her. "And have you been in the house two hours and no kiss?" he told you about "the love of your life." He patted out a handkerchief and pain-takingly wiped off the one tear that she hadn't been able to hold back.

THE next day Dora had lunch down town with her father. In the late afternoon she was idly musing about the kitchen and making eyes at two cherry pies—Mrs. Skipping said at meal-times they like orphans with their noses against the windowpanes—Dora heard a tapping on the front door glass and her father came into the main room. "I'm home," he said. Fifteen minutes later Mrs. Skipping sat down for the usual before-dinner talk.

"We will not wait for your blessed father," she announced.

"Dad is at home," said Dora. "No, wait a minute. I want to tell you something."

"I would not strike a pose, but this was a momentous occasion."

"At school this past term," she said. "I managed to save forty dollars from my allowance. I brought it home and I spent it all today on a present for the house."

"It was silence."

"Daughter," said Mrs. Skipping weakly or in pretense of weakness, "forty dollars—all in one day?"

"Gee!" said Paul. "What did you get?"

"Dora, Dora!" said Mrs. Skipping. "Why didn't you tell me? There's been a terrific frock at Baileys that I've wanted for years since the Thanksgiving sales."

"Now, Mother!"

"Oh, but I wouldn't have let you buy things for the house! I want you to live in style, though. Well, I remember the first time your father took me to a theater, I spent all my month's allowance on one hat. The play was a sad one and I cried on the ribbons but I never regretted the extravagance. I still have the hat. Dora, I would have given you that dress and perhaps some new slippers."

"Mother's sparing for time," said Paul. "What did you get?"

"Father has it upstairs," said Dora, hugging her mother close.

"Well, he'll never remember to bring it down if you don't remind him," said Mrs. Skipping. "Paul said your basso probably would call the dear man."

[Continued on page 89]

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FORTY DOLLARS TO SPEND

[Continued from page 88]

Obediently Paul rose, one hand tugging at the belt of his trousers.

"I said elevate your basso profundo, Paul."

"Well, I am!" With both hands Paul jerked at the belt.

"Your basso profundo, dear, is your best voice."

"Aw!" said Paul, amid general excited laughing. "If you ever would call pants pants, a fellow wouldn't get so mixed!"

He went up the steps three at a time. There was a shout about the moment when he should have hit the upper hall and down he clattered backward with imminent danger to his own neck and everything else breakable in the general vicinity.

"My cat's eyebrows!" he gasped. "Do you see what I see?"

Down the stairs he him advanced with dignity and yet with a certain snap, a most distinguished gentleman in a brand new custom-tailored suit. It had to be a black suit, but it was the smartest and latest cut. Dr. Skipping looked like a model from the front page of an advertising section, and he knew it. He was oblivious to his shabbiness. That person needed to see him now. He could have preened no more in the day of his first long pants. The stoop seemed to have lifted from his shoulders. He beamed and invited his gasping family to view him on all sides, to feel that cloth. Hadn't he and Doron found a tremendous bargain? Didn't he look grand?

Mrs. Skipping cried.

"Paul," she said, while the tears still ran, "immediately after supper you're to fetch those abominable rags has shed and burn them. Will you, dear?"

But Felix precipitated the denouement.

"I know!" she squealed. "Dora wanted to dress up the house for her sweetheart, but she changed her mind and dressed up Father."

THE ALTAR OF HONOR

[Continued from page 26]

Again he accepted her decision without protest. He guided her back to where Basil still stood, awaiting them.

She sank into a chair, panting a little, while for a few seconds the two men talked together; and then came Rory's voice, bidding her farewell.

"In a week I'll be back again," he said. "I say goodbye. Lord Conister tells me you'll be going home directly."

His hand gripped hers, and again that electric current leaping between them and entering her innocent being.

GOODBYE, Rory!" she said; and then, with a sudden fit of desperation, "We'll meet again some day."

"Katherine!" said Rory.

And then he was gone, and the handsome face with the laughing Irish eyes was only a memory.

She went up to her room with Basil as though she walked in her sleep. She was a thoroughly tired and thankful woman, but did not mention her weariness.

And all through the night, over and over there ran the words: "It's over—finished—done—with dead." But every time she awoke she knew that because of one thing, she had not told Rory, the past could never die.

Charmaine's second son was born in the following April. Aunt Edith, who had dreaded the event, was surprised at the calmness with which Charmaine faced her ordeal.

Dora swallowed hard. The family had to be told—sometime.

"I'm not sure that Fred is coming," she faltered.

"What?" The cry seemed to assail her from all sides at once. It carried every shade of disappointment, disbelief, protest. Mrs. Skipping stiffened. There was no light mockery in her then. But was perhaps the sharpest exclamation was from Gretel, who last night had made Dora's battle very hard by creeping into her room and asking to be told all about the wonderful lover. Poor Gretel!

I WROTE to him last night," Dora wondered how she could explain.

"Poooh!" said Dr. Skipping. "Of course he's coming. What's a letter? I've been talking to him over the telephone."

"But you don't know what I said in my letter!"

"Yes, I do. He told me. I'd have known anything. We talked and between us we decided not to pay any attention to the letter, or to any other scratchy arguments you might put up. We decided that we were a man of the family. Why, the only reason I bought this suit was so that I might look respectable at your wedding!"

The glimmer was strong on Mrs. Skipping's face. She laid hold of her husband's arm. Dora laid hold of the other.

"Mother Skipping," she said, "there were three dollars left of the suit money. Did you or did you not get that new shirt as you promised?"

"I did not," said the Reverend. "I've got lots of shirts, but only one prospective son-in-law. And he's due here at eight-thirty this evening. Not to mention the day after tomorrow. Our conversation was worth more than three dollars. So, let's have dinner and let me get off to meet that train. Did you think I dressed up like this just to show off before you all?"

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A bang from the enormous spread eagle brass knocker brought a little old lady (Mrs. W—, 75 years old, but as spry as the first spring robin) to the door.

"I came over 300 miles to talk about cooking," I said after introducing myself.

A story-book kitchen

"Well, my kitchen's the place for that," smiled my hostess.

And it was. Like a museum room—low ceilinged, pine floored, with ladder back chairs and a huge fireplace which had a Dutch oven at one side, and a secret compartment on the other where the family stored their pewter during the Revolution.

"Will you help me with a frying experiment?" I asked. "I want to fry potatoes for

you in two different fats, then have you taste them and see which you like the better."

She nodded, interested. I opened an unlabeled can of Crisco and an unlabeled can of another good frying fat, and then I fried potatoes in this story-book kitchen where generation after generation of women had cooked.

She chooses my shortening

"I like these *much* better. They have the real potato flavor," Mrs. W— said, choosing the potatoes fried in Crisco.

"Those were fried in Crisco," I exclaimed.

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